

Collier's

OCTOBER 31, 1942

TEN CENTS

THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY—PUBLISHERS OF COLLIER'S—THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE—WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION



DETROIT STRAINS AT THE FEDERAL LEASH

By Walter Davenport

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Oct 31 '42

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LOLA
KANS

He's the biggest Meat Eater in the world!



Actual meat portions served in one day to men in the U. S. Navy . . . Meals typical of the nourishing food served our armed forces every day



Each man
served 1/5 lb.
bacon

BREAKFAST

Stewed prunes
Corn flakes with fresh milk
and sugar
Bacon with fried scrapple
and hot syrup
Bread and butter
Coffee



Each man
served 1/2 lb.
beef

DINNER

Cream of tomato soup
Pan roast of beef with brown gravy
Boiled potatoes
Stewed spinach
Chocolate cake
Bread and butter
Coffee



Each man
served 1/2 lb.
hamburger

SUPPER

Grilled hamburger steak
with fried onion gravy
Spaghetti and cheese
Vegetable salad
Fruit pudding
Bread and butter
Coffee

One Pound of Meat Per Man Per Day . . . That's Orders from the U. S. Navy Commissary Officer!

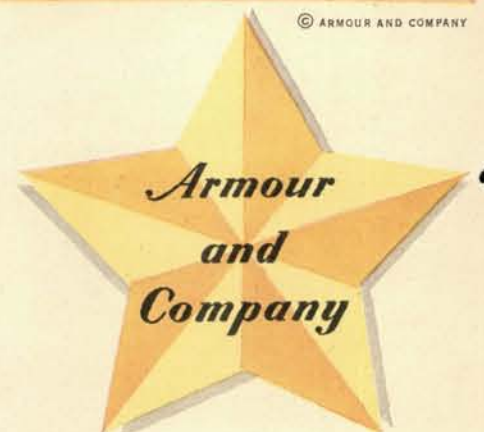
From the Admiral to the rawest recruit in "boot" training, Uncle Sam has the best fed Navy in the world! Not one man in ten ate as nourishing, well-balanced meals at home as he gets in the Navy today! And meat is the mainstay of his diet. Uncle Sam sees that every soldier, sailor and marine gets a pound of meat every day — because this muscle-building food is as important as munitions to a fighter's stamina and morale.

The meat is as fine in quality as any you could buy at home. The choicest cuts of beef, lamb and veal, the same fine hams and bacon that have built the reputation of such firms as Armour and Company.

Today, Armour and Company, together with other packers, is shipping millions of pounds of meat every day to the armed

forces. And next year, it may be double or triple this amount. In addition, Armour is supplying tons of meat and dairy products daily for our allies through Lend-Lease. And continuing to supply the famous Armour's Star meats and Cloverbloom dairy products for our folks at home.

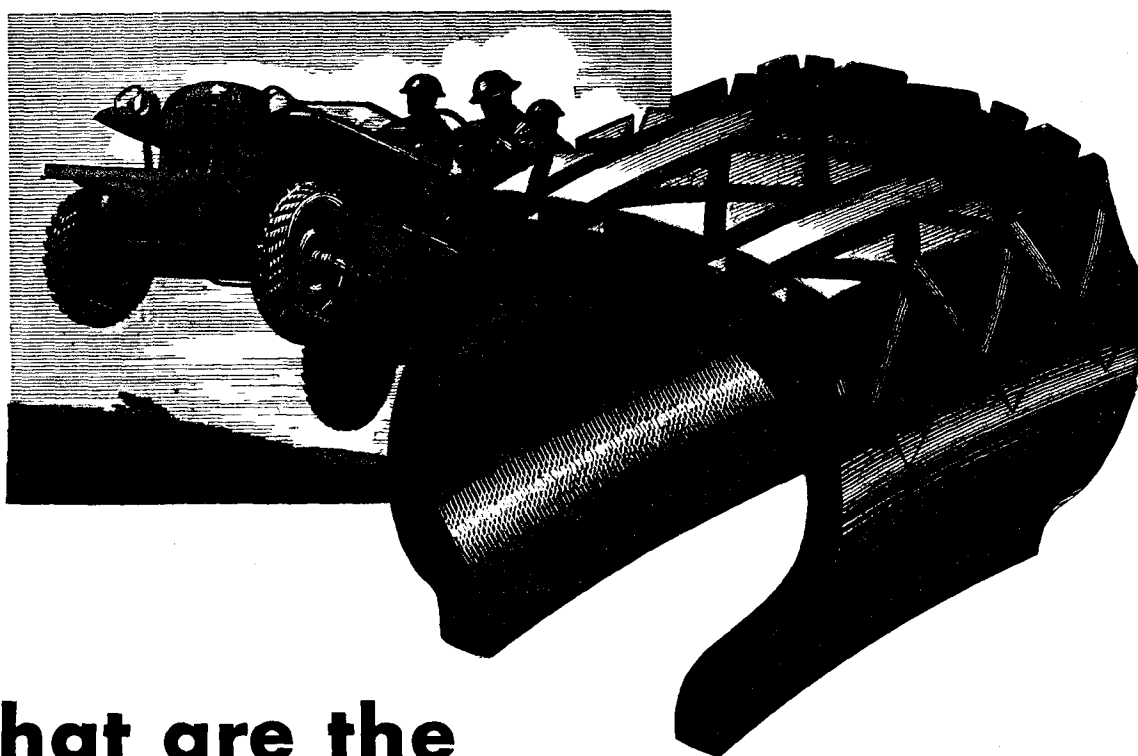
Because meat is so vital to America's war effort, temporary shortages in certain cuts of meat have been unavoidable on the home front — but our boys in service haven't felt any shortages. Uncle Sam did not have to build any mass production plants for meat. The billion dollar plants of the meat industry, developed in peace-time, went to work for Uncle Sam the day war struck. We are glad that Armour and Company is one of the firms big enough to help in an important way.



© ARMOUR AND COMPANY

Free Illustrated Booklet — "Food for Freedom"
— shows why our fighting forces are the best fed, best equipped fighting men in the world. Send today for your copy — free. Write Armour and Company, Dept. 55, Chicago, Illinois.

ONE OF A SERIES OF INFORMATIVE TALKS ON A CRITICAL MATERIAL



What are the facts about **SYNTHETIC TIRES?**

RIGHT now the most important fact of all is that you cannot buy tires made of synthetic rubber at any price.

That is because every ounce of Goodyear's synthetic Chemigum and similar materials that can be produced is needed for military purposes, and will be for a long time.

But after new plants now building as part of the government program are in operation, and a surplus becomes available for civilian needs—in *perhaps another year or two*—you can count on this:

Passenger car tires built of Chemigum will give you, under normal driving conditions, slightly longer tread-wear than the best natural rubber tires you have known.

That was proved in road tests conducted back in 1940 when Goodyear had already been building Chemigum tires in limited

quantity for more than two years.

But it does not hold true, as yet, in the case of large truck tires, because of the extreme heat (above 200° F.) generated in such tires by heavy overloads and sustained high speeds. At high temperatures Chemigum loses strength and toughness, reducing its serviceability.

It must be remembered, however, that heat failures were long the plague of natural rubber truck tires, until gradually eliminated by improvements in compounding. Similar advances can be expected in synthetic truck tires.

But above all, the fact to keep in mind is this: out of the experience Goodyear is now gaining in building synthetic tires and other rubber needs for the Army and Navy, still better

Chemigum products are already coming and at considerably lower cost.

CHEMIGUM

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER
GOODYEAR

Chemigum—T.M. The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company

Picture OF THE MONTH

JUDY GARLAND in FOR ME AND MY GAL

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

WITH: George Murphy, Gene Kelly,
Marta Eggerth, Ben Blue

DIRECTED BY: Busby Berkeley

PRODUCED BY: Arthur Freed

SCREEN PLAY BY: Richard Sherman,
Fred Finklehoffe and Sid Silvers

ORIGINAL STORY BY:
Howard Emmett Rodgers



CAPSULE REVIEW: There's something about *FOR ME AND MY GAL* which works. We tried to figure it out. Was it the superb performance of the now-come-of-age Judy Garland or was it the pleasant rhythm of George Murphy or was it the new discovery that unquestionably is Gene Kelly. We decided no.

FOR ME AND MY GAL has an indefinable quality, an overtone that transcends plot and emerges from a simple story of the love-life of the child-hearts that characterized our now somewhat forgotten vaudevillians of a few decades ago. Judy, who has grown in artistic importance as she has grown in years, will literally amaze. She has what Nora Bayes had, what Fay Templeton had, but most important, she has what Judy Garland has, a soul which shines through.

Gene Kelly, whom you will remember from Broadway's "Pal Joey," is the last word in the personification of a ham. This veneer which the actor has grafted on his personality as an armor against the hard knocks of touring and rebuff wears off in the clinches and Gene and Judy become real people—something rarely seen in a plot that musicalizes so well. You gather that we liked *FOR ME AND MY GAL*. We do—enormously—and we think you will, too. That is why we select it as the Picture of the Month.

NOSTALGIA NOTES: Are you all too young to remember "Oh, You Beautiful Doll," "By the Sea, By the Sea, By the Beautiful Sea," "How You Goin' to Keep Him Down on the Farm?", "Where Do We Go From Here, Boys?", and "Ballin' the Jack?"

HONORABLE MENTION: Marta Eggerth sings like a thrush. Song title: "Do I Love You." Ben Blue who used to do the "flying duck" in vaudeville is a droll fellow in *FOR ME AND MY GAL*.

PAT ON THE BACK: You've done it again, Busby Berkeley, Arthur Freed.

SUMMARY: Swell musical picture from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

WALTER DAVENPORT Politics
AIMEE LARKIN Distaff
QUENTIN REYNOLDS England
KYLE CRICHTON Screen and Theater
MAX WILKINSON Fiction
JAMES N. YOUNG Fiction
WM. O. CHESSMAN Art
HENRY L. JACKSON Fine Feathers
GURNEY WILLIAMS Humor

CLARENCE H. ROY Articles
DENVER LINDLEY Fiction
FRANK D. MORRIS U. S. Navy in Pacific
W. B. COURTNEY U. S. Army in Far East
FRANK GERVASI Near East
MARTHA GELLHORN Articles
JIM MARSHALL West Coast
ROBERT MCCORMICK Washington
IFOR THOMAS Photographs

ANY WEEK

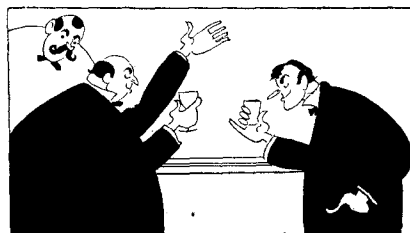


ON OUR cover this week, you will behold Boatswain's Mate, Second Class, Leighton Spadone of Sierra Madre, California. He is 28 years old, has been in the Navy seven years, is married, has two children. As you see him, he is not broadcasting a razzberry but blowing or piping a bosun's call. That's the name of the gadget—call, not whistle. He makes the necessary notes by opening and closing the hand that holds the call—open hand for high notes, closed for low. Cunning, isn't it? Just throws a switch, pipes into the mike, and his mates get busy. Good-looking guy, isn't he?

WHAT we are about to set down here, is, we think, a public service. For years you have been getting letters from important officials in Washington. If you are as dense as we are you've probably done precisely what we've done: Put the letter aside wondering what it meant. Your trouble and ours has been that nobody has compiled a glossary of red-tape double talk, the official language of the bureaucrats, staff officers, department heads, congressmen and others who have our national destiny in their hands and are obviously pretty perplexed to know what to do with the damned thing. But we've started that glossary. We haven't had time to complete it, but it will give you an idea. We got it, you'd better know, from the experienced secretary of a patriotic but inexperienced gentleman who is now making a noble effort to hold down a fairly important war production job.

When you are told that something in which you are vitally interested is "Under consideration," you may be pretty certain that the gentleman writing to you never heard of it before. If, however, he writes "Under active consideration," that means that he's having his secretary look vaguely through the office files. If he should ask you "Have you any suggestions?"

he means "Give me some idea what this is all about." The phrase "Has received careful consideration" means that that office has forgotten all about it but won't admit it. If he writes "That project is in the air" he means that it's all news to him but that he intends asking somebody about it if he remembers to. But if he writes "You will remember" it is tantamount to saying that he had hoped that you had forgotten that he hadn't replied to your first letter or that he's trying to put you on the defensive. In their interoffice correspondence, when one bureau head writes to another, "Transmitted to you" he's really saying "You hold the bag for a while." And of course "Let's get together on this" means "I'd like to know whether you're as confused as I am." If he writes "Please expedite reply" he means "For Pete's sake try to find the papers. The Big Shot is raising hell with the Chief." When the note or notation reads "Passed to higher authority" you can be quite sure that something is about to be pigeonholed in a bigger, better-furnished office. When one department head or staff officer passes a sheaf of papers to another with the notation "For appropriate action" he's merely asking "Do you know what to do about this? We don't." And if one of these gentlemen suggests to another that they get together and give somebody "The picture" it means that somebody is going to have to listen to a long-winded, utterly confusing and wholly inaccurate statement about something they don't understand.



BUT that gives you the idea. If we had time we'd write a nice booklet of these interpretations and enjoy the comfortable feeling that after the war when they're looking around for somebody to pin a medal on—a medal for that person who had done most to clarify the situation—we'd get it if there was any justice at all. Such a helpful volume would carry an appendix containing, for example, an explanation of Washington's war-drinking routine. It starts with somebody saying to somebody else, "Have one on me." That done, the second guy says, "Let's have the other half." The second drink gone, the original fellow says, "Here's to the odd one" and buys a third. The fourth drink is known as

(Continued on page 69)

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Collier's

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OCTOBER 31, 1942

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★ ★ ★ ★ ★

DIABETES

... a disease
that prefers plump,
middle-aged
people



1. Twenty years ago people with diabetes were virtual invalids. The basis of their treatment was a "starvation diet," so drastic that life was gloomy, indeed. Most of them survived only a few years. Then, in 1921, medical science produced the modern miracle—*insulin*. Overnight, diabetics were given a new lease on life.



2. Today, largely because of insulin, the life span of people with diabetes—and especially of diabetic children—has increased remarkably. Hundreds of thousands of diabetics are able to lead practically normal lives. Many successfully carry heavy responsibilities.



3. The vital factors in controlling diabetes are proper diet, insulin in its several varieties, and exercise (which includes work). The diabetic who studies his disease and co-operates with his physician has a good chance of living as long with diabetes as he might without it.



4. Diabetes seems to run in families. A diabetic should educate his relatives in preventive measures, counseling them against overeating and overweight, and encouraging them to obtain periodic health check-ups.

5. Diabetes may occur at any age, although it begins most frequently in those who are past 45 and overweight. More women than men get diabetes.

Typical signs of the disease are usually absent in early or mild cases. At that stage it may be detected by abnormal amounts of sugar in the urine and the blood. That is why it is advisable for everyone with a family history of diabetes, *especially if overweight*, to have periodic health examinations.

The first obvious symptoms are usually excessive thirst, constant hunger, frequent urination, and unexplained loss of weight and strength. Among middle-aged and older people, boils, carbuncles and sores which resist healing (especially on the feet or toes) may first lead to its discovery. Prompt treatment prevents serious and sometimes fatal complications.

To learn more about diabetes and its treatment, send for Metropolitan's free booklet, "Diabetes."

Diabetic Emergencies in Wartime

WHAT THE DIABETIC SHOULD DO:

1. Carry lump sugar or the equivalent.
2. If insulin is used, carry syringe, needles and insulin when away from home.
3. Keep one month's supply of insulin on hand.

4. Know your diet thoroughly so that you can make the right substitutions if necessary.
5. Know what to do if coma impends.

WHAT OTHERS SHOULD DO FOR THE DIABETICS:

Most diabetics carry special identification cards. If a diabetic is found ill, give him sugar or sweetened fluids. If he does not show definite improvement *within fifteen minutes*, call a doctor or send the diabetic to the hospital.

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Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
1 Madison Avenue, New York

Please send me a copy of your booklet, 112-C, "Diabetes."

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Dear Employment Agency: I need a new job . . .



For years hog bristle made the best brushes . . . then along came Pro-phy-lac-tic's **PROLON**

Next time you buy a tooth brush keep this in mind: years of laboratory research have produced amazing new *synthetic* bristles . . . far superior to natural bristle.

And among the new synthetic tooth brush bristles being marketed under various trade names, none is finer . . . none is more durable . . . none is more costly to produce than "Prolon," the synthetic bristle in the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush.

"Prolon," in fact, has a very important *plus* over any other synthetic bristle sold under any other name . . . *only "Prolon" is rounded at the ends!* See for yourself, in the photo-micrographs, the difference between the round bristle-ends of "Prolon" and the harsh jagged points of ordinary bristle. *Think of the difference on your gums!*



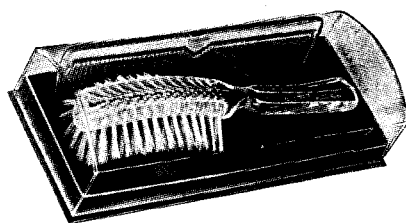
PROLON "ROUND-END" ORDINARY BRISTLE
Actual Photo-Micrographs

**The ONLY tooth brush
with ROUND-END BRISTLES
and a money-back
6 MONTH GUARANTEE**

We have no way of telling how long a Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush will last you . . . maybe a year, 18 months, even longer. We can, and do, however, give a clear-cut 6-months money-back guarantee with each brush—the *only* brush in the world with this definite 6-months *guarantee* of service. That's how sure we are of its dependability and durability!

**. . . and don't miss this new line of
hair brushes in gleaming Jewelite!**

Pro-phy-lac-tic's latest triumph! Dresser and toilet brushes in crystal-clear plastic. Choice of four gleaming, jewel colors. Transparent Jewelite backs. Moisture-resistant bristles of duPont Prolon. \$1.50 to \$10.00—at most brush-goods counters. *Illustrated: Roll-Wave, a unique "curved-to-the-head" brush . . . with comb, \$4.50*



PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO., Florence, Mass.



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Raising the right hand while taking an oath in court originated in the days when a person who had been convicted of a felony was barred as a witness. As such an individual had the letter "F" branded on his palm, every person, before taking the stand, was required to expose his hand to prove he was not disqualified for this reason.—*By Richard T. Dunn, Bridgeport, Connecticut*

One of the few species of animals that wear our patriotic colors is the patas monkey, *Cercopithecus patas*, of West Africa. Its back and legs are red, its stomach is white and its face is blue.

Dresses, curtains and sheets, which so often catch fire in the home, can now be flameproofed by anyone by being dipped into or sprayed with a new chemical. As it does not affect the appearance or feel of the fabric in any way, only an expert can detect it.

The Argus, a newspaper in Bantown, Pennsylvania, recently started the publication of a fifty-installment serial feature entitled The Autobiography of Jesus Christ.—*By Kenneth E. Ballard, Chicago, Illinois*

Every twenty-four hours, a leaking water faucet with an opening the size of a pin will waste 170 gallons, one the size of a pinhead 970 gallons, and one the size of a wooden match, 3,600 gallons. Incidentally, about one hundred million gallons of water, or ten per cent of the quantity piped into New York City daily, are wasted chiefly in this way.—*By Mrs. J. R. Atkins, Corsicana, Texas*

Underground France has compiled a list of its fellow citizens who will be tried, when France is free again, for the crime of collaborating with the Germans. Among those accused, other than government officials, are Georges Carpentier, Sacha Guitry, Mistinguett and Maurice Chevalier.

In the United States, mail trucks have the legal right of way over fire engines, police cars, ambulances and all other emergency vehicles, even when they are on their way to a fire or the scene of a crime or an accident.

America's proposed meat ration of two and a half pounds per person per week is about equivalent to our average consumption during the past ten years. Today England allows only one pound, Germany three quarters of a pound, Holland one half pound and Italy one quarter pound. Unlike the other countries, rationing here will not include poultry, eggs, fish, shellfish, cheese and other meat substitutes.

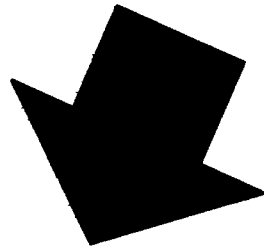
The cost of manufacturing a medium-sized bombing plane today is approximately forty times as much as that of a fine motorcar—on a per pound basis.

To keep the topsoil from shifting in the dry Midwestern states, more than 100,000,000 trees are now growing in 17,000 shelter belts, some of which have already reached a height of fifty feet. According to experts, these belts lift the prevailing wind up and over the leeward fields for a protective distance that is twenty times the height of the trees.—*By Martha Barry, Cleveland, Ohio*

The first air raids over American cities may be directed against civilians and use incendiary "electron" bombs. As the bombs are only ten inches long and weigh slightly more than two pounds, one plane alone can carry and drop at random from great heights as many as 2,000, a number which will, according to estimates, successfully start at least 150 roof fires in a matter of minutes.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address: Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's. The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

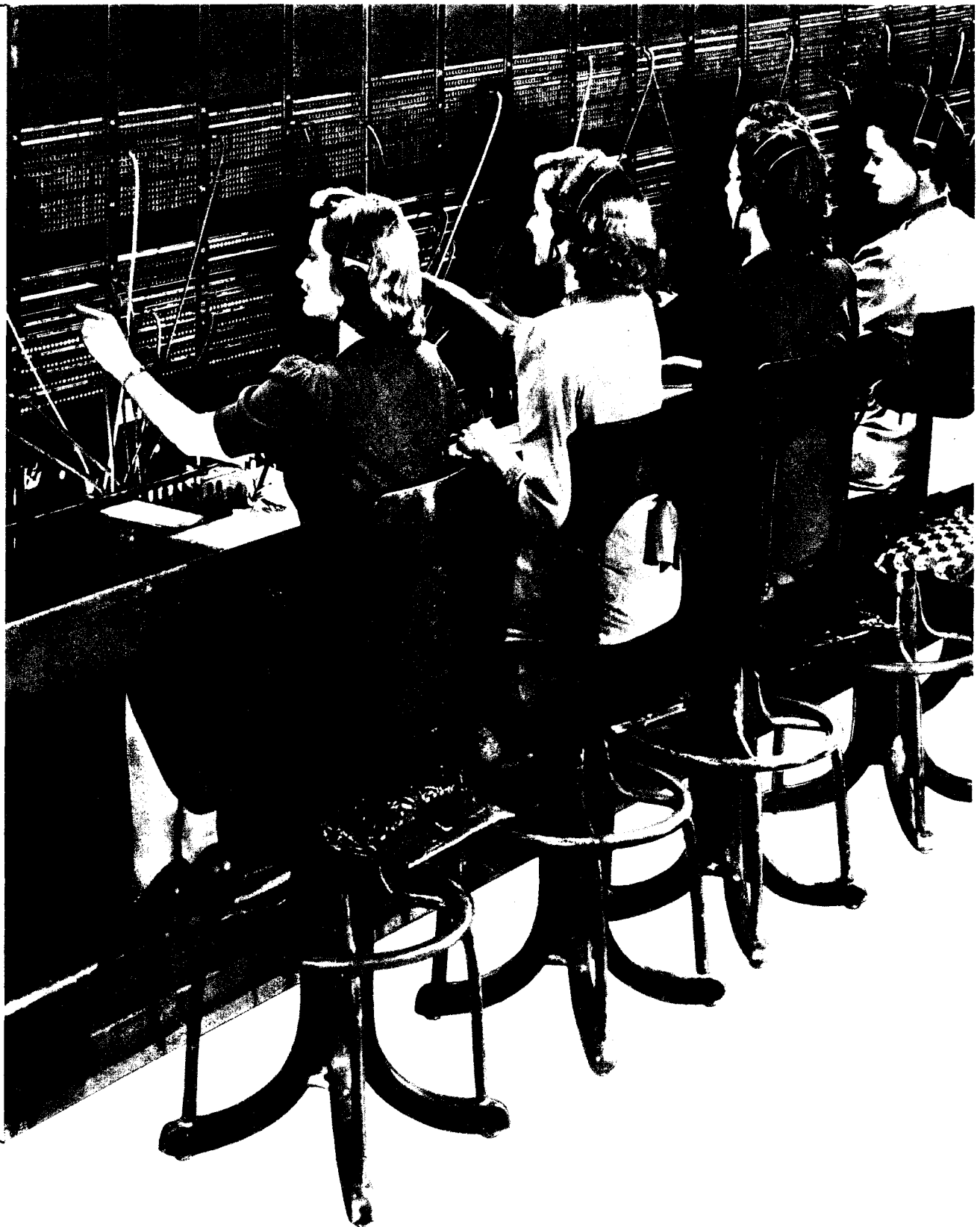
THIS IS A LONG DISTANCE SWITCHBOARD



We can't get materials to build enough of them. And those we have now are crowded with war calls.

So please do not make Long Distance calls to centers of war activity.

These girls are at battle stations on the telephone front. They have as much as they can do to get the war calls through.



BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



**WAR CALLS
COME FIRST**

What kind of men do outdoor girls like?



✓ An independent survey reveals they prefer men ruggedly built, lean-jawed, blond and bronzed, with a taste for sports and sports clothes . . . the kind of men who wear—

ESSLEY Woman-Wise SHIRTS

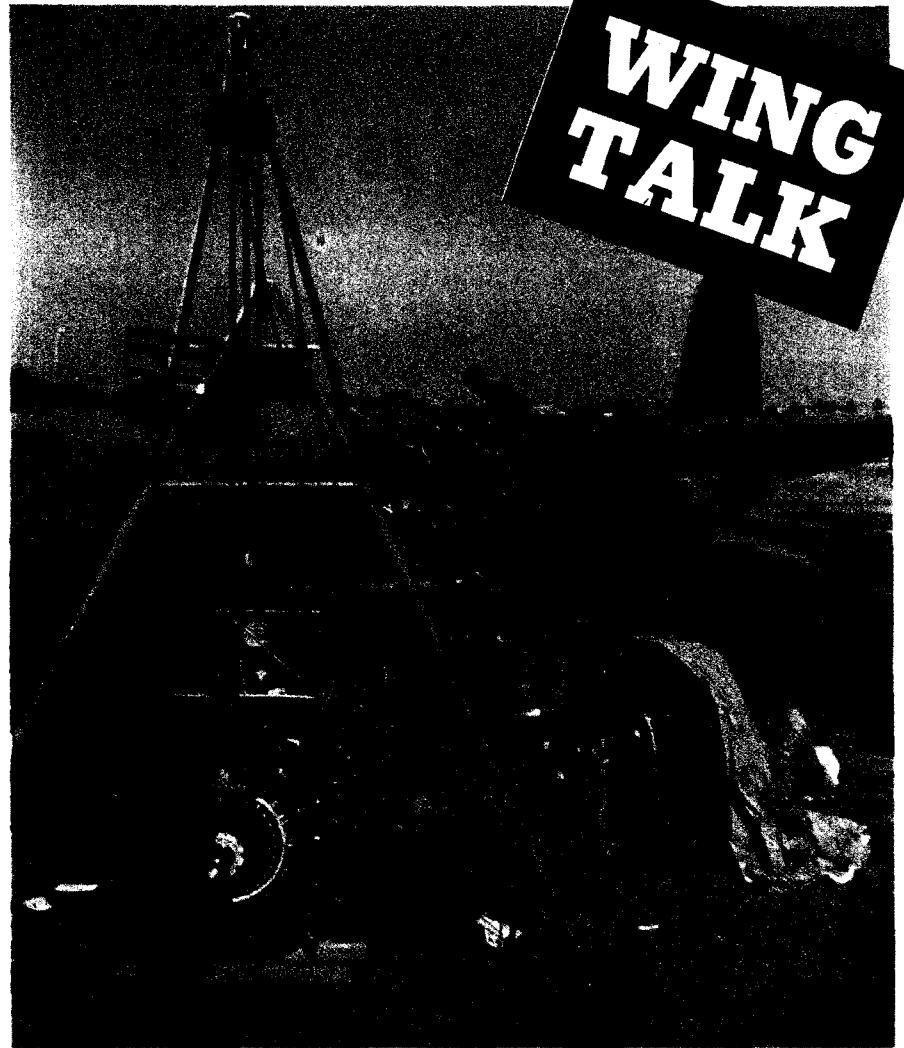
No wonder women like men in Essley Shirts! The painstaking tailoring by famous Troy craftsmen impresses *everybody*! And the superb styling by America's foremost men's fashion authority makes a man look his best in a woman's eye.

\$1.75, \$2.00, \$2.25, \$2.50 and up.

Originators of the **TRUBENIZED*** Collar

ESSLEY SHIRT COMPANY
Empire State Building, New York City
Costume from Mary Lewis * Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

ESSLEY PAJAMAS are made by ESSLEY shirtmakers.
Quality tailoring . . . finer fabrics . . . smarter patterns.



Army Air Forces mechanics change an engine of an A-20A bomber

ACCORDING to Lieutenant General H. H. Arnold, chief of our Army Air Forces, several hundred combat planes were on the ground the day after Pearl Harbor because of faulty maintenance—fighters and bombers that were vitally needed in our war zones.

Naturally, Arnold was worried. He wanted to know what was wrong and why. He summoned crack maintenance experts from the commercial airlines to the capital and asked their advice. They were, he wisely concluded, good authorities on the subject, since for years they had operated their lines with a minimum of equipment at a maximum of efficiency.

There was no tongue-in-the-cheek exchange of words. The airline men were frank. They told Arnold what was wrong and listed three reasons: (1) Army planes, from their inception and design stages, were not built to be easily overhauled. (2) Inexperienced mechanics were given the task of keeping planes flyable that they knew nothing about. (3) The system of supply—getting spare parts in a hurry—was inefficient and slower than the jackass mail.

The nation's air chief admitted the charges were true. But before sticking his neck out too far, he sent the experts on a flying tour of various air bases so they could see what was going on and report to him.

What they found substantiated their criticisms: At one field, two fighter planes were out of commission because several special necessary bolts, ordered three weeks previously, had not yet arrived—bolts which could have been purchased at a local hardware store, had regulations permitted. The ground crew assigned to one squadron was idle, playing ball, while mechanics of another squadron on the same field lagged behind because of overwork. Several planes of a bomber command were grounded because mechanics didn't know how to fix the landing-gear mecha-

nisms—had to send for factory experts.

Such conditions don't exist today. Boss Arnold did something about them and in a hurry. Several new mechanic training schools were established. A speeded-up supply system—almost all teletype communications—was put into practice. Simplified maintenance methods have been injected into new plane designs.

WHEN Brigadier General Jimmy Doolittle pulled the surprise raid on Tokyo, the North American B-25s used for the job were not equipped with America's much-sought-after bomb sight. Doolittle ordered all the instruments removed from the bombers for fear the Japs might get their hands on the closely guarded device, should one of the bombers fall victim. Instead, bombardiers used a small improvised bomb sight that cost only 20 cents to piece together.

USING his wits, two small pieces of wood, a balance weight and part of an old discarded protractor, Norman J. Greene of Berwyn, Pa., has invented a bomb sight for light planes that is reported to be fairly accurate. At least, Civil Air Patrol officials are going to let him demonstrate the idea and may give it serious attention if the time ever comes when their pilots are called upon to do a little bombing.

THE trimotor transport, once so familiar on all the airlines but now practically extinct in this country, is coming back. Looking ahead to the postwar period when they will have terminals in almost every American city—big and small—the airline men believe that the three-engined planes will be most suitable for short-haul operations because they can use small fields with less difficulty than the present-day twin-engined ships. What's more, the

(Continued on page 69)

Never Beyond This Shore

HERE at the sea's edge is as near to Jim as I can go.

Other women have gone farther than this. There were women on Corregidor; women have gone to Ireland and Australia and Iceland; women have been lost in the Battle of the Atlantic.

But I know I would be foolish to dream of serving as they have. For a woman to go farther than this shore demands a special skill, complete independence—and I have neither.

No, my task is here, here in the little storm-tight house that sits back from the cove, here with my son.

And if I become discontent with the seeming smallness of my task, Jim's words come back to steady me. "I'm leaving you a very important job, Mary. Until this war is won, there won't be any more evenings when we can sit by the fire-side and plan our tomorrows together. It will be up to you to make the plans for the three of us.

"Mary," he said, "keep our dreams alive."

★ ★ ★

MAKE no little plans, you who build the dream castles here at home. When you try to imagine the future, after he returns, be sure your imaginings are full of bright and cheerful hues, for that world of tomorrow will be resplendent in things you don't know—never even imagined. Allow for wonderful new developments in such fields as television, fluorescent lighting, plastics. And leave a flexible horizon for the marvels that are sure to come from the new science of electronics. When you're dreaming of your better tomorrow, count on us. General Electric Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

★ ★ ★

THE VOLUME of General Electric war production is so high and the degree of secrecy required is so great that we can tell you little about it now. When it can be told completely we believe that the story of industry's developments during the war years will make one of the most fascinating chapters in the history of industrial progress.

952-948K-211



G E N E R A L



E L E C T R I C

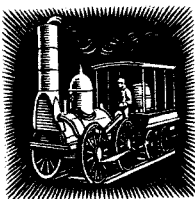


A Great Invention

IN MAKING A LIST of the important inventions of history, it is fitting that those inventions which have contributed most to the progress of mankind should be given the highest rating.

Almost all these inventions, you will find, are important because they extend man's own limited powers.

The lens, for instance, in telescope and microscope, enabled us to examine the infinitely distant and the infinitely small, far beyond our normal eyesight. The steam engine and the internal combustion engine have multiplied our speed in travel on land and sea, and even taken us into

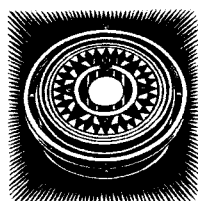


the air over both. Gunpowder enlarged our muscles so that we could dig deeper into the earth; it lengthened our arms so that we could deliver far-reaching blows to our enemies. The telegraph, telephone, and radio have extended to the ends of the globe the distance our voices can carry and our ears can hear. Mechanical power in factory and field lets one man do the work of twenty, and has freed us from the slavery of long hours and arduous labor. Electricity brought light, and printing brought enlightenment. All were truly great accomplishments.

But there is another invention which belongs near the top of the list, even though it involves neither metal nor mechanics. It is insurance, one of the most powerful extensions of man's abilities.

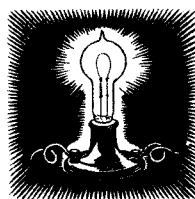
More powerful than the lens, it enables man to pierce the veil from that world beyond and oversee the education of his children and the comfort of his widow.

The engine, and the speed which it gives us, are as nothing compared to a device which can create an estate in the few seconds it takes to sign your name to an application for life insurance.



Can you, even with your telephone, summon a thousand persons to help you rebuild your home as readily as a fire insurance policy collects the contributions of the many for the benefit of the unfortunate few? Photography may capture and record the scenes of the day, but can it carry out your good intentions toward your family after you have "stepped out of the picture"? The compass helps in avoiding charted dangers, but of what avail is it in protecting you against the uncharted hazards of the future?

By what other invention can you pay for an acci-

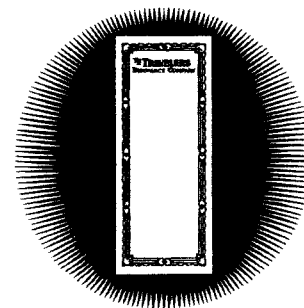


dent before it happens? Or buy time for the future, your own time for rest and recreation in retirement years?

Power itself could hardly have been used in the great plants of today unless insurance had made safe the investment of the owners.

Great projects could not have been undertaken without the service of insurance to spread the risk so that it would fall lightly on the many rather than heavily on the few.

And whenever you want this great invention to serve you in a bigger or broader way, let a Travelers agent or broker be your "consulting engineer." His training and experience can be of real service to you.



MORAL: Insure in The Travelers. All forms of insurance. The Travelers Insurance Company, The Travelers Indemnity Company, The Travelers Fire Insurance Company, Hartford, Connecticut.

The Ordeal of Big Mag Purdy

By Roark Bradford

ILLUSTRATED BY WARREN BAUMGARTNER

The Deacon was a cynic. He said Big Mag married Pete Purdy to keep from paying him wages. But just the same the Deacon was number one in line when Pete disappeared

MONEY, money, money! P—hanh!" Big Mag waved a check for \$105.90 which Mr. Cheramie had just paid her for the day's shrimp catch. Standing on deck of her twenty-eight-foot trawler, the Brazos Belle, Big Mag was clad in a single garment of unbleached muslin, sparsely cut and built romper style. Her big red arms and legs indicated force rather than nudity. "Everybody's money-nuts! What for?" Big Mag boomed.

Pete, tinkering with the engine's cooling system below decks, said vaguely, "Yeah, Mag, that's right." The engine, an old automobile conversion job, had been running hot all day.

The Deacon, sitting on the Co-op wharf fifty feet away, counterpointed not very loud, "Some women shore love to show their legs." He had not liked Big Mag since she turned him down to marry Pete Purdy, but he'd never been able to do anything about it.

"They want money to build two-story houses with!" Big Mag replied to her original question. "Why? So's they can jump out the second-story window and break their necks when they go broke! P—hanh!"

"A loud-talking woman is a 'bomination,'" the Deacon said. "Big mouth. Big arms. Big legs." He spat in the water. "Big sinner, too, if I was called on to judge. A right out 'bomination.'" * Big Mag hated the boom and every one of the thousands of pay-roll followers it brought to Velasco. She was a shrimp fisherman and all she wanted was to be allowed to trawl for shrimp. She had not tried to divert the trend of industry when a chemical company decided to build a hundred-million dollar plant to extract metals from the salt water at the mouth of the Brazos River. Nor had she undertaken to annihilate, personally, each of the twenty thousand outlanders ("goons," she called them) who came to build and operate the plant. She could not stop the tide that swept her peaceful Texas village of seven hundred and fifty-five neighbors into a

howling hurricane of working and spending.

But she could and did stand on the deck of the Brazos Belle and polish off labor and industry with a single snort.

It was a peculiarly derisive sound. She arranged her lips to sound the letter "p" and having launched that consonant with a grinding asthmatic wheeze, she suddenly changed to a nasal roar. "P—hanh!" Wind and tide with her, she could deflate an ego a hundred yards away.

Her vocabulary was not limited by that one snort, however. Her voice was sharp rather than shrill and her arguments hammered at the eardrums as well as the brain. Pete was not deaf,

but five years of life with Big Mag had taught him to close his ears to her voice.

Pete appeared at the companionway hatch. "It's a leak in the cooling system," he announced softly.

Big Mag dropped a pail over the side and dashed the water on deck. Shrimp weren't worth seventeen-fifty a hundred, but that's what Mr. Cheramie had paid. Now, Pete would drink himself crazy and she would have to go through the usual business of lashing him to his bunk and feeding him stewed tomatoes while he fought off pink eels and trigger-fish. And it would be all of a week before he would be fit to go trawling again.

"You never heard of a shrimper jump-

The women laughed, the men shouted and the nickel juke machines wailed. Big Mag's brain ached from the noise and the confusion

ing out the second-story window, did you?" Big Mag bellowed. "Naw! Shrimpers don't live in two-story houses. P—hanh!"

"Talking sense now," the Deacon said. "but talking too darn' loud. Ain't got a lick of pride about her."

Pete crawled out of the cabin, undersized and grimy with grease. "We got to pull her out," he said. "They's a leak in the outboard pipe of the circu-



lation. The pump pumps the water out but she won't suck it back in. That's the trouble with these durn' conversion jobs. Always out of whack."

Big Mag sat down on the cabin trunk. "If it's got to be, it's got to be. Only, seems like to me we was on the ways no time ago." She handed the bucket to her husband. "Douse me, while I scrub down— As if a body could scrub down in this water any more! Time was when fresh water run in the Brazos, but now the company's gone and dammed off and cut the river down across the prairie, so's the channel won't shoal up and hang one of their barges on a sand bar. I been boating out of this river fifteen years and I ain't never run aground."

"We better paint the bottom when she's up, too, Mag," Pete suggested. "She got plenty wormy last time."

Pete dashed a bucketful of water on his wife while she scrubbed. Then she doused him. They both went below to change into dry clothes.

It was no longer a pleasant errand to walk from the boat to the grocery store. Before the boom, a body could get on the path atop the levee and foot it to Old Man Mako's in ease and comfort. At the store, you could chat and chin with Old Man Mako and his daughter, pick up the latest news from the village and get all the gossip about the people across the river in Freeport; and there was the opportunity to haggle over prices and be a part of the community generally.

But not any more. Where grass had grown along the levee there were now auto trailers—glossy new ones and homemade tin cans; there were tents

and improvised lean-tos; the houses and sheds and garages were crammed with beds and cots. New houses of shoddy loblolly and tar paper were being slapped together wherever there was space.

"Heathens!" Big Mag snorted. "Living like heathens so's they can build two-story houses with their high wages!"

Pete, trudging back of her and worrying about the engine, said, "Down in Bay City, my Jersey Standard never run hot. Sixteen horse, and never a lick of bother about heating up. Trouble with these conversion jobs is, they ain't meant to run in salt water."

The store was jammed with jabbering women and their overalled men. The men wore their photographs and numbers in little badges. "P—hanh! Too busy making money to use a regular

name!" Big Mag boomed. "So they got to have a number!"

No time now to chat and chin with Old Man Mako and his daughter. They and their six new clerks were too busy to haggle. The prices were too high but you paid them or somebody else would.

Outside, their arms full of groceries, Pete went on with talk of his engine. "She'd turn a 20-20 propeller six hundred a minute, slick as you please, and ain't got overheated on me one time."

"I'm sick and tired of hearing about that old engine," Big Mag said. "That's all you talked about before I married you. And when I finally drug my trawl around, did I catch a sixteen-horse Jersey Standard marine? Naw! Wasn't a blessed thing in my net but a little bitty runt of a man."

"I had to sell her," Pete said. "Had to get money enough to buy me a marrying suit. You want a man to get married in his work clothes? I've strived and toiled over your old conversion for five years now, and you're still griping about me selling that Jersey Standard. My net's full of it and I'll have no more."

Big Mag softened: "Aw, Pete, I ain't blaming you for selling that engine. She wasn't much good, anyhow."

"She wouldn't run hot," Pete said defensively.

THE Deacon came aboard and squatted before the main hatchway. "I hear you got to pull the Brazos Belle out to fix a leak in the circulator," he said pessimistically.

"Yep," Pete said. "She's got a out-board leak and I ain't no diver."

"I hear," the Deacon said, "that Cap Snodgrass has jumped the price on hauling a boat out. Four bits a foot, now. Seems a mite high to me."

Big Mag put the last of the supplies into the locker and snapped the door shut. "Four bits a foot, hunh?" she repeated. "Fourteen dollars to pull the Brazos Belle out is too much money. Won't pay it."

"You can't help it," the Deacon reminded her maliciously. "He's got you where the hair is short. You'll pay or you don't get pulled out, seeing as he's got the only ways on the river."

Pete didn't like the Deacon. He always knew too much about everybody's business. "Cap Snodgrass may have the only ways on the Brazos," Pete said, "but he ain't got the only ways on the Texas coast. They don't charge but twenty cents a foot in Galveston, and they got some real ways up there."

"You ain't in Galveston," the Deacon pointed out.

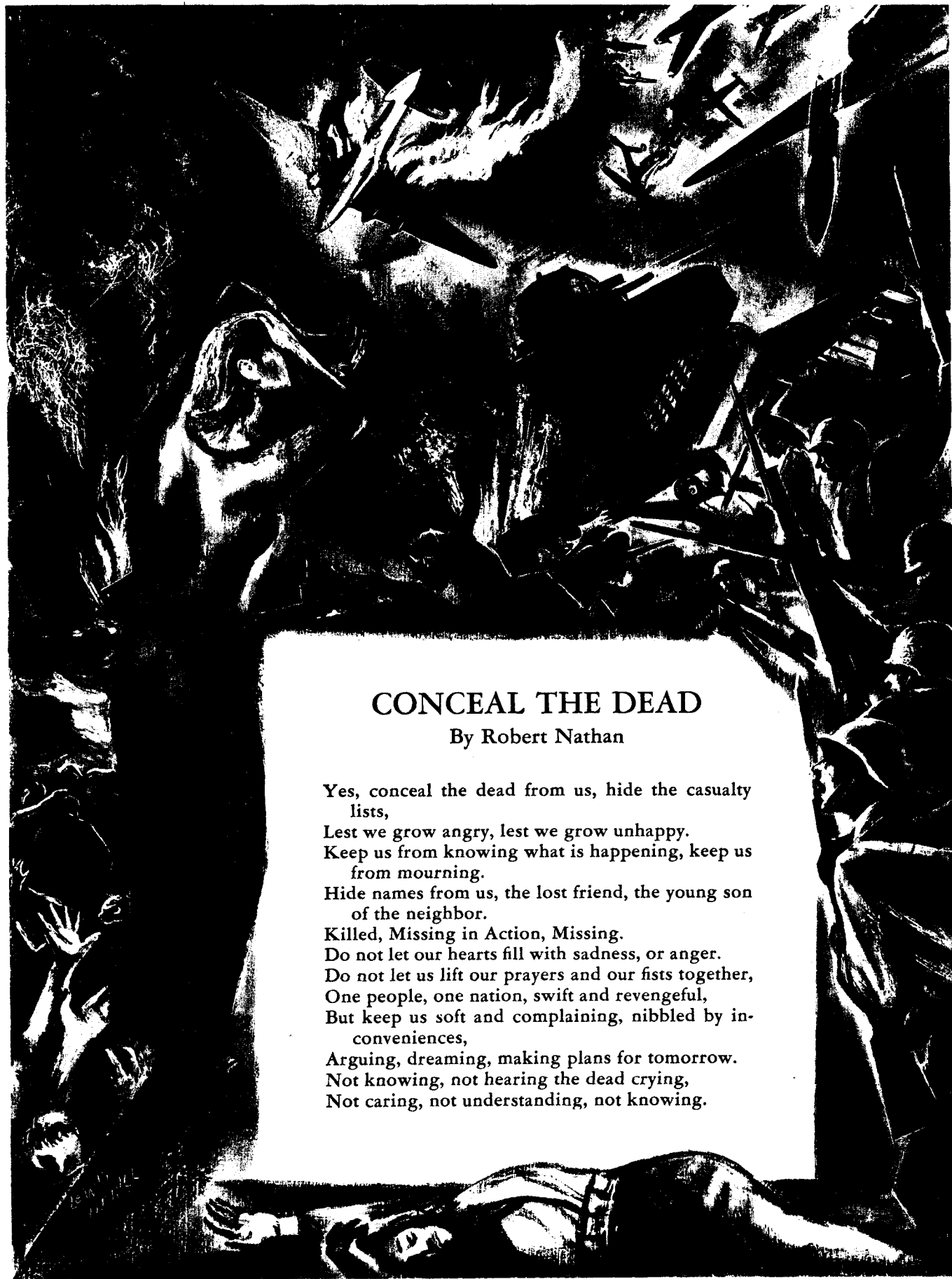
"I know the way," Pete said, "and the Brazos Belle can still run. Before I'll pay Cap Snodgrass four bits a foot for a pull-out, I'll run to Galveston."

"It's a good ten-hour run up the canal," the Deacon figured. "That old job burns two gallons every hour. That's twenty gallons up and twenty back. Not to mention a quart of oil every hour. I reckon it'll cost you fifteen dollars to run to Galveston and back, just so's you can save eight-forty, and that's coming out with an empty trawl." He spat. "Yep, Cap Snodgrass is 'got you where the hair is short."

Big Mag listened to the discussion. Pete was a good mechanic, all right. He could make that old job go when no other man on the river could get a chug out of her. On the other hand, the Deacon was a smart one when it came to figuring and planning. She had balanced each man against the other and when she decided to get married instead of splitting shares with a deck hand, she had chosen the mechanic who could make the engine run instead of the smart man who could figure and plan.

Pete had turned out to be as good a mechanic as she had hoped. He was

(Continued on page 26)



CONCEAL THE DEAD

By Robert Nathan

Yes, conceal the dead from us, hide the casualty lists,

Lest we grow angry, lest we grow unhappy.

Keep us from knowing what is happening, keep us from mourning.

Hide names from us, the lost friend, the young son of the neighbor.

Killed, Missing in Action, Missing.

Do not let our hearts fill with sadness, or anger.

Do not let us lift our prayers and our fists together, One people, one nation, swift and revengeful,

But keep us soft and complaining, nibbled by inconveniences,

Arguing, dreaming, making plans for tomorrow.

Not knowing, not hearing the dead crying,

Not caring, not understanding, not knowing.



CONVOY TO MURMANSK

As told to Rae Richard Hess by Second Mate John Cassin Dyer, U.S.N.R.

WE LEFT port under sealed orders, but the cargo was plainly marked for Soviet Russia, so every taxi driver and stevedore who worked on the dock knew where we were going before we did. It didn't make much difference to the crew, though. We had just come in from a trip to the Caribbean, where our ship was torpedoed, and in spite of the fact that we finished off the dirty Heinies before we abandoned ship we were still plenty mad. None of the crew on our ship had ever crossed in a convoy. We had no idea of what was awaiting us.

We joined a large convoy at an east-coast port, and the next day the nondescript procession departed for another harbor, where we lay at anchor for a fortnight, awaiting sailing instructions. The orders finally came through and we set a course for the top of the world. For two days the sea was blanketed by dense fog. Visibility was absolutely zero. On the bridge you might put your hand on the other fellow's shoulder but you couldn't see him. The only way we were able to keep our position in the convoy was by frequent sounding of our convoy numbers in Morse code on the whistles.

Sunday broke calm and peaceful. War seemed a long way off. It held good that night, but the fog had cleared away next day and we were immediately picked up by a German Dornier observation plane. This detail, or its reliefs, stuck with us until we were actually in sight of the Russian coast, always remaining just outside the range of our guns. We began to refer to the guy as the "stool pigeon." Imagine how you'd like being stalked constantly by a giant bird, just silently watching every move you made.

When visibility is poor, the bombers won't work because, when they come below the overcast, they are too low for accurate bombing and well within range of our guns. All we could do was to wait for their next move. It came when the overcast cleared away, about six hours later.

The anti-aircraft ship in the center of the convoy had run up the square black flag, a warning to us of possible attack by enemy aircraft, so we were at battle stations looking for something out of the sky.

A flight of eight Focke-Wulf planes appeared, coming in low over the water, evidently following the observation plane's radio beam. Approaching the convoy closely, they divided into two columns and spiraled in opposite directions above us, constantly gaining altitude. The deliberate precision with which they staged their circus act was almost insolent. All we could do was wait, watching those damned Nazis. We imagined them hanging by their knees from

their undercarriages and swinging their bombs like Indian clubs.

All at once the circling planes converged and attacked simultaneously from an altitude of about 10,000 feet. Trying to put our escort out of commission, they first attacked the naval vessels.

Four bombs dropped near our ship. Instantly all the ships caught one plane in gunfire, and it crashed into the sea in flames. The Heinies kept at it for nearly an hour. Dropping small bombs, but, although no ships were hit, the vessels were considerably shaken by the concussion of the near misses. Our score was five German planes shot down.

At midnight it was overcast and snowing. Still at battle stations, we heard our escort vessels dropping depth charges, and we knew a submarine wolf pack was in the vicinity. Later we learned contact had been made with one of the submarines with good results.

Suddenly, abaft our stern, we saw a white streak approaching us at an angle. Torpedo! But it missed our stern, missed the vessel abeam of us, and spent its strength in open water. Ten minutes later there was a terrific explosion as a torpedo hit a vessel at the rear of the third column. A second torpedo followed immediately; there was a blinding sheet of flame and in that instant the ship disappeared. It happened in less than one minute!

They left us alone then until mid-afternoon, when Stuka dive bombers attacked. But the bombs fell in the center of the convoy without causing any damage. At midnight, eight Focke-Wulf planes attacked us, but all our ships put up a terrific fight and drove them off.

Perfect Bombing Weather

At 9:30 in the morning the convoy was attacked by five torpedo planes and eight bombers, the engagement lasting about twenty minutes, and from then on we were subjected to continuous hourly attacks. Intense ack-ack fire from our ships kept the Heinie planes far enough away to make their bombing less effective. But by now we were under the midnight sun, and the attacks could be carried on twenty-four hours a day. It was cold and clear—perfect bombing weather.

Some of the eggs hit two of our ships with resounding explosions. The crews got off safely and were swimming or rowing in the icy water. Then, after burning fiercely, one of the vessels blew up, the explosion fantastically tossing the blazing ship into the air in two pieces.

Four bombs dropped close on our starboard bow, causing a great upheaval of water, and the ship was shaken vio-

lently. We sounded the bilges immediately, and hourly thereafter, to make sure we were not damaged.

Near by, another vessel was hit by a bomb, and smoke billowed skyward. The crew started to abandon her; we could see them frantically racing against time away from the doomed ship when the attacking Heinie plane came in low and bombed her again. With a blinding flash the ship instantly disappeared, literally blown to pieces.

They hit another ship, which caught fire instantly, went out of control and dropped astern of the convoy. The last we saw of her she was burning fiercely. Then a stick of bombs hit on the fo'c'sle head of one of the Russian ships in the convoy, killing the gun crew and knocking out the two anti-aircraft guns which were mounted there. They also caught the spare Diesel tank forward, setting it aflame.

For sheer courage, this ship's crew set an outstanding example. Despite the inferno and the dense and stifling smoke, fighting the fire for nearly two days before it was brought under control, they kept up with the convoy. All the surviving members of that Russian crew got the Order of Lenin when they reached Murmansk.

I saw three of the Nazi planes fall in flames into the sea. They were too close to the water at the bottom of their dives to bail out. All the time the bombers were attacking us, they were also using their machine guns, strafing the decks as they swooped in low. When we got to Murmansk we found a lot of our deck cargo riddled by machine-gun bullets.

They kept at it until 10:30 that night, with such hourly regularity that in the lull we'd look at our watches and remark, "Well, it's almost on the half-hour. They'll be coming over any minute." Finally, having finished their dirty work, they turned tail and streaked for home. They must have been based at Trondheim.

After the first action, the light cruisers escorting us for protection against surface raiders while running the naval blockade opposite Trondheim pulled away for other duty. Hell lay around us. Ships were burning and going down everywhere. Ships were blown to atoms when the flames reached their ammunition storage, and the explosions seemed to tear the atmosphere into ribbons. For miles around, survivors were struggling in boats, on rafts, and swimming in icy oil-covered water. We will never forget the fearful sight. The escort vessels worked in frantic haste to pick up the survivors and take them aboard.

We had been at our battle stations for eighteen hours without rest, and by

Hit! Black smoke pours from one of the freighters torpedoed on the perilous route to the north

8:30 that night had exhausted our anti-aircraft ammunition. Most of the other cargo ships were also running short of ammunition or, like ourselves, were entirely out. We were beginning to get pretty discouraged when the captain of the ship astern of us volunteered to break into his cargo.

Some time after midnight, one of the corvette vessels drew alongside and supplied us. The planes had evidently been withdrawn and we began to disperse to quarters, waiting to be called out again. By this time we were sleeping in our clothes. We had not had them off since the night of the first attack. I sat down to the supper table but it was the first time I had ever sat down to a meal that I could not eat. The anticipation of the next attack and the thought of which one of the ships would be next put everyone on edge, but the balance of the night passed without further incident.

Under Constant Attack

The following morning a flight of German bombers attacked but were driven off by heavy gunfire put up by the entire convoy. That evening a single plane dropped a stick of bombs two hundred feet off our starboard beam, causing heavy concussions on the hull.

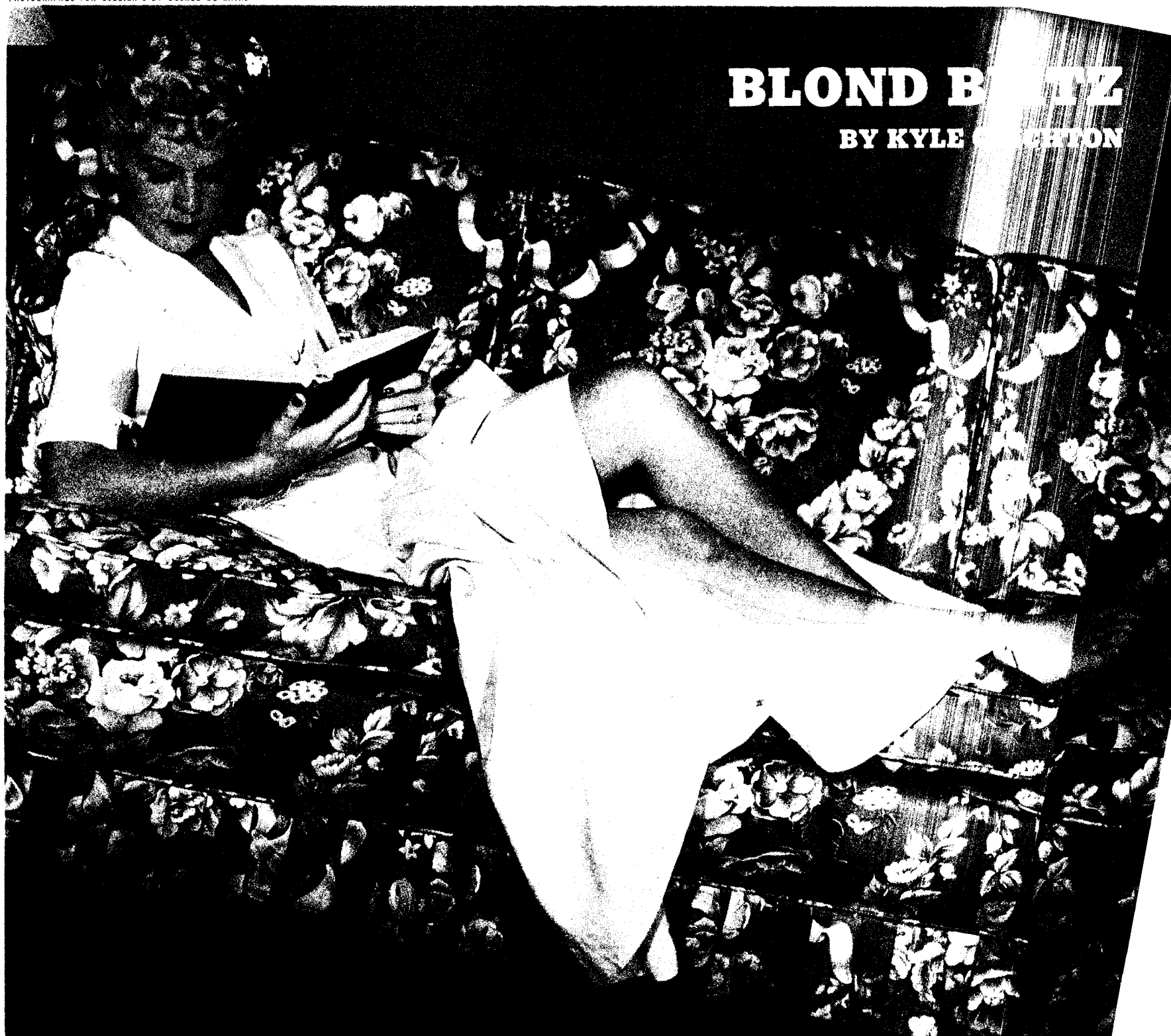
For the next three days we were under attack every time the weather cleared. Whenever the sun broke through the clouds the Heinies came with it. Luckily for us, we lost only three more vessels northbound. By the time we got within sight of the Russian coast we had all been at the guns so long, practically on a diet of cigarettes and coffee, and with so very little sleep, that most of us were suffering from the "hoops and jingles."

About fifty miles off the Russian coast, nine of the remaining ships left the main convoy and, with some of the escort, headed for Archangel, while the rest of us continued on to Murmansk. We were attacked again and again by planes, but escaped damage. Shortly afterward, Russian planes came out and circled the convoy in pairs. I felt pretty safe then and turned in for the first good sleep in several days. At noon, when I returned to the bridge to stand my regular watch, the Russians were still circling the convoy, but I thought I could hear the drone of many planes overhead.

"Do you hear anything?" I asked the lookout on the bridge.

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PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS



BLOND BETTZ

BY KYLE HUTTON

She yells. She screams. She wiggles and she twists. For an encore she breaks her neck in three places. At least she would, if given sufficient encouragement

MISS BETTY HUTTON originally achieved fame by grabbing the microphone in front of Vincent Lopez's orchestra and riding it back and forth like a seesaw, meanwhile emitting jive-mad screams of such character as to entrance all hepcats. This is to say that Miss Hutton's singing was admired by patrons of swing music.

Lately Miss Hutton—now a Hollywood actress for Paramount—has been feeling the effects. For days at a time she has been confined to her boudoir suffering a mild case of vapors. On being asked how one so young could collapse so humbly, she replied:

"Because I'm a damned fool, that's how. I've floored myself."

After years of ferocious struggle, Miss Hutton has finally become an established success and she has stopped to take a breath. The letdown has been almost too much for her. Her Broadway success in Panama Hattie got her the chance at Paramount and she came out to do or die. Her method of putting over a song is compounded of three parts violence and one part music. She wiggles her body, she twists her face into knots, she sings with all the force of a tank going through a barn; by sheer weight of sound, action and some genius, she beats down an audience and eventually has it excited to the point of cheering.

"Since I'm thirteen, I've been keeping the family," she says, getting up eagerly. "And all the time that little old man named Failure is right there on my neck waiting to grab me. I get up there, I get knocked down here; suddenly I'm a success . . . and then WHAMBO! . . . I'm on the deck . . . flat!"

The Hollywood venture was a gamble. They put her in *The Fleet's In* and she knocked herself out trying to make good. Everybody said she had done all right but that didn't convince her. She had heard those things before in a long sad career. While waiting for the picture to be released, she broke her neck trying to get into something else.

"If I flop in *The Fleet's In*, they'll throw me out on my face," she figured. "But if I get into something else in the meantime maybe I can stall 'em."

She went after the leading role in *Out of the Frying Pan* and they told her that she would be considered; they would decide it between Susan Hayward and Hutton.

"Listen," she screamed, "who's trying to louse up who here? Hayward and I are no more alike than Joe Louis and Billy Rose!"

"If it's Hayward," they explained patiently, "it'll be a love picture; if it's you, it'll be comedy."

"Right there," says Hutton. "I know I'm mixed up in a little smeller but I

Betty Hutton is caught here in an extremely rare pose—motionless and relaxed. When in action, she seems to be going in every direction at once

stay in there yelling for it. I'm nuts, see?"

She didn't get it and was downhearted, but then *The Fleet's In* appeared and her notices were elegant and soon she was starring in a real something entitled *Dark Blushes*.

"Technicolor," screams Betty, as if the gates of heaven had opened, and then adds: "They smacked me down; I'm playing like a human being."

That was so good that the celebrated restaurateur and genius named Preston Sturges asked for her services and she is now doing a picture with him. Begged Rhythm, the grab-bag picture in which everybody on the Paramount lot is being hurled into one film, with the idea, no doubt, of closing up and going home thereafter. It was during this example of elephantiasis that she collapsed and retired to reflect upon life.

In essence, it is the classic American success story, the girl who came up from

(Continued on page 68)

Detroit Strains at the Federal Leash

By Walter Davenport

SINCE Pearl Harbor there have been more than seven hundred strikes in Michigan. More than ninety per cent of them have halted for periods of from two hours to twenty days the production of arms for our Army and Navy. They have occurred in what used to be America's unrivaled automotive industry.

The rest of these strikes, with few exceptions born of contagion, have affected war production to extents great and small by interfering with transportation and raw materials and by steadily lowering the morale of both management and labor. At least three fourths of them are conceded by management, labor and government to have been easy avoidable. Not more than a dozen threatened any of management's privileges of investment or control, any of labor's legal or contractual rights; and such threats were either very slight or indirect.

The only real sufferer has been the cause of the United Nations. The blame settles inevitably and accurately upon temporizing, appeasing, red-taped, politics-ridden Washington.

In Detroit, the birthplace of many American miracles, none is more impressive than that the automotive industry is producing as well as it is, and as much. Its technological experts, its engineers, its master minds in general, have not faltered or ceased for a moment to evolve the tools of war with the same daring skill and ingenuity with which they produced motorcars. In its transition from the equipment of peace to the machines of warfare, the automotive industry has frequently astonished itself, accomplishing things which Washington said were impossible.

Detroit Has the Hives

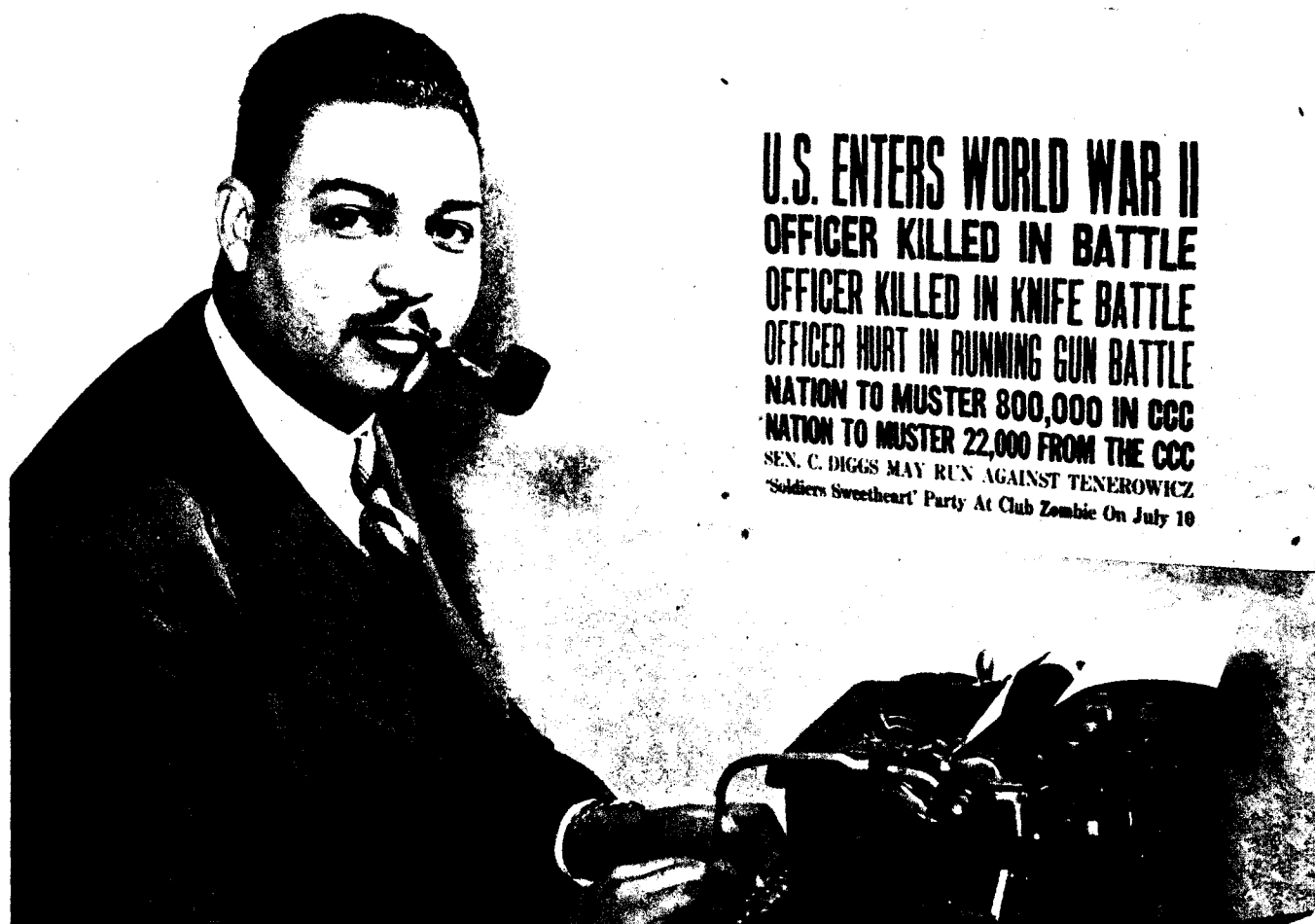
Detroit has no one major illness to be cured. What Detroit is suffering from is a terrific dose of hives. It has been trying to cure itself with home remedies. They haven't worked. What's needed is a cold and tough scientific physician from outside. But Detroit prays that Washington will send her no more starry-eyed, long-haired medicine men with New Deal nostrums.

Call these strikes what you will—wildcats, slowdowns, demonstrations, incidents, token protests or jurisdictional battles—there have been more than seven hundred of them. In their cumulative effect, they have done more to widen and deepen the abyss between management, apprehensive of the future, and the worker, jealous of his gains and ambitious for control, than one conclusive general strike could. To the independent spectator, the vast majority of them are absurd.

Our writing is interrupted by the telephone. Another strike. Eight hundred electricians have walked out at Ford's because one of them was fired for endangering his life for the third time by running in front of a bomber body that was being swung at high speed from one assembly-line station to another. His foreman called him a fool. He told his foreman to go to hell. Then they had words and the thrice-warned fellow was fired.

Eight hundred of his fellow electricians walked out with him. See? They weren't called out by their union chiefs. The United Automobile Workers (CIO) gets the story from Harry Bennett, Ford's famous personnel boss. The UAW makes inquiry of the strikers, declares that the strike is unauthorized and orders them to go back to work. They return, grumbling against their own leaders, whom they foolishly charge with more sympathy for the bosses than for them.

We return to our story, realizing that in that incident there was a great deal that is typical of all these seven hundred strikes, slowdowns and demonstrations. Every day here in Detroit we meet government, management, labor and independent investigators. None agrees with the others as to why these things happen.



U.S. ENTERS WORLD WAR II
OFFICER KILLED IN BATTLE
OFFICER KILLED IN KNIFE BATTLE
OFFICER HURT IN RUNNING GUN BATTLE
NATION TO MUSTER 800,000 IN CCC
NATION TO MUSTER 22,000 FROM THE CCC
SEN. C. DIGGS MAY RUN AGAINST TENEROWICZ
'Soldiers Sweetheart' Party At Club Zombie On July 10

Detroit's Negroes are more concerned with winning the war than with racial monkey business. Above is Louis E. Martin, editor of the Michigan Chronicle, the Negro newspaper that exposed Takahashi

Worst worry in Detroit is the housing situation, complicated by influx of new workers. An aircraft worker and his son get water from a hydrant—priorities forbade water mains where they live





The Japanese Satochasi Takahashi, Detroit organizer of the Black Dragon Society, whose job (before the F.B.I. caught up with him) was to incite Negroes to revolt. He failed

We talk to management and hear tales of suspected sabotage, subversive influences, the loss of control of labor by its leaders. We receive no proof at all of this. But there is evidence that the UAW's authority over its membership is not the smart, taut thing it was before Pearl Harbor. This, it appears, is due partly to a natural war hysteria which is shared equally by both sides, plus resulting internal political dissension.

We talk to a dozen representatives of thousands of workers. They tell us that management is trying to break down their organization, their solidarity by taking advantage of their pledge to the President not to strike.

The independent and government investigators, most of them peering through politically colored glasses, evaluate what they see according to their lights, limited to their specialties. In Detroit, as in other industrial centers, one may see what one insists on seeing, whatever one looks for.

Here's a group which lays the whole thing to Detroit's lack of worker housing, and they're partly right—but only partly, although Detroit's housing situation is something to weep about. Others blame it all on discrimination against the Negro worker. We listen attentively to them, realizing, however, that they, too, are only partly right. We listen closely because we've just come from Ford's concentrated empire, the River Rouge plant where something happened that gave us a terrific kick.

A group of Negro workers quit work long enough to tear down a few posters which Washington fondly believed would speed labor's hands by arousing furious emotion. But they merely aroused emotion—the wrong one. The posters were pictures of Japanese soldiers murdering women and children. Their brief texts bade the American to behold what the brutish *yellow* devil was doing, calling it war. The Negroes objected to the word *yellow*. The Japanese were a *colored* race, said the Negroes. Until the *white* man granted them—*colored* Americans—equality, gave more than mere lip service to the fundamentals of democracy, they refused to hate other *colored* peoples as such.

There was no protest from management. No one was fired or disciplined for tearing down the posters. Soon thereafter all such posters were removed from all Ford shops. So there was no strike, as there surely would have been had these Negroes been fired. Detroit's 150,000 Negroes are well organized under intelligent leaders. They have a simple, powerful shibboleth: "We are Americans, too." But don't be fooled by that watchword's lack of fire. They mean it.

It was somewhat startling at first. The Ku Klux Klan (apparently existing more in spirit than membership in Detroit) and various White Supremacy agencies and individuals hasten to tell you that it only goes to show you that the Negro is not to be trusted, that he is more concerned with racial than national survival.

Disproof of this is ridiculously easy. After you've talked it over with such Ne-

gro leaders as Louis Emanuel Martin, editor of the Michigan Chronicle, you come to see it not as a signal of disaffection but as a gesture of the desperate Negro's freshly awakened realization that unless he demonstrates he will be subjected to even greater prejudice and discrimination than he has already suffered in American industry.

It is not the employer who is responsible for this discrimination so much as the white worker who thinks that his security is threatened by the rising quality of black competition. Examples of this are so numerous that doubt of the fact vanishes almost at once.

It was the Negro himself, largely through the columns of the Michigan Chronicle, who accomplished the ultimate downfall of the Jap dissensionist Satochasi Takahashi.

Takahashi, sometimes known to Detroit's 150,000 Negroes as Naka Naka Nakane, was the local organizer of the Black Dragon Society and the creator of a subversive racket known mystically as Development of Our Own or Onward in America.

Through all these, Takahashi and his stooges exhorted the Negro to join with all other *colored* peoples—yellow, brown, red and black—against all white peoples. Takahashi took all advantage of the aid unwittingly offered him by prejudiced white employment agents and by stupid housing officials. His following in Detroit, before the F.B.I. caught up with him, included a number of Chinese to whom he turned over the somewhat difficult task of convincing other Chinese that Japan was not at war with China, that the presence of her armies in China was entirely benevolent. But it was Mr. Martin's newspaper that exposed Takahashi's activities and gave to the F.B.I. much of its working evidence.

We prowled through government offices in Detroit groping for the true reasons underlying seven hundred strikes, the suspicion and distrust they were born of and which they add to. We find here the most reasonable, the most plausible answer. At any rate, it is in the government's setup that we discover the most obvious weakness in the whole war-production structure.

Government Setup Lacks Authority

We talk to a dozen intelligent, loyal government functionaries. We talk to them by day and by night, because in their aching desire to do a good job they are regardless of hours. But the federal government structure in Detroit is distracted—lacking in authority, certainty of purpose and the security which comes of the knowledge that Washington will back up its decisions. We behold a melancholy dissipation of good minds and a bad case of the same blind staggers that is epidemic in Washington.

For example, we are sitting in the office of a War Production Board official when a couple of officers of the Quartermaster Corps of the United States Army enter with blueprints in their hands. Incidentally, we are giving you illustrative incidents which we've chosen because they reveal so much.

The QMC was about to move in upon Detroit in large numbers. It had taken over one of Detroit's largest office buildings, leaving the civilian tenants to scramble for other quarters. Many QMC officers were arriving, bringing with them their families. The government was making a major task of finding quarters for these arriving officers, their wives and children, although constantly arriving assembly-line workers were trudging up and down Detroit's streets looking for shelter. They too had brought wives and children.

(Continued on page 37)

What Detroit sees as the result of inexcusable red tape—thousands of U. S. Army trucks pile up in outdoor storage spaces, waiting for someone to order them into service



A Ford worker, unable to find living quarters in overcrowded Detroit, sets up a makeshift home in an abandoned gas station

WITNESS ABSENT

BY WILLIAM
MAC HARG

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY L. TIMMINS

Miss Cordy reads one paper too many. Detective O'Malley solves another murder

A SOCIETY girl got knocked off," O'Malley said. "In this kind of case, if the police don't solve it, the department is in a spot. They got me working on it. If them cops can't get the answer, I won't get it neither; then I'm in the spot, too. Miss Cordy this dead kid's name was. She'd went to a dance given for service guys. Well, she disappeared from the dance. Early this morning a pedestrian found her. The kid had been choked to death."

"How much have you got on the case?" I asked.

"A young guy named Normel took the girl to the dance. He's a civilian, so he didn't stay there. He was to call for her later. Miss Cordy's best friend is a girl named Miss Redor. A guy named Randolph took Miss Redor to the dance. He didn't stay either. He's a civilian, too. Well, Normel come back to take the two girls home and they couldn't find Miss Cordy. There didn't anybody know when she left the dance, or why, or maybe with who. It's against the rules for girls that go to them dances to leave with any service guys or to make a date with 'em afterward. Still, this kid might have done that."

"What are the police doing?"

"About a hundred cops are going round, finding out who went to the dance and questioning soldiers and sailors. We got a roomful of suspects and a hallful of witnesses and it ain't got us anywhere."

"A queer business!" I commented.

A LOT of young people were there at headquarters. Some were soldiers or sailors, a few were civilians. There were young girls among them. Miss Redor was there and Normel and Randolph.

"It won't get us anything," O'Malley remarked, "but I got to go talk with 'em."

We talked with Miss Redor. She was a sweet-seeming girl and was nineteen years old. I didn't like Normel. He was a heavy-set youth who appeared rather sullen. Randolph was a fine-looking young man with a strong Southern accent.

"What ideas have you got about this?" O'Malley asked Miss Redor.

"I haven't got any. It all is too terrible."

"Well, you seen Miss Cordy at the dance?"

"Oh, yes; almost all evening."

"When was the last time you seen her?"

"She was dancing with a sailor. Then Mr. Normel came to get us. Our car had been sent for us and we three were

going home in it. When we looked for Marion, she wasn't there."

"Wait, lady! What sailor?"

"I didn't meet him."

"Was the sailor still there when you was looking for Miss Cordy?"

"I didn't look for him, but I don't think he was."

"Now, mister," O'Malley said to Randolph, "you took Miss Redor and left her at the dance. Did you see that sailor?"

"I saw several sailors. I didn't take note of them particularly."

"You see that sailor?" O'Malley asked Normel.

"No. I just took Marion Cordy there and left her. Well, I went back later to get the girls. All this is so dreadful I don't remember very well. Marion wasn't there. We called up her house and she hadn't got home. Edith went home in the car and I went around looking."

"Yeah? Where did you look?"

"I didn't know where to look. I asked policemen and taxi drivers. I wandered around but I don't know where all I went—cafés and such places. I got home about daylight."

"LISTEN, son, a cop has to ask questions: Was you in love with this dead lady?"

"Yes."

"She in love with you?"

"I thought so at one time. I don't know about lately. You see, I tried to get into the Army, but I got turned down for medical. There isn't anything really the matter with me. A fellow feels funny that isn't in uniform. I thought she felt I could have got in all right if I really had wanted to."

"She like service guys pretty well?"

"She didn't seem to have much use for anyone else."

We looked at the dead girl. She seemed rather remarkable—an athlete and a beauty. We went where she'd been found. It was on the East Side. She had been found in a small areaway two doors from her home. We looked the neighborhood over but didn't find anything.

"Well, O'Malley?" I asked him.

"Well, what?" he inquired. "You seen that swell kid—girls like her don't get killed; so where was the motive?"

"What are you going to do?"

"Do nothing, I guess—like all other cops do. I'd like to talk with that sailor."

He went back to headquarters. I went there next day.

"How is it?" I asked him.

"It's the same thing as yesterday. What we want is that sailor. We ain't got any charge; we just want to talk

(Continued on page 33)



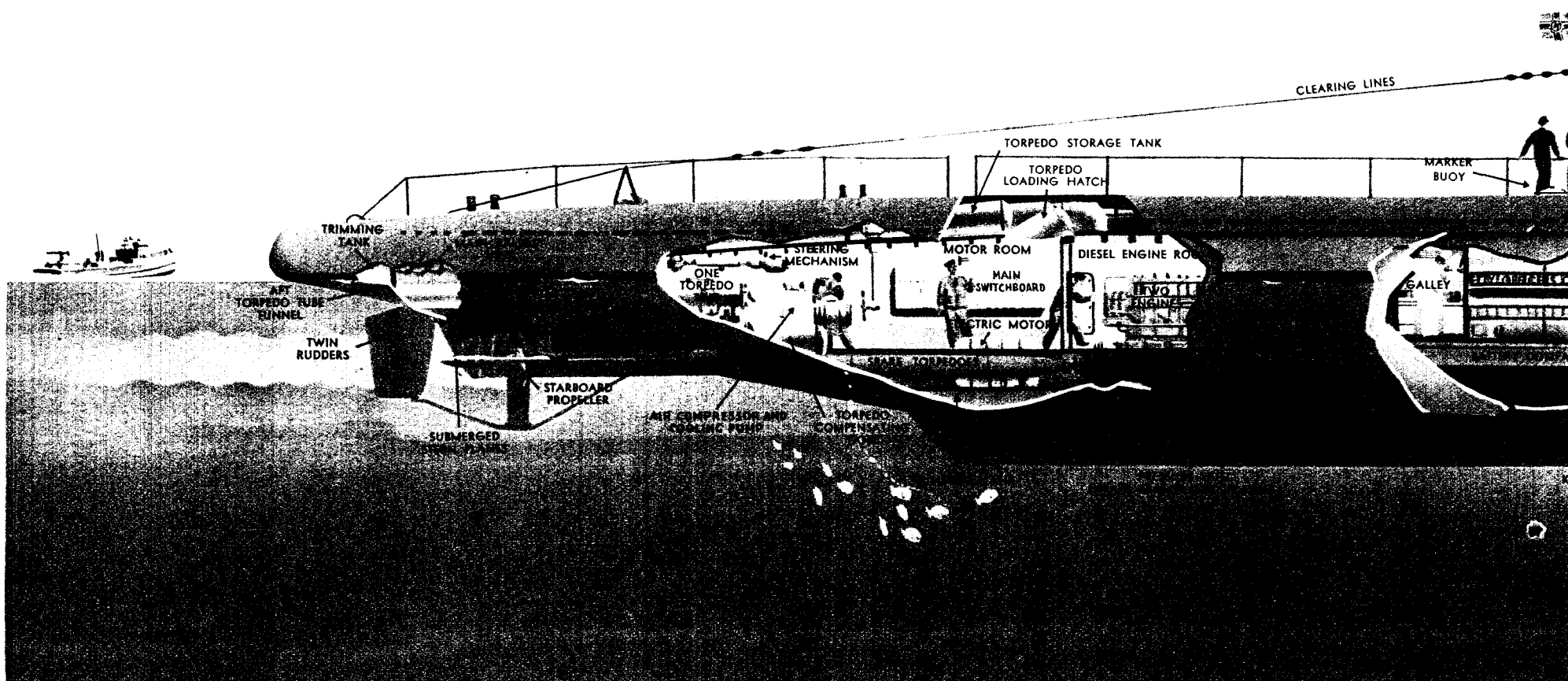
"Miss Cordy was dancing with a sailor when Randolph and Miss Redor got there. . . . The sailor comes from the same town that Randolph come from"

NEW GERMAN SUBMARINE

Probable Length Overall, 240 Feet

Maximum Surface Speed, 16 to 20 Knots

Submerged Speed, 8 or 9 Knots



The Battle of the Atlantic

By Representative Carl Vinson

DRAWING BY LIEUTENANT ROLF KLEP, U. S. N. R.

The chairman of the House Naval Affairs Committee tells the story of our Atlantic submarine war, with a sideswipe at the rumor boys

FIVE simple truths must be understood before the malicious and mischievous confusion over the submarine situation in the Atlantic can be cleared away.

First: There is no trick way of fighting submarines. We know that with the proper type of ships and planes, adequately equipped, and with them only, can submarines be destroyed.

Second: The instruments of war known to be effective in dealing with submarines—the planes, blimps and specialized boats—are just now becoming available in large quantities. They

will be fitted with the latest equipment—equipment which probably can be considered “secret weapons;” not miraculous gadgets, but advanced mechanical devices which improve the efficacy of antisubmarine fighting many times over.

From now on, we can reasonably expect improvement in the situation, until all ships will be as comparatively safe as those in convoys.

Third: There has been nothing wrong with the Navy’s technique of antisubmarine warfare. The losses we have suffered have been, primarily, because of

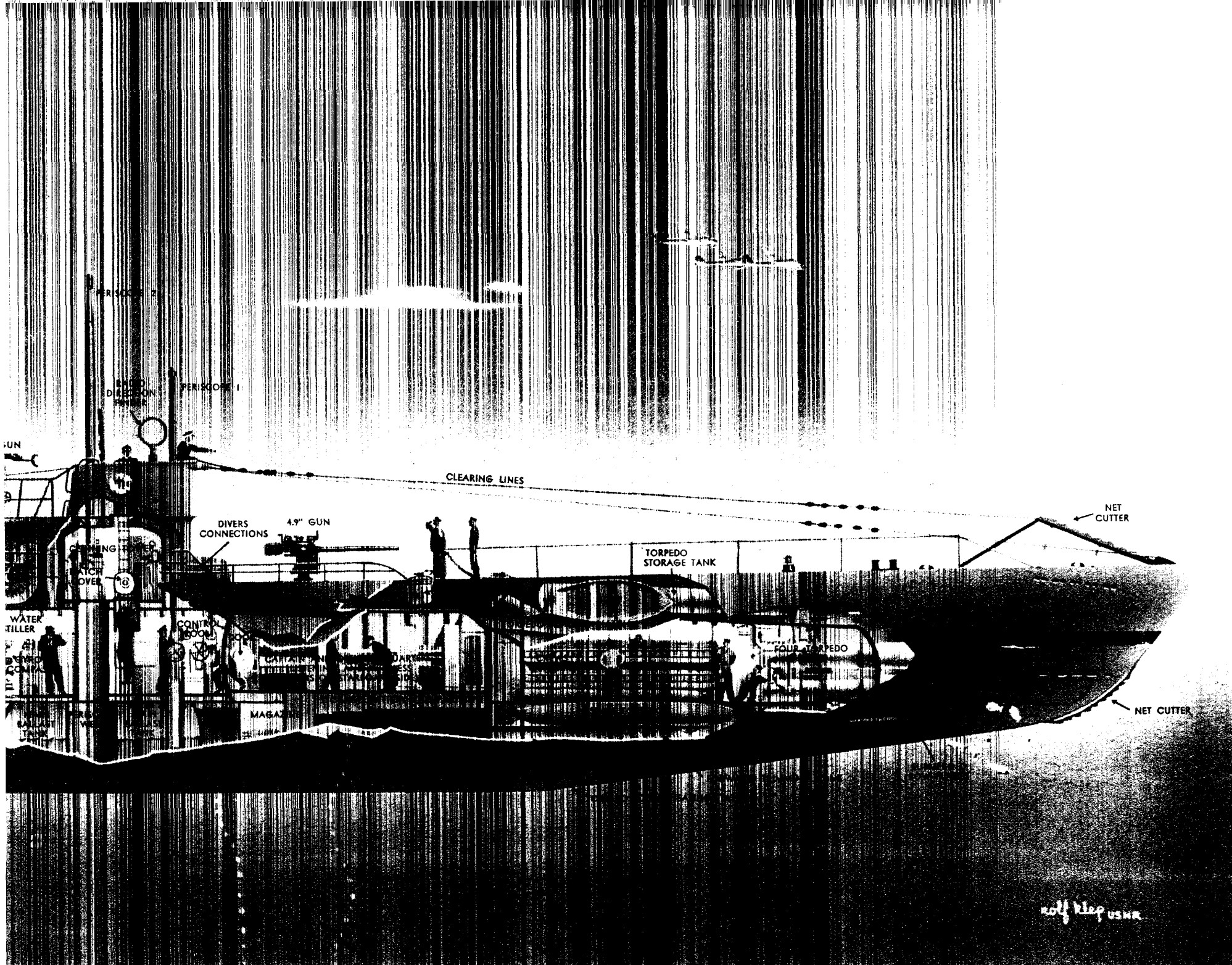
the lack of tools to carry on an unexpected five-ocean war.

Fourth: Mistakes have been made, and more mistakes are to be expected. We have not, however, made the mistake of doing nothing, and in view of the fact that our allies have made available to us all antisubmarine information in their possession, we can profit from their experiences, now that we have the tools.

Fifth: No box score consisting of only two columns, namely, submarine sinkings and merchant ship sinkings, can tell the whole story. There must be at least

one more column showing how many ships reach their destinations safely.

The Navy and the Congress have been rather violently criticized for our Atlantic losses, but much of the criticism stems from the multitude of rumors, and the misinformation now current in public and private discussion of the problem. I shall try to set forth concisely and honestly what the situation has been and, so far as national security will permit, what we have done about it. I feel I can interpret the dilemma to the layman because I am myself a layman, but my convictions and knowledge



are fortified by my associations with the Navy, as a member of the House Naval Affairs Committee for the last twenty-six years and as chairman for the past eleven.

With these five major points as background, let's look at the whole business. Our Navy has not been able to follow a steady, uniform course of expansion. In time of war its expansion is rapid. In time of peace, we make every effort to reduce it to minimum size. This has been the history of the United States Navy for many years. It amounts almost to a cycle, and our strength at the outbreak of any war seems to be a question of just what part of the cycle we are in.

After the first World War, there was a long period during which it did not appear that we should be called upon to fight, and we took advantage of that fact to reduce the size of our Navy. With the passage of time, however, it became evident that a permanent peace had not been reached and, although it was not at all clear who our enemies might eventually be, steps were taken toward the maintenance of a Navy of sufficient strength to wage war in one ocean.

The size of our Navy was the result of a number of naval treaties, all of which are common knowledge, but we did not see fit to build up to treaty strength when that strength was agreed upon by the parties to the treaties. Not until 1934 did the Congress finally

authorize the so-called "Treaty Navy."

Then, although treaty strength was authorized, it was not achieved simply because funds were not appropriated, and actually, Treaty Navy strength will not be reached until some time this year. The result of all this, which is probably the chief reason for our difficulties in the Atlantic, was that we were confronted with the necessity of fighting a five-ocean war with a one-ocean Navy.

Obviously, the disposition of our forces throughout the world was bound to leave weak spots. One of these spots was the Atlantic, partly because of our commitments in escorting convoys carrying Lend-Lease supplies to friendly nations in Europe, and partly because we had to maintain much of our strength in the Pacific.

These decisions were made with full realization of the fact that Germany was the potential enemy, and that if she became involved in war, her major effort at sea would manifest itself in submarine operations.

A Naval Dilemma

We knew that she had expanded her submarine facilities enormously, that the major part of her naval effort had been devoted to submarine training and that she had not forgotten the know-how of submarine operations which had proved so potent during the first World War.

As the possibility of war developed into a probability, steps were taken to strengthen the Atlantic Squadron. Capital ships, aircraft carriers and cruisers were shifted from the Pacific for employment as heavy escorts. All the first World War destroyers which had been decommissioned were placed in service, and most of them were sent to the Atlantic. Thus by the fall of 1941, with the destroyers of the Pacific Fleet as a backlog and with our shipyards and factories working up to speed in the production of small craft, planes, guns, special equipment and armament, our position in the Atlantic was fairly strong.

In the meantime, however, conditions in the Pacific began boiling up, and in that area an entirely different problem was presented. To oppose the Japanese fleet of battleships, aircraft carriers, cruisers and destroyers, similar ships were required, and to carry on attrition attacks in Japanese waters, we needed large numbers of long-range submarines.

To meet the problems of the Atlantic, our fleet units in the Pacific had been reduced to a minimum for defense against the Japanese menace, and their return to the Pacific was vital. Also during this period, pending the actual outbreak of war in the Atlantic, fifty World War I destroyers were turned over to the British in exchange for bases in the Atlantic and Caribbean areas.

The foregoing may be summarized about as follows: If Germany alone commenced war on us immediately, we could divert strength from the Pacific and use the entire output of our factories in the Atlantic theater. If Japan alone brought about war in the Pacific we could bolster the Pacific Fleet from the fairly sizable Atlantic Fleet with reasonable prospects of success, building up our strength in that theater as new ships and aircraft became available. Germany and Japan knew that we were not ready for war in both oceans.

Sub-Chaser Expansion

In May, 1938, Congress had appropriated funds for the construction of five experimental submarine chasers. In July, 1940, the construction of 48 more of these ships was ordered, and the Navy began acquiring and converting yachts and other craft for antisubmarine work, patrol duty, net tending, mine laying and sweeping, and the other duties connected with the prosecution of war against submarines. In January, 1941, the construction of 164 more submarine chasers was begun, shipyards to build them were placed in commission, and the existing programs for the manufacture of their engines and special equipment were augmented. Again in November, 1941, the construction of 250 submarine chasers was commenced.

Unfortunately, a great majority of

these ships were not in service on December 7, 1941. Why we didn't have these essential items when we needed them is a laborious story, now history. Some of us tried, even during the peaceful '20s, to get things moving, but the fact remains: We were caught woefully short. Moreover, the shift of units which had been used in North Atlantic convoys required their replacement in turn by ships which were suitable for coastal defense and, as the war progressed, aircraft losses in the Pacific had to be replaced by squadrons which had been earmarked for antisubmarine operations in the Atlantic. In addition to the demands for our escort ships, we were faced with the necessity of supplying large quantities of fuel and supplies to our large fighting forces at sea and to our advanced bases, as well as to our allies. This consideration reduced even further the number of tankers and cargo ships available for the supply of civilian needs along the Atlantic seaboard.

All these decisions were, of course, made with the idea of ending the war as soon as possible and necessarily involved accepting disadvantages in certain theaters where action was not likely to be decisive. If we had tried to be strong everywhere we should probably have succeeded in only being weak everywhere.

Lacking enough of the planes or vessels best suited to combat the submarine menace, the Navy did the only thing possible. It extemporized antisubmarine protection on a large scale. This involved taking over pleasure craft and small boats as rapidly as possible and sending them out with makeshift armament and only partly trained crews. Merchant ships were armed as rapidly as possible. Civil aviation patrol was established under the Army and put into operation as soon as the planes could be equipped with pilots reasonably well instructed and trained in the elements of antisubmarine warfare.

Small Boats Versus Subs

All these measures were worth something, but were at best only a stopgap, as the heavy shipping losses in the Atlantic show so well. In spite of these losses, there are a surprisingly large number of people who do not appreciate the fact that until very recently the conflict has been about on a par with a horde of citizens armed with sticks and stones and pitchforks taking on a mechanized army. Many of these same people moreover, in the best of faith, insist that, with enough small boats—some even advocate craft not over 25 feet in length—we can drive the enemy submarines from our home waters.

So far as the Navy is concerned, the useful employment of small craft has been established beyond all doubt. They can be used for observation purposes, for rescuing survivors and for patrol, but they are not capable of standing up in actual combat against a submarine. The Navy has used them in so far as they are useful, but their efficiency is far less than most people—including some of the Navy's most searching critics—have been able to realize or to admit.

In this connection, the construction and the characteristics of a modern German submarine become pertinent. Submarines are not easy to sink. In the last war, we claimed somewhere between 500 and 600 certain and probable sinkings of German subs. Later we found the Germans had only 140 altogether and that we actually had destroyed sixteen.

As might be expected, the German submarine has been greatly improved since the first World War. The sturdy construction of the present-day U-boat permits it to descend safely to depths of more than 500 feet and to withstand

with impunity the effects of depth charges which would have destroyed its 1918 prototype. The plating of the modern German submarine is much thicker than that of an ordinary merchantman, which in turn is much heavier than that of a destroyer or an antisubmarine patrol boat.

To destroy a modern submarine by means of depth charges, the charge must be exploded either in contact with the submarine's hull or in close proximity thereto. To insure rupture of the submarine's hull, a depth charge containing 100 pounds of TNT should be exploded at a distance of less than fifteen feet from the skin of the submarine.

On the surface, the submarine presents a small and surprisingly tough target for gunfire. Its round exterior and the thick plating of the pressure

against exposed personnel, against aircraft and against wooden hulls and thin plating of smaller boats. The German torpedoes, of which twelve or more are carried by each submarine, can be fired when the submarine is either on the surface or submerged to periscope depth; or they can be fired on sound bearings with the submarine submerged to depths in excess of one hundred feet. One or, at most, two torpedo hits are usually sufficient to sink a large merchant vessel.

Submarines are equipped with very efficient underwater sound devices which permit them to keep an accurate track of the position of attacking destroyers or submarine chasers. With this information, a skillful submarine commander can very frequently dodge a depth-charge attack. Such evasive tactics are facilitated by the high maneuverability and the

vessels and aircraft find the submarine a difficult and elusive enemy because of its rugged construction, speed, armament, and invisibility when submerged. Because of our exaggeration in the last war we have been ultraconservative about figuring how many subs we have sunk this time, but we know we haven't got many.

These special ships and aircraft are of small value without the technique and skill to operate them successfully. The British developed this skill and technique during the first two years of this war. It has been freely placed at the disposal of our Navy, and specially equipped British ships and trained crews have been and are being utilized by us.

Our routing officers and special antisubmarine sections, under the centralized control of the Navy Department, are now set up in important coastal cities. The Army has placed under the operational command of the Navy a number of its air squadrons, and they have had success in operations against submarines.

It was realized from the start of the war that the only effective answer to this problem was a system of coastwise convoys similar to the ocean convoys which have proved so successful since their inception in 1941. To operate such convoys, however, large numbers of specially equipped escort vessels were needed. These were not available at the beginning of the war and they have only recently become available in sufficient quantities to permit the institution of coastwise convoys, which, it is now generally known, have been inaugurated along the Atlantic seaboard and in the Caribbean.

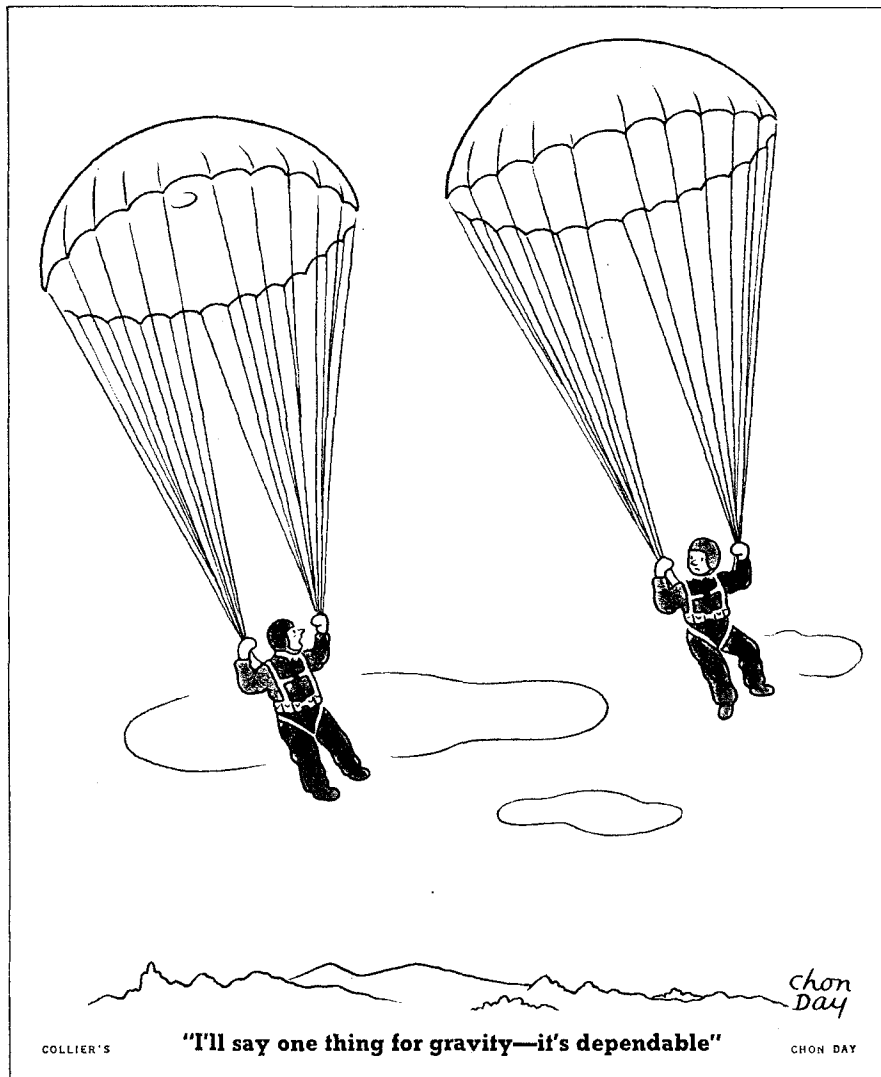
Convoy System Our Best Weapon

They have worked well and have forced the enemy subs to shift to other waters where the hunting is not quite so good. Some have moved to the hump of South America, where ship traffic is comparatively sparse. The submarine menace can never be eliminated as long as the enemy can place submarines along our coasts, but it can be ameliorated, and eventually, when every merchant ship is adequately escorted, this will have been accomplished. We are on the right road, but the end is not yet in sight.

The statistical picture of submarine operations in the first World War shows that, in four years' time, although the total number of submarines in the German navy was never in excess of 140, about 6,000 merchant ships were sunk. Germany is believed to have more submarines now than at any time during the first World War, but we can derive some satisfaction from the fact that, thanks to the adoption of the convoy system, which proved so effective during the latter part of the first World War, the present rate of sinkings falls below the figure of the last war. Although the submarine is a very serious menace, antisubmarine operations are becoming more and more effective.

So there you have it. But lest there be any lingering doubt as to my own position in the matter, a doubt that would perhaps cause this statement of the situation to be read with the feeling that I am prejudiced in favor of the Navy, I say this: I am indeed a Navy supporter. I by no means regard the Navy as infallible, but after having been a member of the House Naval Affairs Committee for many years, I am convinced that there are no more devoted public servants than the men who wear our naval uniform. I am also convinced of their fearlessness, their resourcefulness, and their ability to do their jobs. I invite you to share that confidence.

THE END



hull make its hull practically immune from penetration by machine-gun bullets and other small-caliber projectiles.

Damage to the upper part of the pressure hull of a submarine, or other damage which prevents submerging, robs the submarine of its cloak of invisibility, which it could otherwise assume in about thirty seconds by making a quick dive. If such damage is incurred by the submarine far from its base and in an area frequented by hostile air and surface ships of combatant types, the eventual destruction of the submarine is highly probable. But a submarine confined to the surface by some minor damage is not an entirely defenseless object that can be approached with impunity by any air or surface craft. So long as the submarine retains its ability to use its guns and torpedoes, it is a formidable fighting machine which may engage armed merchantmen, submarine chasers, the smaller types of escort vessels and aircraft.

The gun battery of the German submarine consists of one or two guns of 3½ inches or larger caliber, effective against unarmored ships at ranges up to five miles, two machine guns, effective

small turning circle of the submarine.

When proceeding on the surface, the submarine has a sustained speed of about 18 knots and can increase this speed in an emergency to 20 knots or more. Submerged, the submarine has a maximum speed of about 9 knots, which, however, it can maintain for only about one or two hours, due to rapid exhaustion of storage batteries. By spending part of the time resting on the bottom, the submerged endurance may be increased to as much as sixty hours. The submarine carries sufficient fuel to travel about 14,000 sea miles, and food and supplies for a cruise of about two months' duration.

Not Many U-Boats Sunk

There are two primary weapons which have proved effective against the submarine—the specially built and equipped antisubmarine vessel and the airplane with special equipment. The special equipment (much of it recently invented) consists of intricate and complicated devices which require skill to build and training to operate. Even when so equipped, the antisubmarine

YEAR OF WRATH

By Carl Randau and Leane Zugsmith

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

The Story Thus Far:

IN TOKYO, where he works for a news service with headquarters in this country, Nicholas ("Nick") Griggs receives a cablegram notifying him that he is to be replaced by another man—Martin McCleery.

In a blue funk (he has very little money), he goes to the American Club where he encounters Al Carpenter, of the Japanese Times-Advertiser. Al is accompanied by an attractive girl—Betty Gaspard. He introduces Nick to her; then, called to his office unexpectedly, turns her over to Nick—who does not object in the slightest!

Among those at the club is a noted news broadcaster—Gregory Ward Cogswell—whose headquarters are in Shanghai. Nick tells him he needs a job; Cogswell says that he will try to scare one up. But, at the moment, Cogswell has far more important matters on his mind. Leaving the club, he goes to the home of Bunshiro Yagi, a violently anti-American Japanese. With Bunshiro, when Cogswell comes in, is Harold Makita, a Nisei from Los Angeles; also Ernst Sperling, a Nazi from Germany.

The four men exchange greetings; they chat of this and that. Then Yagi informs Cogswell that his government is experiencing difficulty in obtaining information on what is going on in the Philippines—notably at Corregidor and Cavite. Cogswell listens, asks a few questions—and finally offers to go to Manila and report on what is happening there! Yagi and Makita and Sperling are surprised—and delighted. . . .

That same evening, Cogswell goes to the Imperial Hotel. Seeing Betty and Nick at a table in the lobby, he joins them. Somewhat diffidently, Nick refers to some broadcasting he had once done in Honolulu. Cogswell needs someone to take over for him in Shanghai, while he is in Manila; but he merely tells Nick that he will "bear him in mind."

The following day, Cogswell and Makita have a secret interview with an official at police headquarters. The three men read Nicholas Griggs' life history (compiled by Japanese agents). Makita says that Griggs' letters have been read, his hotel room searched, and that nothing anti-Japanese has been found. "Last evening," the official says, "he spent with Miss Betty Gaspard from Shanghai. They quarreled violently."

"Ah, sa," Cogswell says, smiling. And he is still smiling when, after leaving Yagi's home, he discovers that there is ample time to hire Nick Griggs, before he himself catches the plane for Shanghai.

II

FOR his first week in Shanghai, Nick hated to squander time in sleeping.

At night, in his comfortable room at the Metropole Hotel, he leaped out of bed each time he heard angry street voices. He expected at least to witness one of the assassinations daily reported in the Shanghai press. But below his windows, where Foochow Road met Kiangse, he saw nothing but a cluster of ricksha pullers engaged in argument; or opposite him, the lighted cigarettes of sleepless Chinese clerks on the roof of the Municipal Council Building.

Seated now in the drawing room of Cogswell's suite at the Cathay Hotel, he did not exactly feel like an Old China Hand. But he failed to rise to look out the windows when convulsed noises rose from The Bund, eleven stories below. In this faultlessly ornamented chamber, he felt less like Cogswell's stand-in than his secretary: a degree above the White

Russian bodyguard outside the door, two degrees above the masseur who was administering to Cogswell in a distant room.

And like a competent secretary, Nick had with him a methodical list of items to check with Cogswell this afternoon. He would not see him again. The broadcaster was leaving on the Asama Maru early the next morning. Nick was sorry to see him go. He wished there had been time or would be time to ask Cogswell more searching questions about a variety of personalities in Shanghai. Nick's function had been unmistakably defined: he was simply to supply Cogswell with news to broadcast from Manila. Nevertheless, like an intoxicated student, Nick wanted immediately to know the history of every taipan in the city. So far, he had merely met some of them and learned that taipan was Shanghai talk for big shot. Number One meant the boss, too.

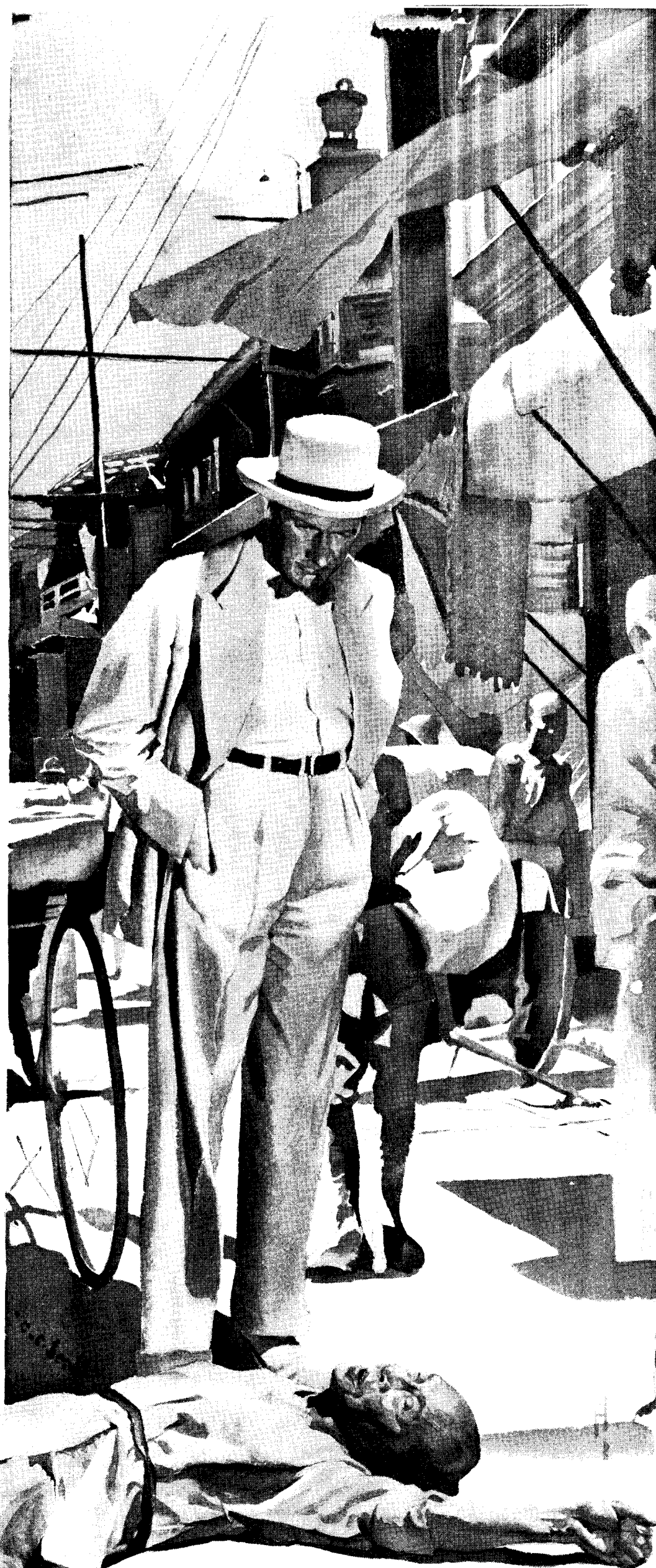
HE HAD also learned that a hong was a business firm, a chop was a trademark, cumsha was the squeeze; and that, in the presence of Britons, it was bad form to start your first drink in silence. You said cheers or cheerio.

Aloof Nick said, "Mud in your eye." He hoped this mutiny might produce either Taipan Cogswell or the servants' Number One with a long cool drink. Only the parakeet in the lacquered cage by the window was responsive, squawking mildly and ruffling his gaudy tail feathers. Nick approached the bird and said unkindly, "Go jumpee in river." This time he looked out the window, at the congestion of cars and carts and rickshas on The Bund. The Japanese sentries on the Garden Bridge, only three blocks north, were holding up traffic today in search of the assassins of a Japanese member of the Municipal Council.

Japan, in its warrior's armor, was nearer to him than it had ever been. But here, in the International Settlement, swollen with Chinese refugees, wreathed by barbed-wire barricades, strident with music and violence, Tokyo itself seemed far more than a thousand miles away, decorous, prim and pastel.

If it hadn't been for Betty and her father, too, he told himself, he might have been half-drowned his first few days, paralyzed in the pulling, clanging undertow. But now that he had survived, he recognized the value of a fresh viewpoint. He was not yet immunized against the daily outrages in the city, the bombings, the shootings, the subtle humiliations, the dead paupers stretched across the sidewalks of the foreign concessions and the Chinese quarters.

Of course, Cogswell knew everyone and had been generous with introductions. He had taken Nick to meet virtually all the important American sources,



Nick was not yet immunized against the daily outrages, the bombings, the shootings, the dead paupers stretched across the sidewalks of the foreign concessions and the Chinese quarters

from the Consul General to the commander of the Marines. He had commended him to the useful Britons, the head of the Municipal Council, the press attaché, the chief of police. He had even introduced Nick to Bunshiro Yagi, whom Nick had never been able to see in Tokyo. Yagi was going to divide his time, temporarily, between Tokyo, Shanghai and Nanking.

Cogswell had said, dryly, "Most of the time, you'll learn precious little from Yagi, but he's a number one. When something the Japs do or say is too deuced bewildering, he can unravel it for you, if he will. Just don't ever quote him."

Cogswell had certainly introduced him to everyone except the woman that Shanghai linked to him. Before his boat had even left the Yellow Sea, Nick had heard about Madame Manis Vooren, the fabulous Indo-European, half Dutch, half Indonesian, born in Batavia, brought up in Amsterdam, signalized in Shanghai. Betty, traveling back to China on the same ship with him, had been more guarded than other shipmates in her description of Madame Vooren's beauty and more discreet about her legend. But in his week in Shanghai, Nick had learned the local definition of discretion: everybody gossiped; those who were discreet merely exercised no moral judgments.

When Cogswell's room boy ushered in Madame Vooren, Nick knew at once who she was, before she introduced herself. The gossips had paid her beauty an injustice; the loose tongues had merely discredited themselves. Nick floundered, just looking at her. The Dutch father had bestowed the blue eyes; the Javanese mother had darkened them, lengthened them and curved them up, ever so slightly, at the corners. Dutch blood accounted for her height, he thought; the Javanese strain had carved her bones fine and perhaps the two had combined to give her face that dreamy architecture.

He was accustomed to observing women like Madame Vooren behind footlights or reflected on movie screens. He was comforted that he was having dinner tonight with a normally pretty, normally saucy, girl named Betty Gaspard, instead of Madame Vooren. And he would have been less astonished to see one of Cogswell's blackwood chests upend itself than he was to hear Madame Vooren say, in a natural, chatty voice:

"Really, you shouldn't let Gregory keep you waiting this way. He'll impose upon you if you let him." She smiled, almost shyly. "I suppose I say this because I'm going to be kept waiting, myself."

"I don't mind it," he said quickly. "I know he's got a lot of things to do and I still have a lot of things to ask him."

HE FELT like fanning himself, he was so relieved to learn that she was real. She walks, she talks. He was even able to observe that her dress was gray, that she wore no gems and that her perfume was something very special.

She said, "Yes, he told me that you had a great deal of curiosity. He meant it well. At least, I take it well."

"Well, there are a lot of things I want to know," said Nick. "I was thinking to myself, before you came in, if Mr. Cogswell could only give me his estimates of key people here."

Madame Vooren took a brown, bruised gardenia from the shallow bowl on the table beside her and began to twist its stem between her fingers.

"Don't you think that most men judge other men in the light of their prejudices?" she said. "You have some prejudices, let us say, that I share, and I admire you for agreeing with me."

Without thought, Nick leaned to pick

another gardenia from the bowl and twist its stem between his fingers. "Yes, only, say I also have some prejudices that you don't share. All right, you dislike me for them. So where do we stand?"

Madame Vooren tossed her flower back into the bowl. "The balance never seemed too important to me. I only meant that most men formed their estimates on their prejudices and that I could never be confident of such."

"Well, we certainly aren't talking about Mr. Cogswell," Nick said doubtfully.

"No," said Madame Vooren, "but we're making more sense than they are at the Shanghai Club bar right now."

COGSWELL'S servant entered with long drinks and a platter of hors d'oeuvres. Madame Vooren said, "Try the *krupak*. I taught the cook to make that."

Nick helped himself. "I hate to sound unappreciative," he said. "Only everything in Shanghai tastes like a birthday party, after Tokyo."

"I keep forgetting Gregory told me you'd just come over."

"I've been here a whole week."

"A whole week." She smiled. "And you've been to all the bars in Blood Alley and to Miss Ella's, of course, and Love's Lane, and you have the telephone numbers of a dozen pretty young White Russian girls named Olga and Tania and Sonya."

Nick grinned. "No. Jimmy James' Winter Garden, DD's, the Cathay Towers and the Argentina. And one pretty young girl, of course she's in business with a White Russian."

"That's better. I like that," said Madame Vooren. She hesitated before she said: "Don't be surprised if I guess who your girl is. In this kind of a community, everyone knows who's in business with whom. I think it must have been my sew-sew amah who told me that Claire Frolov had taken Henri Gaspard's daughter into her dress shop."

"Okay, I won't be surprised," said Nick. "Only she isn't exactly my girl. At any rate, she doesn't know it yet. And if you know Betty, well, you know she's a pretty independent girl."

"I knew her father best," said Madame Vooren. "I don't often go to places popular with the young girls. Perhaps that's foolish of me."

And perhaps it's love, Nick thought. He had been told that Madame Vooren was in her middle thirties. Betty said she must be nearly forty. He guessed now that there was at least twenty-five years difference between her age and Cogswell's.

Madame Vooren said, "You mentioned the Argentina. They've reopened their gaming rooms, I'm told."

"The sew-sew amah again?" Nick asked.

She laughed. "Roulette entertains me, almost any form of gambling, as a matter of fact. One evening, not too distant, you must dine with me and then escort me to the Argentina. And you must persuade Henri's daughter to join us."

"Any time," Nick said enthusiastically. He had a feeling that you got a date with Madame Vooren through protocol.

"Perhaps—" she began and halted at the entrance of a deeply tanned, stiff-spined man, complete with monocle. Nick said to himself, ach-to-Louie, do they all look alike, or isn't this one of the Nazis I used to see around Tokyo? Then he heard the newcomer's name: Ernst Sperling.

The German sat himself on the sofa, a fraction too close to Madame Vooren, who began, almost imperceptibly, to edge away from him.

(Continued on page 44)



KEEPING THE FOOT IN FOOTBALL

By Steve Owen
as told to Arthur Daley

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY LARRY MONAHAN

Proficiency in the one- and three-point department is no accident. Ask the famous New York Giants coach who sees to it that everyone on his team, from the water boy up, can kick well



Giants' practice. (Kicking l. to r.) Hutchinson, Shaffer, Chickerno, Trocolor, Marefos, Cuff. (Holding) Cantor, Hapes, Lieberum, Owen, Principe, Soar

THE blackboard in the Polo Grounds clubhouse carries the order, "Practice at 10 A. M." Nobody on the New York Football Giants obeys it except myself. After all, I am the one who scribbled it on the board and I'm the coach.

When I get to the dressing room at 9:30 every morning the place is deserted. Lest you get the impression that I have a group of insubordinate athletes working for me, I had better hasten to add that at 9:30 daily the entire squad is already out on the field practicing.

Our formal sessions last from 10 A. M. until noon, but the boys toss in an extra hour of their own before the official drill gets under way. They twirl a few passes and do a little punting. Essentially, however, that extra sixty minutes is devoted to placement kicking.

It is no accident that the Giants boot field goal after field goal during the season and rarely, if ever, miss that vital point after touchdown; and it is no accident that the National Football

League has emphasized the foot in football. We work at it as few college teams do.

Once last year I watched a top-ranking college squad warm up before a game. As the boys raced off the field to the dressing room for last-minute instructions, one lad paused as he neared the goal posts and called to a couple of his mates. One centered the ball and the other held it. The pseudo kicker tried a halfhearted placement, which slithered off the side of his foot; then he too dashed for the dressing room.

That one feeble gesture was the extent of the placement-kicking practice. I was not the slightest bit surprised at what happened in the game itself. His team lost, 7 to 6.

Before all of our battles we have two or three centers, each with his battery of placement kickers. They start in at the 2-yard line to rehearse the point after touchdown. That perfected, they back up to the 15 and keep moving back, five yards at a time, until our booters

are hammering away from midfield. Not until then are we satisfied.

Placement kicking is no hit-or-miss business with us. It is a fine art which pays rich dividends all season long. Disregarding the fact that we average 90 per cent of our tries for the point after touchdown, and concentrating for the moment only on our field-goal efforts, I can give you a few statistics which reveal the extent of the league's proficiency in the 3-point department during the last campaign.

In 55 games, there were 27 players who booted 47 field goals out of 118 attempts. The season before, it was 43 out of 93. Many of these field-goal tries, it should be remembered, were from near midfield. Unlike the collegians, who demand virtual point-blank range, we fire away from as far back as the center stripe, since the professional system calls for a placement instead of a punt any time we are inside the 50. Otherwise, the average would be appreciably higher.

I admit that we have a slight advantage over the collegians because we have the goal posts on the goal line instead of ten yards back. But even if we had to go those ten extra yards, we still would be field-goal conscious.

The casual fan who watches a game has not the slightest realization of what goes into placement kicking. He sees a Ward Cuff, a Clark Hinkle or a Jack Manders swing his right leg in an arc, and he follows the flight of the ball over the crossbar and says to the fur coat beside him, "Nice kick! Having fun, honey?"

Since I've mentioned Cuff, I might just as well tell you something about him and how he became one of the top placement kickers in the sport. When he reported at our training camp for his "freshman" year in pro ball in 1937, all we knew about him was that he had been a great blocker for Marquette and that he had won the intercollegiate javelin-throwing championship.

The javelin throwing was not going to

be of any help to us. So we forgot about it. We did discover that he never had done any kicking in college. We usually forgot about that, too. Every man at that initial practice has to try some placements, whether he knows anything about them or not.

One look at Cuff's right leg in action and I shouted "Eureka!" to my assistant Bo Molenda. Cuff had tremendous leg drive and an excellent sense of balance. I was not too certain about the third necessary qualification but that was speedily discovered when we scrimmaged. Mr. Cuff has nothing but ice water in his veins. Nothing rattles him. He looked like a perfect prospect.

For three solid weeks we took Ward in hand and drilled him an extra thirty minutes every day in the art of placement kicking. The first time he ever attempted a field goal in his career was against the Eastern All-Stars at the Polo Grounds. Cuff calmly split the posts from the 42-yard line. The second time he tried it, he slammed one through from the 43. It might be pertinent to mention that we took the game by the margin of those field goals, 6 to 0.

If you want an even more vivid illustration of placement-kicking ability, take the case of Jack Manders of the Chicago Bears. They called him "Automatic Jack" during his playing days and with good reason. He never had kicked during his college days at Minnesota, but Coach George Halas put him to work in a hurry as soon as he turned professional.

In his first seven years with the Bears, Manders made 264 points after touchdown out of 282 attempts in league and nonleague play. At one stage he booted 79 extra points before he finally missed one. Since he made some four dozen field goals in addition, his scoring value cannot be underestimated.

A Matter of Distance

Now, a placement for the conversion after touchdown and a field goal are essentially the same. Only the distance is different, although repeated penalties on the try for the extra point once pushed us back until Cuff had to tack on the extra point from the 25-yard line. Ordinarily, though, they are identical.

The average fan thinks a kicker will boot the ball harder in an attempt from the 40 than he will from up near the goal line. We try to have them go all out with their leg drive, regardless of the distance. If a ball has a tendency to waver or curve, a powerful drive will send it between the uprights before the curve breaks.

In finding his groove, the kicker has to discover whether he kicks more accurately with the laces in front of the ball or in back of the ball. He has to experiment to see whether he does better with the pigskin tilted forward, backward or up straight. Having done that by the trial-and-error method, he then has to have a holder who will place the oval on the ground properly.

The holder is the forgotten hero of placement kicking. Rarely is he mentioned, since the kicker gets all the credit. Yet in my opinion the holder is responsible for 75 per cent of kicking success. The best holder I ever saw was Ed Danowski. As he made ready for the play, he'd always grin back at the kicker and say confidently, "Easy does it, my lad." And off the ball would rocket over the bar.

The holder's main requisite is flexible hands. He has to set down the ball within half a second after he receives it from the center. That means he has to have the laces facing the proper way and the ball tilted correctly, all in less time than it would take you to snap your fingers.

The Giants even have this holding

maneuver worked out to the nth degree. Most collegians kneel on their left leg with their right leg braced. We reverse it and I'll tell you why:

By kneeling on the right leg, the holder can rest his arm on his left thigh and give the center a steadier target. Furthermore, the kicker knows that the ball will be placed an exact two inches in front of the holder's left shoe. This gives the kicker himself a steadier target.

The kicker has measured his distance so that he takes just one step. As his right leg swings in a smooth arc, his left toe is even with the ball. A good placement kicker never should know whether or not his shot has split the posts. He should have his eyes glued to the spot where the ball was.

On the Giants, we always have the holder stick out one, two or three fingers after the ball has left the ground, and the kicker has to tell him how many fingers he sees. That tends to impress on him the necessity of keeping his eyes down.

Two years ago almost 60,000 fans saw

Well, in this particular game, Strong dropped back to try a placement. My brother Bill, a lot faster than he is now, burst through the line of scrimmage and hurled himself in front of the ball. Ken's foot drove into it mightily and so did Bill. The ball and Bill met somewhere in midair a few feet off the ground. For one solid week, Bill's right side had the imprint of the stenciled lettering of the ball etched on it.

A few years later, Bill and Ken were involved in another field-goal incident. This time they were Giant teammates and were playing the Bears in Chicago. The gridiron was a sea of mud, there was no score, and the clock was running out in the fourth quarter.

On last down, Strong elected to try a field goal from the 20. I was anxiously pacing up and down the side lines when my eye was caught by the strange behavior of Joe Kopcha, Bear guard. He was in no position to rush the kicker because he was on both knees, and Brother Bill was in a perfect spot to take a shot at him. The ball snapped back, Bill

such an art that the ball always came back to the holder so that it was caught with the laces uppermost.

It is no wonder then that the Giants will always go for a field goal when we have men like that. My theory is that if we are behind by seven points we will kick field goals right up to the middle of the third quarter before taking the bigger gamble of a try for a touchdown. If we are tied or ahead, we'll kick them all afternoon.

Three years ago, some of you may recall, we were really giving the Bears a fine going over. We kicked one field goal, scored a touchdown and converted, kicked another field goal and still another. Then the Chicago Bears suddenly clicked with their passing and rang the bell for two quick touchdowns. Those field goals became lifesavers and we won, 16 to 13.

Field goals also became the springboard for our capture of the Eastern title again last season. The Giants led the Redskins going into the last quarter of the crucial game, 10 to 0, thanks to a touchdown by George Franck, a conversion by Cuff and a 23-yard field goal by Andy Marefos. Then the football gods frowned. Fumbles set up two Redskin touchdowns with only one conversion, and Washington was on its way to a 13-10 victory.

But the Giants fought back furiously from the next kickoff and rolled 50 yards up to the Redskin 30. Cuff carried the ball almost every time and was hit so hard on every occasion that I never expected him to arise again.

The Indomitable Ward Cuff

It was he who reached the 30, snowed under by an avalanche of Washington tacklers. I watched anxiously from the side lines as Ward staggered to his feet, dazed but undaunted. Leemans brought the team back into the huddle.

"Fellows," he said, "It's last down and we should try for a field goal, but Ward is too banged up to kick it."

Cuff, the indomitable one, grinned at him with a weary smile, "You put 'er down, Tuffy," he snapped, "and I'll kick 'er."

As calm as you please, Mr. Cuff—I said before that he had ice water in his veins—booted a 38-yarder to tie the score. And fifty-two seconds later, Franck, the greyhound, raced to a touchdown that meant both a 20-13 victory and the championship.

The Giants can be relied on to take hand-tailored placement specialists if we can get them, and if we can't we'll make them. I believe that most of my boys will eventually wind up as college coaches and I want them to learn all there is to know about placement booting.

So we have them all trying it every day. The backs place-kick from the field in front of the east goal posts at the Polo grounds, and the linemen kick back from the other side. All of them think that they are marvels at it—which is not too bad an idea at that.

In an easy exhibition game last year, we scored and Quarterback Leemans discovered to his dismay that he had no placement kicker on the field.

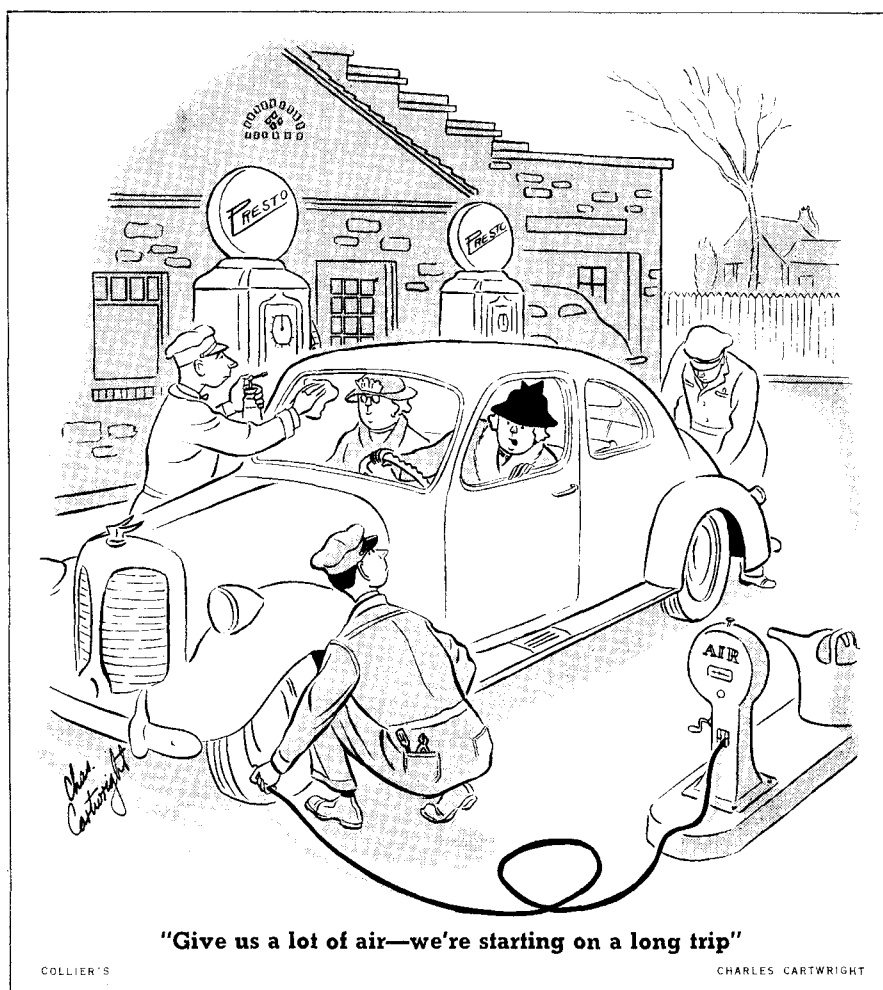
"Who can kick the extra point?" he asked.

There was an instant, deafening chorus of "I can."

Only one man never uttered a word. He was Frank "Icehouse" Cope, who speaks only once a week when he says "Thanks" on receipt of his salary check. So Tuffy perversely elected Icehouse to try for the extra point. He made it, of course.

Cope, you see, had been one of our daily drillers in the art of placement kicking.

THE END



"Give us a lot of air—we're starting on a long trip"

Lee Artoe of the Chicago Bears kick a field goal against the Giants. I saw it, too, and almost swallowed my eating tobacco in the process. Young Mr. Artoe (with accent on the toe) casually hammered home a 52-yard placement, one yard short of Glenn Presnell's league record. It might be added, in passing, that Artoe is so nearsighted he never saw the posts he was aiming for.

The leg drive that is generated by these kickers is tremendous. My brother Bill bore the evidence of this on his side for a week. It happened a good many years ago when Bill and I were the Giant tackles. We were playing Stapleton, a Staten Island club which then was in the league, and the Stapes had Ken Strong in their backfield.

In my opinion, Strong was one of the greatest placement kickers of all time. He loved to kick. Later on when he performed for the Giants, he'd practice placement kicking as long as he could get a center to pass the ball and someone to hold it. He never tired. The centers always tired first.

left Kopcha alone, and Strong kicked the field goal.

"Why didn't you knock over that Joe Kopcha when you had him all set up?" I bellowed at Bill later.

My brother looked at me sheepishly. "I just couldn't, Steve," he answered. "Every time Ken went to kick, Joe just hollered, 'Please, God, don't let him make it!' After all, Steve, you don't expect me to hit a guy when he's praying."

An Artist at Center

One more thing I almost overlooked is the part the center plays in the maneuver. He has to shoot back a perfect pass into the holder's hands an exact foot and a half off the ground. Our captain Mel Hein is an artist at it.

But once we had a center even better than Mel for the placement try. I know some of you won't believe this but I vouch for it on my word of honor. When Chief Johnson, a big Indian from Haskell, was our reserve snapper-back, he had the pass for placements down to



"Don't shove, Elmer, there's no shortage of War Bonds," smiled Elsie

"WELL, seems like everybody in the city has to buy War Stamps and Bonds at the same time," rumbled Elmer, the bull, trying to push his way into line and stepping heavily on a woman's corns.

"Humpf, I guess it takes all kinds of people to win a war," said the woman tartly. And she jabbed Elmer sharply with her umbrella.

"Oh dear," sighed Elsie, the Borden Cow. "Can't you be a little more careful, Elmer?"

"Somebody must have shoved me," bellowed Elmer. "I suppose you are always careful!"

"Goodness, yes," said Elsie. "I shudder to think what the Borden inspectors would say if I weren't. You know how many people rely on my pure, wholesome Borden's Milk and all the fine things that are made from it."



"Bother your milk," grumbled Elmer. "I wish the government would freeze it."

"The government doesn't have to," chuckled Elsie. "Borden freezes both my milk and cream. The result is Borden's Ice Cream—the smoothest, most scrumptious ice cream anybody ever dipped a spoon into!"

"Is the \$3.18 I saved from my allowance enough to

buy a tank, mommy?" asked little Beulah, who had been having a hard time keeping quiet while the grownups were talking.

"W-e-l-l, I'm afraid it's not *quite* enough for a tank," Elsie explained. "But don't let that worry you. Armies need lots of little things just as much as they do tanks."

"What little things?" asked Beulah skeptically.

"Oh any number of little things," said Elsie. "For example, both our armies and our allies use carloads



of Borden's Irradiated Evaporated Milk. And it makes simply marvelous creamed soups and mashed potatoes."

"Bah," snorted Elmer. "Our life is an open cookbook."

"I'm glad you reminded me, Elmer," Elsie laughed. "The minute we get home I promised to get out the cook book and show Beulah how to make a big box of candies and cookies to send to the soldiers. It won't take but a minute with Borden's Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk because Eagle Brand is milk *plus* sugar."



"Don't try to sweet-talk me," roared Elmer. "I don't have to leave the house to discuss how wonderful you are. I like your crust!"

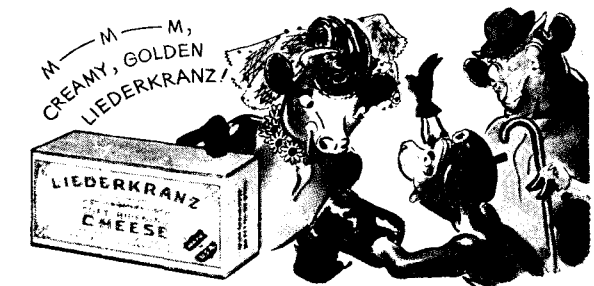
"Everybody likes a good crust," Elsie beamed brightly. "But the spicy, old-fashioned flavor of Borden's



None Such Mince Meat does more for a mince pie than the flakiest crust ever baked."

"That," Elmer sneered sarcastically, "was not the kind of a crust I meant."

"Then you must have been talking about the golden crust on creamy-centered Borden's Liederkranz," replied Elsie thoughtfully. "Liederkranz is the one



American cheese that's famous the world over. It's only one of a score of Borden's Fine Cheeses, and, of course . . ."

"If you're coming to the good part, let me say it," broke in little Beulah excitedly. "I've been practicing all week!"

"Are you sure you know it perfectly, darling?" asked Elsie dubiously.

"Yes, mommy, honest I do," Beulah almost shouted, as she jumped up and down. "Just listen . . . 'if it's Borden's, it's got to be good!'"



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The Ordeal of Big Mag Purdy

Continued from page 12

handy with the trawls, passable at separating shrimp from waste, and little enough trouble as a husband except for a stubborn determination to get drunk every time there was any money, and to stay drunk to the last cent. On the other hand, the Deacon was no good around the boat and trawls, but he didn't get drunk.

"I spent four days in Galveston, one time," Big Mag said. "Never seen such a town. Didn't find a soul that knew where the wind was. I wouldn't be caught dead there, let alone allow one of them monkeys break my boat up, hauling her out."

"But fourteen dollars!" Pete said. "Why, the danged old conversion ain't worth it."

"We'll pull over to the ways and haul out, first thing in the morning!" Big Mag yelled.

"I won't be gilled and gutted by Cap Snodgrass. I won't pay that old pirate four bits—"

"I'm doing the paying," Big Mag reminded him. "And you don't get a drink or smell until that leak's fixed and the bottom's painted. Now, stop arguing or I'll lam you over the head with a shark bat!"

The Deacon stood up and tipped his hat. "Good day, Mrs. Purdy," he said as he stepped off the boat.

"Wind's shifting to sou'-sou'west," Big Mag announced after supper. "Be good shrimping tomorrow over toward Matagorda. They'll run thick and big." She turned to Pete. "And we'd get 'em too, tons of 'em, if we had that Jersey Standard."

"Yeah, Mag, that's right," Pete said in a preoccupied voice. "Tons—with that Jersey Standard."

They went below, lowered pipe berths from the wall and went to bed.

WHEN Big Mag woke up, Pete was not in his bunk. She went on to deck to look about. The early summer sun was breaking the horizon but the river was too foggy to see. Big Mag filled her lungs to yell, stopped midway and rushed below.

Her suspicions were justified. The little drawer that Mag had fitted with her own hands was open. Her valuables—the boat's "papers," her wedding ring, an old cheap watch, and money when there was money, were kept in that drawer. Pete had left only eighteen dollars and fifty cents. Big Mag counted it three times, puzzled by the curious amount left behind by her deserting husband.

"Morning, Mrs. Purdy." The Deacon squatted before the main hatchway. "I seen Pete shoving along the Co-op wharf about midnight, looking like he was in a powerful hurry to get a drink or something. I figured you'd need some help, hauling out today, if you still want to haul out. So I thought I'd drop by."

Big Mag blinked while her mind tried to grasp the meaning of a trawl full of bad luck. Yes, she'd have to haul out, and paint the bottom, Pete or no Pete. Fourteen dollars for the haul out and four-fifty for paint. That explained the odd sum Pete had left.

"It's right kind of you to offer," Big Mag said.

"No kindness at all," the Deacon said. "I'm offering to deck hand on shares. Take out boat expenses, take a share for the boat, a share for you and a share for me."

Big Mag couldn't quibble. "You ain't much around a boat," she said, "but I reckon I got no choice." She handed him a pail and deck broom through the

hatchway. "Scrub down the deck and tidy up the trawl, while I cook up some breakfast."

While they ate, Big Mag picked up the talk as though it had not been interrupted. "You ain't worth a third of the boat's business," she told the Deacon.

"Unless you and me could make some other arrangement," he suggested with a grin.

Big Mag looked at him through half-closed eyes. "P—hanh!"

The Deacon squirmed. "Mag," he said pleadingly, "you know I been sweet as honey on you for seven long years. You mighty near broke me up when you married Pete, with me begging you so hard and all. And even yet, I ain't give

The Deacon, poor mechanic though he was, found the pipe joint near the keel which had worked loose from the boat's vibration, but Big Mag, herself, wielded the Stillson wrench that closed the leak. Both of them spent the rest of the day applying poisoned copper compound to the bottom.

When they had finished, Big Mag stuck a paint-smear hand into her romper-suit pocket and shoved some bills toward Cap Snodgrass. "Here's your fourteen dollars, you blasted old pirate," she said.

Cap Snodgrass accepted the money and the compliment. "When you want her down let me know, Mrs. Purdy," he said.

"I want her down at daylight in the

straw sailor hat with bunches of cherries dripping from its crown.

"I laid out some britches and shirt for you," she said. "Hang your wet clothes on the port spreader. That'll be your side of the boat and mind you keep to it."

Then she started out to look for Pete.

It was hard enough walking on solid ground that didn't give under foot, but to walk through howling mobs pushing, shouting, drinking, was worse. In one bar after another, street after street, Big Mag knew herself to be a stranger in her home town. There was not a man she dared approach to ask the simple question: "Have you seen Pete?"

The women laughed, the men shouted and the nickel juke machines wailed. Big Mag's feet hurt from the pinch of unaccustomed shoe leather, and her brain ached from the noise and confusion. She was not one to undertake a job and quit; not Big Mag. But at midnight she felt defeated.

"Pete's so quiet the first couple days in his liquor," she told herself, "you couldn't find him in that school with a minny net." She found the Deacon snoring rhythmically in the portside berth. She lowered her own and crawled in. "Not with a minny net," she repeated. "He's so quiet in his liquor the first day or two."

THE wind had shifted east of south when she got up next morning. That indicated the shrimp would be close inshore.

"Just as well," Big Mag told the Deacon. "If that old engine stops I can drop anchor and wade ashore for help. We'd drift smack to Campeche Bay if we broke down offshore and I waited for you to get her going again."

Out in the Gulf with her trawl dragging and her boards dancing wide and free, Big Mag forgot her woes. She watched the gulls and pelicans and headed the Brazos Belle for the spots where the birds were finding food. She had to keep remembering that here was a half buried log that might rip her trawl; or in that lagoon the porpoises would ruin her trappings. Big Mag liked plenty of water under her when her trawl was down.

The day's catch was small though the Deacon had tried hard enough. He was just no good at leading the trawl tail around to the side of the boat for hoisting on deck. But Mr. Cheramie was nice and pleasant. "Mag, them is really platform shrimp," he told her. "But I'm going to pay you seventeen-fifty, same as if they was canners."

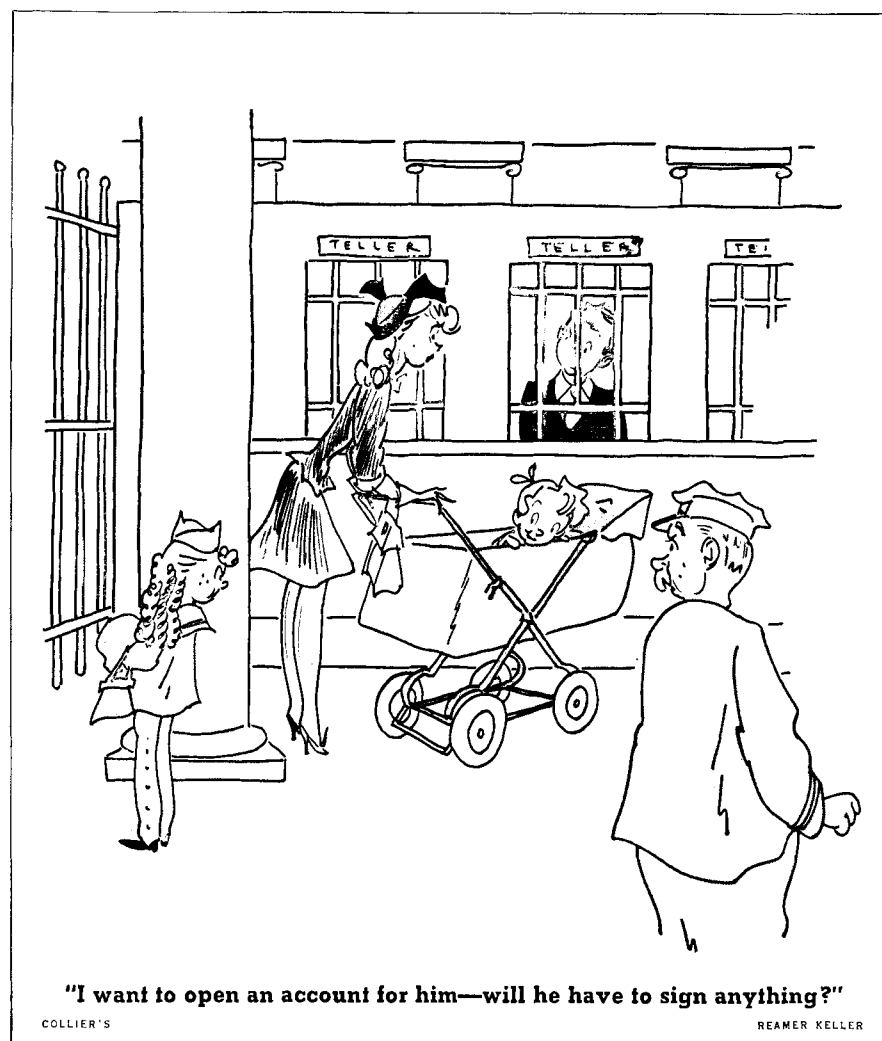
"You won't lose nothing on that deal," the Deacon put in shrewdly. "You ain't getting enough shrimp to ship to Galveston and these scissor-bills that buys local will pay you two bits a pound, no matter how little the shrimps is."

After deducting the cost of gas, oil and food, there was nearly fifty dollars left. Big Mag paid the Deacon his third and placed the rest in her catchall. "I'm tuckered out," she said. "Maybe it'll rain tomorrow and I can rest up."

But the next morning was clear, with a southerly breeze. Big Mag faced another day close inshore with no enthusiasm. However, the old converted automobile engine wouldn't start. Big Mag tinkered with it half-heartedly, but the best she could get was an occasional sputter.

"I figure," the Deacon said wisely, "that if you've got gas going in your cylinders and at the same time you get a spark, she's bound to start."

(Continued on page 28)



up hope. Pete's off, right now, drunk as a sea gull, I'll bet, a-spending of your money like it didn't take hard work to make it. And here I am, sober as a penguin and—"

"Deacon," Big Mag said softly, "if I had my shark bat handy, I'd part your hair right down the middle."

"Aw, Mag," the Deacon protested, "I mean you ought to get a divorce and let me marry you like I been wanting for seven long years."

"You setting there and talking to me and saying things like that when I know dad blame well it ain't me you're wanting. It's my boat. The Brazos Belle, the best shrimper on the river. That's what you want to marry."

"Naw, Mag, it's you—"

"I'm a mind to bust your face in only we got too much to do. Now get that bucket of hot water and put these dishes in it, while I go on deck."

It was noon before the boat was finally balanced on the skidways, blocked up and dragged up the bank. Repairing the leak was simple enough.

morning." Big Mag said, "and I'm letting you know, now."

She climbed in the boat and picked up the pail and a bar of soap. She gave them to the Deacon and walked down the skidway until she was knee-deep in the water. "Douse me," she said.

THE Deacon dashed water over her as she scrubbed. Then she made the Deacon wade in while she threw water on him. "Get clean," she ordered, "or you can't ride on my boat."

He scrubbed unenthusiastically. "Quick as I get in some dry clothes," Big Mag said, "you can come aboard and put on some of Pete's clothes till yours dry out. Now, just stand and dreen. I don't want you to pack a mess of drippings in the cabin. Took me a long time to learn Pete how to keep things tidy. That's because I didn't start him off right. You're going to start off right."

She disappeared into the cabin and presently emerged in a print cotton dress, shoes and stockings and an old



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I'M BODY—*Employed
to make whiskey enjoyed!*



I'M RICHNESS—*I'm known,
to give highballs a "tone"!*



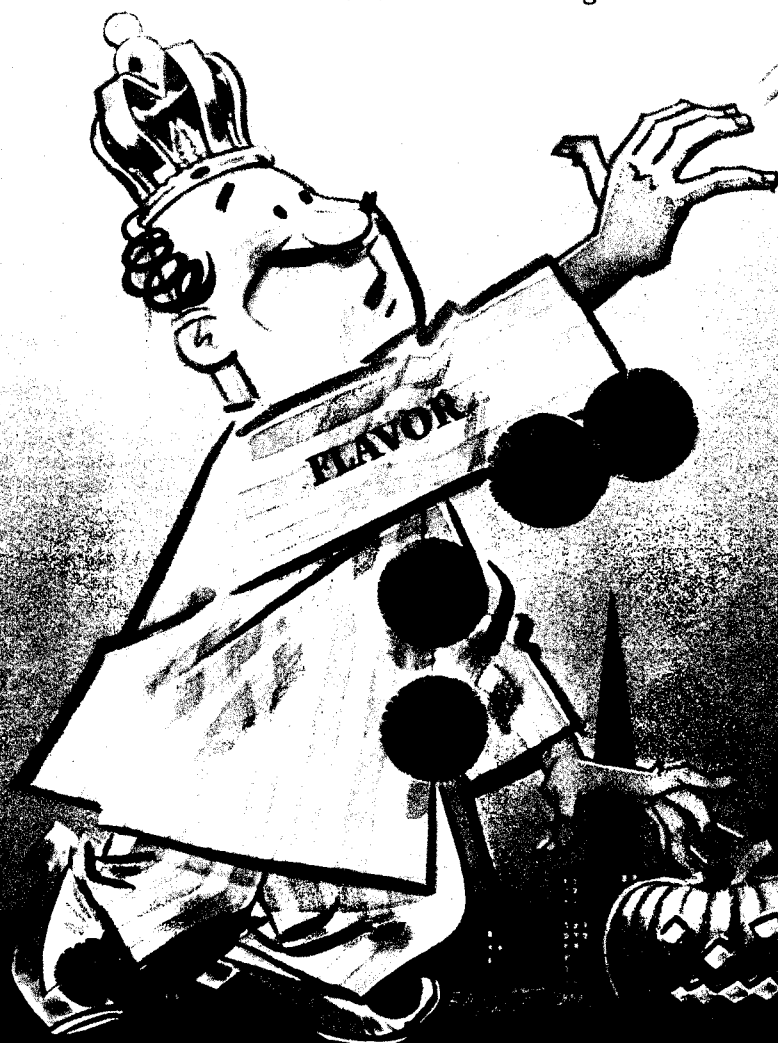
I'M SMOOTHNESS—*My fame,
is revealed by my name!*

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EVERY "WITCH" WAY

Wherever old Toughness appears,
We sock him and pin back his ears,
And that's why folks favor
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The best in our eighty-five years!

Just look at that bottle—called "HOST"—
Can you beat it for pouring a toast?
Its smartness suggests
That you're serving your guests
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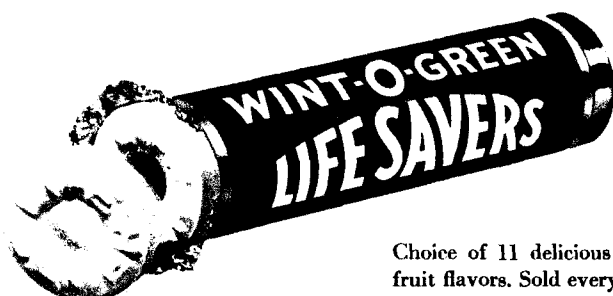
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and things once
were like this →



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Big Mag stuck her head out of the hatch. Her face was smeared with oil and she held a lug wrench in her hand. "You go get a mechanic," she ordered.

Though the garage man couldn't say at once what was wrong with the engine or how long it would take to fix it, he did know that his time was worth a dollar and a half an hour, cash on the line. He had already used up fifteen minutes, or thirty-seven and a half cents' worth of time getting to the boat, and Big Mag could save money by making up her mind to pay or not.

"He's got you where the hair is short," the Deacon said.

"Get to work," Big Mag said.

FOUR hours later, when Big Mag had spent thirty dollars for wages and parts, the mechanic announced the engine would run, as indeed, he demonstrated. "You ought to have them valves ground and new rings put in," he advised. "And your intake manifold is about rusted through, and you got scale on your—"

"P—hanh!" Big Mag snorted and the mechanic fled.

The Deacon looked toward the sun and then inquiringly at Mag.

"Nope," she told him. "We couldn't catch enough to pay for the gas, now. We'll lay up till morning."

She dressed once more in her going-out clothes and spent the afternoon looking for Pete through the dives of the town. She returned at nightfall, tired and downhearted, scarcely noticing the supper the Deacon had cooked. As she crawled into her berth, she muttered just loud enough for the Deacon to hear, "A man can't just vanish off from the face of the earth. Not even a little bitty runt like Pete."

"A man can ride a bus to Galveston," the Deacon said. "For a dollar-thirty-one, he can. If a man liked Galveston so all-fired much."

Before he went to sleep, the Deacon heard a strange sound, one that he had never imagined possible. Big Mag was crying. Just like any other woman whose man had run off.

Big Mag was on deck, next morning, sniffing a southwest breeze and setting tackle aright when the Deacon woke up. "Twist her tail, down there!" she shouted. "We'll shove off to the gas pump. I ain't wetting my trawl east of the Bernard and we'll eat breakfast on the way down. But if we don't lay in a thousand pounds today, may I spend the rest of my life on a snapper boat!"

And lay them in, they did. More than a thousand pounds, and big ones too. Mr. Cheramie told them the price was up to eighteen dollars a hundred, and handed Big Mag a check for \$202.50. It was a lot of money for one day's catch. Even after the expenses were paid and the Deacon had pocketed his share, there was still more than a hundred dollars left.

During the night, when the wind shifted to north of west and into a gale, Big Mag knew from experience it would blow for three days and that it would be another three or four before the seas calmed enough for small-boat trawling.

She and the Deacon spent the time patiently overhauling the tackle, scraping, painting and bringing the Brazos Belle to that shining tidiness for which the little shrimper was famous.

Late one afternoon, when they had done every chore possible, Big Mag issued an order. "Kick her over, while I cast off," she said. "We're going to gas up."

"We can't trawl tomorrow," the Deacon protested, but a snort from the skipper silenced him. He went below, turned the switch and pressed the starter. Nothing happened. He fiddled vainly for a moment and tried again.

"She won't spin," he called up. "Think maybe the battery's dead."

"I just bought that battery," Big Mag said. "Short it out with a screw driver and see if it's dead."

"Dead as a mackerel," the Deacon reported.

"Go get that mechanic!"

While Big Mag was paying the repair bill, she thought: Why should the Deacon sit with his money snug in his pockets and pay nothing? If she were married to the Deacon, all the money would go into that box. Of course, there would be repair bills because the Deacon couldn't fix anything; on the other hand, he wouldn't be drinking up any of the money and the box would fill faster than it could empty. Maybe, pretty soon, there would be enough to buy a real marine engine—secondhand, of course—maybe Pete's old sixteen-horse Jersey Standard!

"I was fixin' to go to Galveston to see if Pete was up there drunk," Big Mag told the Deacon. "But I reckon that generator burning out was a divine stroke of Providence. I changed my mind. I won't go running after no man alive. It ain't ladylike."

The Deacon grinned. "You mean you're fixing to divorce him?"

Pulling the Wool Over Their Eyes

"Manufacturers of lounging robes for men and boys protest WPB ruling against use of wool."—News item.

*Oh, what a bleak and chilly fate—
To lounge in wool is out of date.
Perhaps the ban should not have been
Against the fibers that go in
The robes, but just the robes themselves.
Perchance, they should be on the shelves
Until the war is over, when
Men may have time to lounge again.*

*Our soldiers cannot take it easy,
So why should we be so damn' queasy?*
MARGARET FISHBACK

"I mean, I'm fixing to find out a few things. Meantime, you're still living on the portside. If I make up my mind to divorce Pete and marry you, I'll let you know."

Big Mag deliberately ran past the promising drags close by to join the little fleet that worked out of Bay City, farther down the coast. The first Bay City shrimper she asked knew the answer to her question.

"Sure, I know that Jersey Standard. Nick Jurisich has got it in the Dream of Heaven. It might be for sale, because Nick don't hardly ever shrimp no more."

"It breaks a heap of valve stems, don't it?" Big Mag asked.

"Not no more. Not since Nick had them cups ground out and fit on top of them valve springs. Just like fresh from the factory. That Nick, he's a mechanic."

"Ask him if he wants to sell and how much."

BIG MAG trawled back to the Brazos. The catch was light, but there was a little money for the box and hope in her heart.

"Nick wants two-fifty for that engine," the Bay City shrimper reported.

"Reckon he won't take two hundred?" the Deacon asked.

"Na-ah! He already got a two-fifty offer, but the man wants it on payments. Nick wants cash on the line. He says the first two-fifty on the line takes it."

Big Mag set her jaw. Here was a deal a shrimper could get her shoulder under. "I'm the best shrimper this side of Morgan City," she told the Deacon, "and if I can't net two-fifty worth of shrimp before that other fellow, then I

ought to fish snappers the rest of my life."

The day's catch brought the box total to a little more than two hundred dollars. Another good day would more than buy the engine. If she got there first, of course, Big Mag thought. She was happily tired when she turned in, but she did not sleep at once. She had serious problems. There would be the cost of installation—a job like that couldn't be trusted to the Deacon. And that reminded her that he had more than a hundred dollars in his own one-way pockets. "Maybe now," she thought, "I might make him a promise to marry him and get that money." She knew she could wake him and give him her promise now. Then they could pull down the canal to Bay City that very night, and buy the Jersey Standard as soon as Nick Jurisich woke up.

But she restrained herself. "I'll sleep on it," Big Mag decided.

The wind was blowing squalls from the east when Big Mag woke up. She did not have to open her eyes to know there would be no shrimping that day. "I'll promise the Deacon," she thought, "and then we'll head for Bay City." She sat up and peered into the dimness.

THE Deacon's berth was empty. Big Mag leaped up and grabbed her money box. She sighed with relief to find her money safe. "Had me by the gills for a minute," she said.

Toward noon, the Deacon returned in a brand-new rig, from bright tan shoes to a stiff straw katy with a striped band. He smelled of perfume.

"Well, gut and gill me for market!" Big Mag boomed.

"Been buying a few clothes," the Deacon explained casually. "Figured I might be getting married, first thing I know. Can't expect a man to get married in his working clothes."

Unquestionably, clothes like that had cost a netful of money. And perfume like that didn't come cheap. Big Mag knew that now their combined cash resources would not total the price of the engine.

"P—hanh!"

The Deacon backed away. "Mag, honey, I bought you a present. Perfumery. Paid four bits—" He proffered a small bottle.

"Get that smell off my boat," Big Mag yelled. "And get them fancy clothes off till the smell airs out of 'em."

Though the following day started well enough, Big Mag had lost her confidence. Maybe the man who wanted to buy Nick's engine had already raised the cash and made the deal. She lifted her chin. "I ain't licked until I know for certain," she told the Deacon. "Set your lines and drop the trawl overboard," she ordered.

Because the wind was from the south, the shrimp were close inshore. It made tricky going, but Big Mag knew all the tricks. Between hauls, she helped the Deacon separate the shrimp from the crabs and sardines, and steered the boat with an occasional kick at the wheel.

Toward noon, the old conversion began to miss. "Sounds like she ain't getting gas," the Deacon offered. "If you get gas in there and hit it with a spark, she'll—"

"Dry up," Big Mag said. "Take the wheel and steer for yonder buoy. Now mind the wind and drift and keep alive. I'm going below and make that engine run."

She was wrist deep in grease when the boat suddenly lurched, the stern lifted and the propeller raced.

"Lord, Mag, come look what happened!" the Deacon yelled. "I'll swear that thing riz right up out of the blue!"

Big Mag did not have to look to know. The Brazos Belle had struck the tree that had lain for years half buried

in the sand. It was a good fifty yards to starboard of her course, but the Deacon had let the boat drift. For once in her life, Big Mag was speechless. She knew the trawl was lost and that it would take two or three days to get a new one from Galveston. It was more than the trawl she had lost: the chance to buy back Pete's old marine engine.

She and the Deacon began to unspool the lines and pull the floaters aboard, but Big Mag had lost her drive. At the wharf, Mr. Cheramie paid for only a hundred pounds of shrimp. "And you better order me a new trawl," Big Mag said tonelessly.

"Sure, Mag, I'll telephone up and it can come out on the night train. You can have it for tomorrow."

"Ain't no rush, now," Big Mag said.

Big Mag sat down. The deck was slippery with mashed shrimp, and her own clothes stuck clammily to her skin. She stared unseeingly at the water, too sunk in misery even to notice when Pete came aboard.

"I done bought her back," Pete said. "Nother fellow tried to buy it but I laid cash on the line. Two-fifty. I been working hard but I made the cash and laid it on the line. And listen, Mag, Nick has put cups on them valve springs and she don't pop the stems no more."

Big Mag lifted her head slowly. It was Pete, all right. He looked older and tired but he was cold sober. "Are you gone crazy?" she demanded. "What you yapping about?"

"That Jersey Standard," Pete said. "I just bought her back. I got my net full of your gripes about that engine, so I found out Nick would sell her for two-fifty. Took money out of the box to join the union—fifty bucks, that was. Then I got a job at the chemical. Dollar four-bits every hour."

"Too much," Big Mag said, recovering. "You ain't worth it."

"I sort of loafed along, twelve- fourteen hours a day, getting time and a half for all over eight hours. I figured I had plenty time to get the money raked up, but some other fellow went after that engine, too, and I had to hump it. I worked twenty-two hours, day before yesterday."

"Too long to work," Big Mag boomed. "Crazy as a gull."

"I grabbed a bus for Bay City yesterday," Pete said, "put the cash on the line and unbolted the engine. She's setting loose on the Dream of Heaven, waiting to come aboard the Brazos Belle."

BIG MAG spotted the Deacon sitting on the Co-op wharf. "You're fired!" she shouted.

"I figured you didn't have no more sense," the Deacon said. "Quick as I seen that drunkard come aboard—"

"P—hanh!" Big Mag snorted, disposing of the Deacon.

"Let's shove off to Bay City, tonight," Pete said.

Big Mag smiled. "Pete, there's better'n two hundred in the box," she said dreamily. "Enough to buy you a drink or two, maybe."

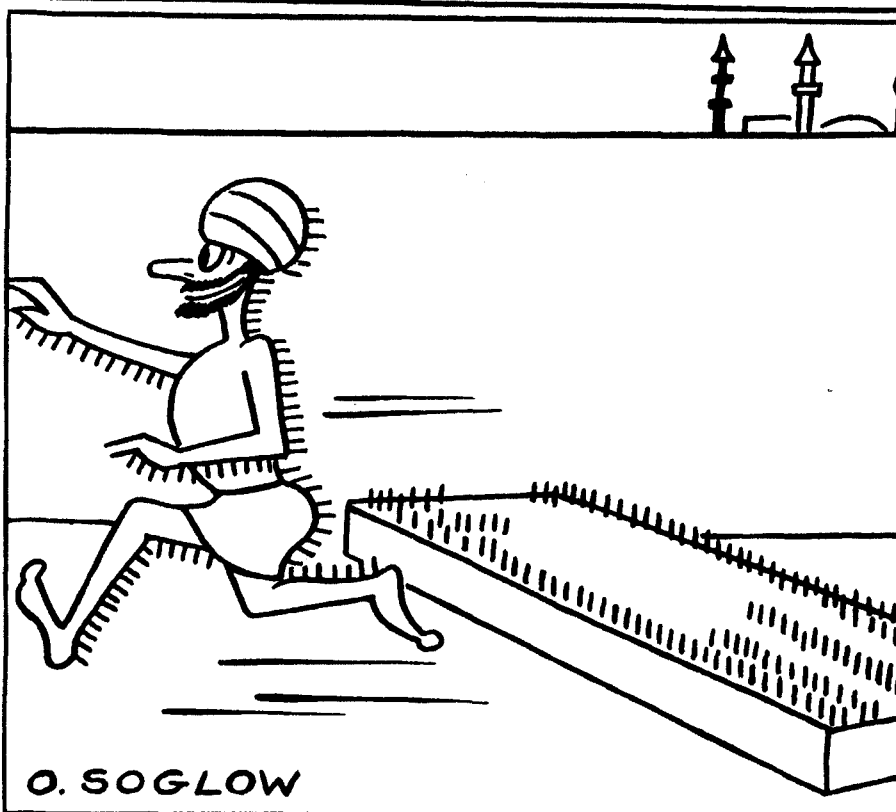
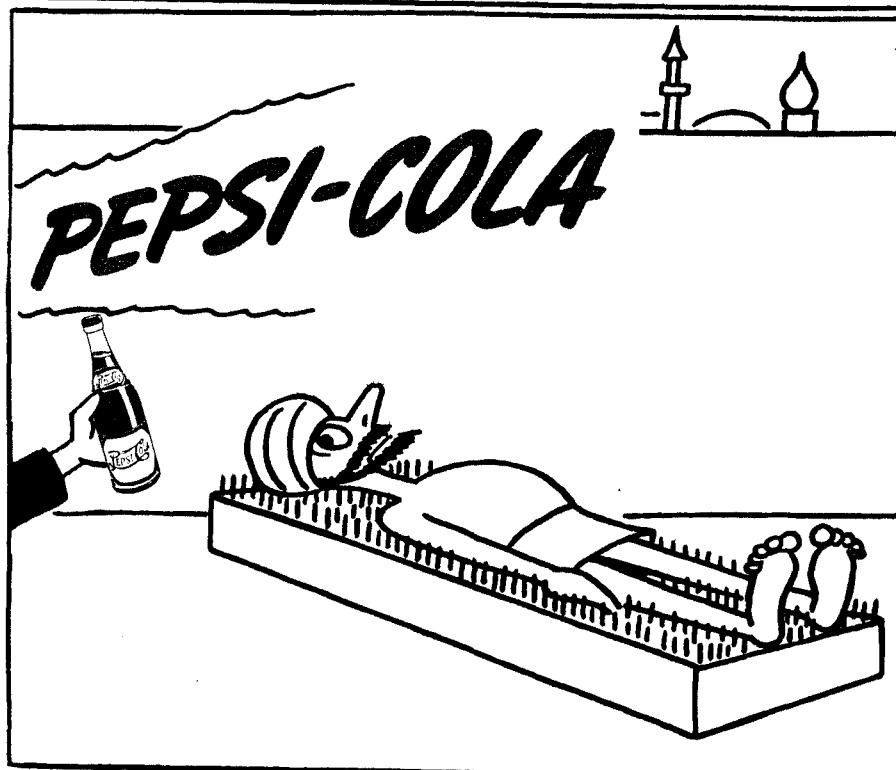
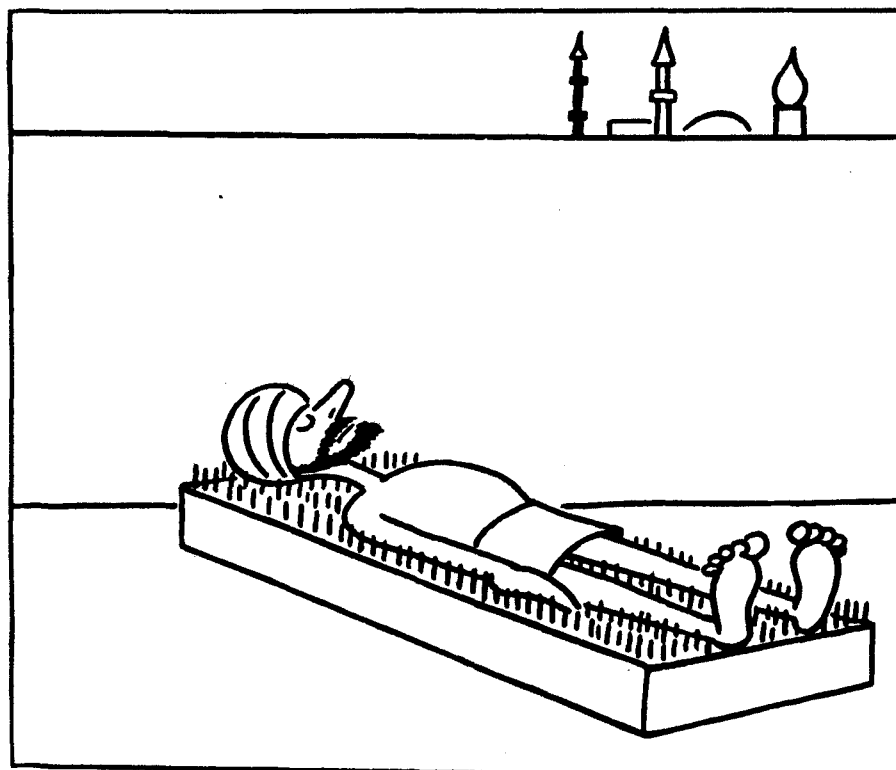
"Not a drop or a smell till I get this conversion job out and that Jersey Standard in. My trawl is full of your griping."

Big Mag stood up. "You'll help scrub this boat down, first," she ordered. "Just because you been living around them company people ain't no sign you can live like them. Heathens! Saving their money so's they can jump out two-story windows and break their necks! I'll break your neck with my shark bat, if I catch you trying to live on a boat that ain't tidied up."

"But Mag, I just got here—"

"P—hanh!" snorted Big Mag.

THE END



O. SOGLOW

WHAT EVERY PILOT KNOWS

By QUENTIN REYNOLDS



ILLUSTRATED BY GUSTAF TENGREN

EVERY pilot knows about the Gremlins and the Ffinellas and he knows too that these Little People are tougher to fight than either the Germans or the Japs. Hundreds of research workers in Britain are trying to discover why the Gremlins and the Ffinellas (girl Gremlins) declared war on the R.A.F. So far, a lot of theories have been advanced but no one has unearthed the real reason for their fiendish warfare. That is, no one but myself.

In common with the rest of the American correspondents in Britain, I too made a profound study of the problem. I have seen the Gremlins, talked to them, and I finally know why they hate the R.A.F. so. Perhaps one of these days, a Gremlin will be captured and, if he can be made to talk, you will have proof that I am right. I was there when the Gremlins first emerged to plague the R.A.F. The R.A.F. lads made one mistake—they laughed at the Gremlins, and the fact is that the Little People, above everything else, do not like to be laughed at.

Now there is a forest in the Highlands of Scotland, and in the middle of the forest there was what looked to be a huge stone cross.

It was not a cross at all. It was a gallows, and two hundred years ago when the Scottish laird who ruled over the Highlands had trouble with thieves or mischievous lads, or even, if he just happened to be in the humor, he would hang

someone from the stone gallows and then bury him beside it. But he would bury him standing up, and, although others have different theories, it is my conviction that the spirits of the men and women who had been hanged there and then buried standing up became very tired.

They just got tired of standing, so they deserted their weary, by now very unattractive bodies and emerged as Gremlins and Ffinellas. That is how they began, and every member of the R.A.F. today is very angry at that noble Scotch laird who was responsible for the whole thing.

It was a very peaceful forest, which always seemed to be echoing with faint melodies, coming fitfully as though sung by a casual but exquisite voice. These songs were not the songs of birds, for their songs are as careless as their wings, and birds do nothing but trill the scales—their songs have no melody. When a bird sings, the notes drop down into the

forest the way a leaf drops from a tree—helter-skelter, turned over, tossed around by any vagrant breeze. I knew then that this was no ordinary forest and that Little People were around.

Then one day an airdrome was built close by the forest. Smiling lads in the blue of the R.A.F. came in Spitfires to their new home. Over and above the noise of the planes, you could hear another noise—the hum of a thousand small shrill voices—and there was something in the sound of their chorus that chilled you a bit. The Gremlins, who are inquisitive Little People, had come to look over their new neighbors.

They Laughed at My Tales

I told the lads then of the Gremlins, but they wouldn't believe me at first and laughed. They actually didn't even believe me when I told them that I'd heard the leprechauns of Gort na Cloca Mora, who guarded buried treasure, and that

"But I'm a night flier and, believe me, it's no joke to be sitting up at 20,000 feet, God knows where, and hear them chattering among themselves out on the wings"

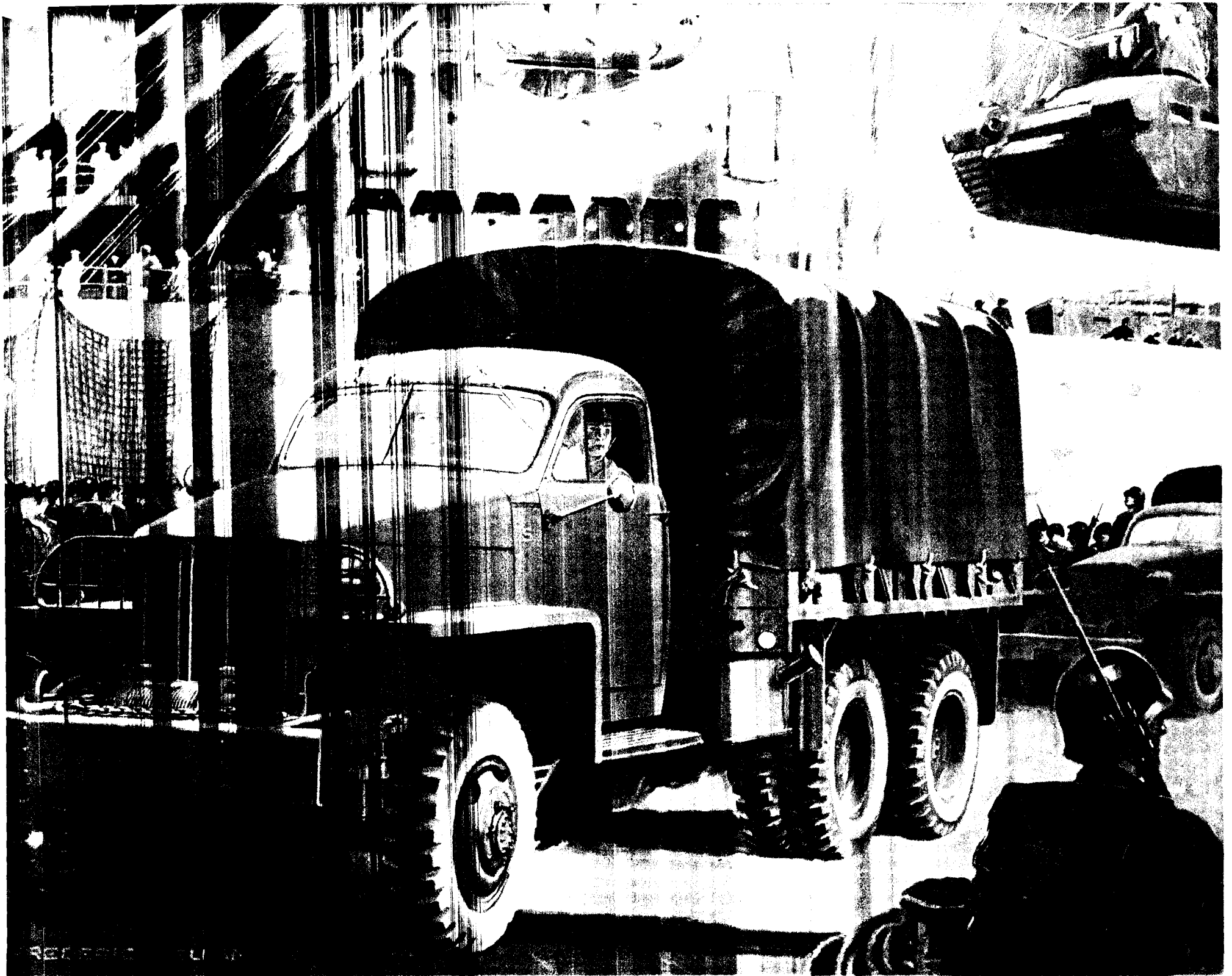
once in Ireland I'd not only seen but had talked to Angus Og the philosopher, who was six hundred years old. I told them how once, in a cave near Killarney I'd heard the harp played by the son of Trogain, whose music heals the sick and makes the sad heart merry, and in the north, I had actually heard the Five Guardians of Ulster, mightiest of warriors, singing their battle cries in the hills.

"To laugh at such things is not for grown men," I told these pilots. "Only children disbelieve in fairies and in the little creatures who live in the woods. No smart man would risk the anger of these people."

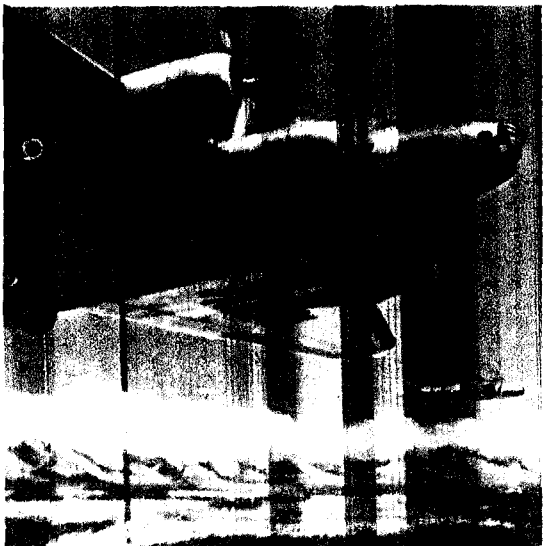
"A spot of whisky, old boy!" The young squadron leader slapped me on the back and winked. "You've been in the sun too long. Talk of Messerschmitts or Dorniers, or even"—he shuddered a little—"of Focke-Wulf 190s, but don't talk of Gremlins. There are no such things!"

The pilots continued to laugh and order more drinks. I walked out beyond the airdrome in the moonlight and I rested near a hummock of heather. I





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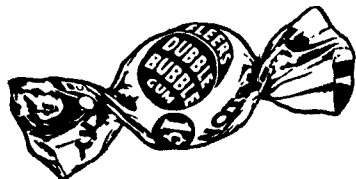


SHOULD GIRLS BE TOLD ?

PRETTY INNOCENT—these two. They think Mommy's swell to let them "experiment" in the kitchen. (Of course you're not telling them how glad you are to have them learn to cook!)

Should you keep mum, too, about the dental merits of Fleers Dubble Bubble Chewing Gum? You might explain how that huge big mass of chewy gum helps to clean—how a gum so tough and bulky will fold over and massage the gums. You could say that many dentists recommend Fleers Dubble Bubble Gum.

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Note to Dentists: A more complete statement of the dental advantages of Fleers Dubble Bubble Gum for both adults and children appears in the November Journal of the American Dental Association and Oral Hygiene; also in October Dental Survey.

could tell by the rustling around me that I was not alone.

Then I heard a voice and although I couldn't see anyone I knew that it came from a Gremlin, and I knew too that the voice was talking to me. There are some of us who were born to understand the language of elves and leprechauns and Gremlins and luckily I am one of these.

"No garmsley ever culled a gorm," the petulant little voice said. "Gramsling too and not a gleer. We swear a miff-down on the prost nor swinked nor gleaved will stay us. Tell the pornis and the blearum and the feigenheimer moppet." Then the voice became solemn as it added ominously, "Whiffles also warb and we too dashed a rang and bong a luft."

In vain I cried to the voice, "It is not strophie or a mingus, and you mustn't—" but it was no use. My only answer was mocking laughter, and that faded and I knew now the grim truth. The Gremlins and the Fifi-nellas had declared war on the whole R.A.F. Anyone who believes can understand the Gremlins' words. Anyone who doesn't believe in the Little People will of course not have read this far anyway.

How Many Will Come Back?

The next day the Spitfires were ordered up on a sweep. It is always a nervous-making experience for me to see a squadron of twelve Spits take off and it is an experience you never get accustomed to, really. You keep wondering how many of them will come back. They all came back laughing at Flight Lieutenant Reggie Cronin.

"What happened to you, Reggie?" they asked. "Did you get the wind-up?"

They told how Reggie, leading his flight, had dived on a big fat Junkers 88 which is duck soup for a Spitter. He was on the tail of the Junkers with the sun behind him and then just as he got within range, the rest of the flight saw Reggie's Spitfire bank sharply to the left letting the Junkers escape.

Reggie was very thoughtful. "This sounds silly, I know, but believe me it happened. I was just going to press the button and let that Jerry have 800 bullets when someone yelled to me, 'Left rudder! Left rudder!' Well, without thinking I gave it left rudder and banked and then wondered why I'd done that.

Then I heard a funny buzzing noise back of me and I looked back and, so help me, there was a little man not more than a foot high standing on the wing boring holes in the fuselage of my kite. Take a look. See the holes?"

Sure enough, there were at least a dozen holes clean through the fuselage down near where it joined the wings.

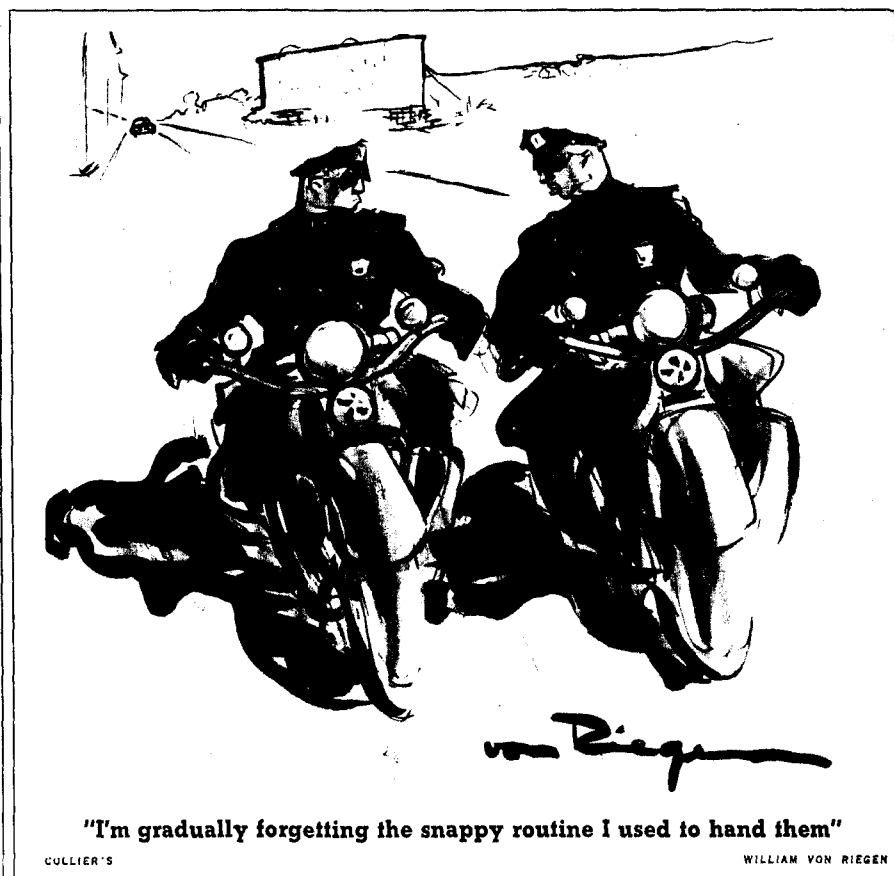
"They're just bullets holes from some Jerry kite you never saw," one of the pilots said.

They all laughed, but they didn't laugh the next day when Squadron Leader Cecil Burnett just managed to make his landfall. He told of how a Fifi-nella had poured salt water in his petrol tanks while he was over the Irish Sea. Everything went wrong after that and finally the group captain ordered the whole squadron to take a month's rest.

I left the airdrome and came back here to London. I see a lot of R.A.F. pilots in London, and one night, Wing Commander Malan, D.F.C., D.S.O., and Wing Commander Max Aitken, D.F.C., D.S.O., were in town and they had dinner with me. I think that Malan and Aitken are perhaps the two best pilots in the R.A.F. They call the former "Sailor" Malan because he was a sailor when he was a kid. He had been taken off operations for a spell to help our American pilots with their gunnery.

"Your kids are fine," he said moodily, "but the Fifi-nellas have raised hell with them. A squadron of your lads were over on the Dieppe show the other day. They did all right but they told their C.O. that they lost many a Jerry aircraft after getting it in their sights because just as they were about to open up, a Fifi-nella tickled them under the chin and made them laugh, so their aim was spoiled. The C.O. doesn't believe in Fifi-nellas, so he sent the lads to me to help them with their gunnery. Hell!" the Sailor exploded. "They don't need any help. I never saw better shots. But when a Fifi-nella gets in that cockpit with you, how can you be expected to aim one gun, let alone eight?"

"I can't understand people who don't believe in Gremlins or Fifi-nellas," Max Aitken said gloomily. "I can't even get my father to believe in them." (Max's father is Lord Beaverbrook.) "Of course, it isn't so bad for you guys who do day flying," he continued. "At least you can see them. But I'm a night flier



"I'm gradually forgetting the snappy routine I used to hand them"

COLLIER'S

WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

and, believe me, it's no joke to be sitting up at 20,000 feet, God knows where, and hear them chattering among themselves out on the wings. They chatter, chatter, chatter—and at night, of course, you can't see them. I tell you it's no fun being a night fighter any more. I'll say one good thing for them," he added gloomily, "they steal all our carrots, which is all right with me because I hate carrots, and we're supposed to eat them all the time to help our eyesight."

I saw Air Chief Marshal Sir Sholto Douglas the next day and he wasn't very happy. The air chief marshal is C. in C. of Fighter Command, an ace in the last war and a great leader in this.

"I know," he said irritably, which isn't like him because we are old friends, "I know all about the Gremlins and the Fifinellas. Do you know they damn' near got Pete and Gussie the other day at Dieppe?"

He meant Wing Commander Peterson and Squadron Leader Augustus Daymond, two of the greatest pilots in Britain. They are both Americans with Squadron 71, one of the three Eagle squadrons. "In a raid like Dieppe with the sky full of Hun aircraft," he continued, "Pete and Gussie would figure to bag maybe three each. But what happened? Each got one, and then Gussie's petrol ran out. A Fifinella had drilled a hole in his petrol tank and Gussie had to bail out over the Channel. Luckily our rescue boats got him but he was in the water for three hours. And Pete, after getting one Dornier, suddenly found the glime on his carbine was gilly."

"You're talking Gremlin talk yourself," I said, startled.

"I'm sorry," Sir Sholto said. "I'm so worried about them, I get to talk like them. I mean, of course, Pete found his throttle was jammed and he just lost altitude and finally he had to jump out, too. Now the throttle of a Spit doesn't jam by itself, and Pete hadn't been shot at. It was obviously the work of a Gremlin."

"Well, I know you've tried everything," I said to him, "and nothing seems to work."

"Have you any suggestion?" he asked, without hope.

"Well," I said diffidently, "I do know one thing: I know that there is a large trout who lives in a pool in the Highlands not far from Dunbordin. They say this salmon is a thousand years old and so wise that he imparts his knowledge to anyone who bathes in the pool. He is wiser than Solomon, wiser than the famous salmon who lives in the pool of Glyn Cagney, the salmon who once answered the three questions that no one had ever answered. They call him The Old Trout of Moray. Now maybe this trout could..."

"I've caught lots of trout in my time but I never heard of a talking trout," he said doubtfully.

"You've heard of talking horses,

haven't you?" I argued. "I knew a horse back in Brooklyn when I was a kid—"

"Your childhood may be interesting," Air Chief Marshal Douglas interrupted; "but it can wait until after the war. Go see The Old Trout!"

I went to Scotland and, to make a long story short, I found the pool, and lovely it was. It was in the neighborhood of the Dee basin, really in that section known as the Laigh of Moray. The pool was shaded by tall conifer trees. A doe came out of the scrub, looked at me without fear and then trotted away slowly. When a breeze came, it rustled the leaves and made a singing sound.

I slipped out of my clothes and waded into the pool, and the water was like whipped cream—so soft that you just wanted to sink into it. Nor was it cold, for the sun that filtered through the leaves of the trees splashed into the water of the pool and warmed it. I swam across the pool, then swam to the middle of it and floated there—just waiting.

Can't Keep Them from Laughing

It was a drowsy kind of day, and the sun and the water acted as soporifics, and I felt myself slipping into slumber. Then I heard what sounded at first like faint music but, listening harder, I found that I could distinguish words.

"I know why you're here." It was a soft voice like that of a very old man, so old that it didn't cackle like the voice of any ordinary old man. This voice was mellow, and age dripped from it. "I know why you're here," the voice repeated. "You want to know about the Gremlins—how to make them stop plaguing the R.A.F. Well, there's nothing I can do for you. The R.A.F. laughed at them, and the Gremlins don't like to be laughed at. You'll have to get the R.A.F. to stop laughing."

I held my breath to hear more but there was nothing more. I climbed out of the pool and stood on the bank. The ripples quieted and I looked down into the clear water. I saw a dark shape come close to the surface, there was a swish and whirl of water, and the largest trout I ever saw slithered just under the surface and then was gone.

I went back to London, feeling very discouraged because I knew then that there wasn't anything anyone could do about it. The Old Trout had confirmed my worst fears. You can't keep the R.A.F. kids from laughing any more than you can keep our American pilots from laughing. They grin when they fight; that's why they're so great. They laugh at death, knowing that they can be killed but they can't be beaten. And the madder the R.A.F. kids get, the more they laugh. If they ever really get mad at those Gremlins, I pity the Little People. The R.A.F. will laugh them right out of existence.

THE END

Witness Absent

Continued from page 17

with him. We ain't got his name. Some other girls danced with him and say he talked like a Southerner.

"We looked up all these people. Miss Cordy and Miss Redor grew up together and been roommates in college. This dead kid, Miss Cordy, was always the leader; she captained school teams and looked after other people. We looked up that Randolph. The guy comes from Georgia and is of good family. He come to New York and was introduced to Miss Redor. Well, she is in love with him. We looked up that Normel. He grew up in New York and knew them

two girls from when they was children."

"There's your man, O'Malley," I asserted.

"What! Normel? How come?"

I was amused because I'd surprised him. "Normel himself told you he was in love with Miss Cordy but she had stopped caring for him because he wasn't in uniform. Normel tried to get into the Army and they wouldn't take him. You only have to look at the boy to know he's of a jealous disposition. The night of that dance Miss Cordy met some service man—most probably that sailor.

(Continued on page 34)



Every one of us, shoulder to shoulder—that's the way to Victory. We're stronger and wiser together. Let everything we do be part of the urge to win. Even the wear and care of our clothes...our shirts, for instance. Handle them with discretion, have them laundered properly—and wear *quality* for better and longer service. That's simple advice... but it's sound strategy for War Days.



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Look at Private Hargrove Now

By Sgt. Lloyd Shearer



Corporal Marion Hargrove, unanimously voted Fort Bragg's worst all-round selectee, in a typical fighting pose

PHOTOGRAPH BY SGT. JOHN BUSHNET

WHEN Pvt. Marion Hargrove reported for duty at Fort Bragg on July 17, 1941, he had a taste of rum on his tongue and the grand capital of fifteen cents (borrowed from me) in his pocket. Today, Pvt. Hargrove (now a corporal) has run that fifteen cents up to some thousands of dollars, with more thousands in the offing. These dollars are his, not mine. This is not a bad piece of change for a twenty-two-year-old kid from Charlotte, North Carolina.

The source of Corporal Hargrove's new-found wealth is the autobiography of a selectee entitled, *See Here, Private Hargrove*, which is modestly referred to in literary advertisements as "the best humor to come out of World War II." The book ranked on the top shelf of everyone's best-seller list, has already sold 50,000 copies, has been reprinted by magazines, and has been purchased by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

The good corporal, a former newspaperman on the Charlotte News, wakes up each morning and says: "I still don't believe it."

I room with the corporal, and as a matter of fact, I don't believe it myself. That Edward Thomas Marion Lawton Hargrove, the emaciated-looking six-foot, 150-pound scarecrow, should have more than two bucks on his person at any one time is a miracle beyond mortal man's imagination. For one year at Ft. Bragg, Hargrove did nothing which could even remotely be termed worthwhile, other than borrow money from his friends and unsuspecting rookies. Even now, when his pockets are bulging with currency, Hargrove automatically says: "How about a small loan of half a buck until payday?"

In addition to investing his recently acquired capital in War Bonds, the corporal now goes on book-buying sprees. He has a tall blond girl at Smith College who is majoring in English Literature, and day after day he sends her sets of Chaucer, Thackeray, Dickens, and Scott. He also purchases volumes of such juveniles as Pinocchio, the Tom Swift series, the Rover Boys,

Helen's Babies and even Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm. He reads these while drinking *Cuba libres*, an infirmity he cultivated in his rookie days.

While his star as an author has risen, Marion Hargrove as a soldier still occupies the same ranking he held at Ft. Bragg. In August, 1941, he was unanimously voted Bragg's worst all-round selectee. Despite a brilliant journalistic education at Charlotte's Central High School, Hargrove, it seems, did not know his left from his right. He saluted non-commissioned officers, tripped over himself during calisthenics, spent all his spare time vainly requesting furloughs and, in general, carried on like Abbott and Costello. His favorite job was sleeping and his favorite morale activity was writing to tall, skinny girls. He was editor of one section of the Fort Bragg Post, the local newspaper, at which job his officers estimated conservatively that he managed to do more than two hours' work in a little less than a week.

The Modest Newspaperman

When Maxwell Anderson, the eminent playwright and Pulitzer Prize winner, came to Fort Bragg last March on a private tour of duty, he ran into Hargrove, who modestly and immediately presented him with a carload of Charlotte News clippings.

When he returned to New York, Anderson took these columns to a lunch he was having with Bill Sloane, trade manager of Henry Holt and Company. He mentioned them casually, and Sloane, ever on the lookout for possible publishable material, asked to read them. When Sloane returned to his office he scattered the clippings on several nearby desks. Within a week three or four members of his staff came up and said, "Look, Bill, I've been reading a column by a soldier named Hargrove. We ought to tie these together into a book."

"Let's have a look," said Sloane, feigning ignorance of the whole business.

The columns were dumped on his desk, and he decided to publish the col-

lection under the title, *See Here, Private Hargrove*. When the book was published, six persons nominated themselves as Hargrove's discoverers.

Hargrove was given an initial advance of \$350, but never got a cent of it. The advance was collected by Mess Sergeant Maury Sher, who distributed it among the Hargrove creditors at Ft. Bragg.

"It was a sacrilege," says Hargrove. "I wrangled a 10-day furlough to come up to New York and sign a contract and not a penny did I get. Not a sou."

In the interim between signing a contract and the publication of the book, the lanky corporal was ordered to New York to work on *Yank*, the Army newspaper.

At lunchtime, he would steal off to the offices of Henry Holt and Company and plead for further advances.

For an entire week before *See Here, Private Hargrove* hit the public, the corporal could not sleep. He would wake me at 3 A. M. and say, "Suppose the critics say the book stinks?"

"Hargrove!" I would shout. "If you wake me once again about that lousy book of yours, I'll strangle you."

Hargrove is not one to be bullied. Night after night he would awaken me with his moanings, his nightmares, his love affairs, his fears, and his tribulations. Finally on July 23, 1942, the date of publication, I was permitted a peaceful night of slumber.

Subsequently the book went into five more printings, Hargrove received dinner invitations from people he had never before heard of, he appeared on half a dozen radio shows, the royalties from the book began mounting.

None of this, however, has gone to his head. Transferred to the 78th Division at Camp Butner, North Carolina, headed by his old Fort Bragg boss, Major General Edwin P. Parker Jr., he still gets bawled out by top sergeants. On the drill field he still looks like a beautiful example of locomotor ataxia, and people still say, "If you put that Marion Hargrove through a ringer, three fourths of him will come out *Cuba libre*." ★★★

(Continued from page 33) She couldn't leave the dance with him, so she made a date later. Then Normel went looking for her and didn't get home until daylight. What happened between? There's no doubt that he found her."

"Why, he could have done it."

The telephone rang. It was the precinct station.

"They got something out there," O'Malley announced to me.

We went to the station. They had a taxi driver there.

"Who's this guy?" O'Malley asked the precinct detectives.

"Well, he read in the newspaper, so then he came in here. He claims he took the murdered girl home."

"How'd he know it was her?"

"I didn't know it was her," the taxi-man said, "but that was the address she told me to take her to."

"Okay. Where was it you got her?"

"Times Square."

"Well, now, who was with her?"

"The girl was alone. It was just after midnight."

"When you got to her home you see anyone around there?"

"No."

"You see her go in?"

"No; I didn't wait to do that."

"Listen, guy! Nobody sees anyone without remembering some one thing about them. What else is there to it?"

"There ain't any more to it. She was a fare I picked up like anybody else and I paid no attention. She was carrying a newspaper."

I PHONED O'Malley next day. He wasn't at headquarters, so I tried the precinct station.

"He's here," they informed me.

On a big desk in front of him were spread out cigarette stubs, small bits of paper, empty match folders, all kinds of debris such as people drop in the streets.

"What's all this stuff?" I asked him.

"Why, in this kind of murder smart cops pick up everything around the dead person. Cops picked up these things."

"O'Malley, they're not important. They've got nothing to do with this murder."

"If I always knew what had to do with murders, they might make me commissioner. I figure this one this way: That kid was good at all games. Kids that captain school teams live up to the rules. Well, this kid broke a rule when she left that dance secretly. So she had a good reason—but she hadn't expected it; she'd fixed how to get to the dance and how to get home from it. So what changed her plans happened there at the dance. It's my idea it was the sailor. We can't get much about him. He come there alone and he didn't know anybody."

"You're nuts on that sailor!"

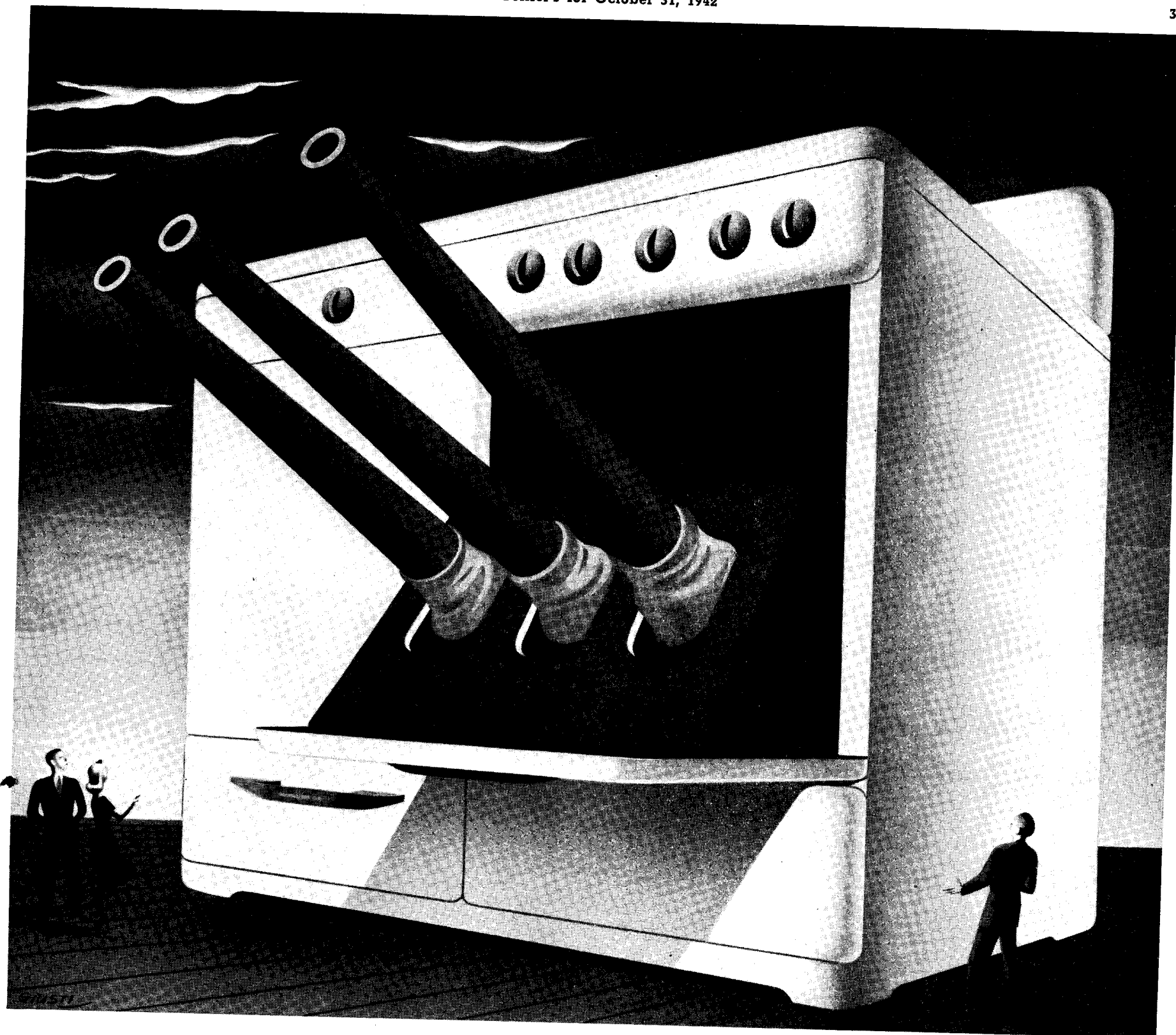
I watched the newspapers. Their statements were guarded but every day there was more about Normel. I felt rather triumphant because they plainly suspected him, but when I saw O'Malley he said nothing was happening. The third day it was different.

"Say," he told me, "we got that sailor's name."

"Where is he?"

"There don't anybody but the Navy know that."

The next day he phoned me. He was at the precinct station and I was almost too late. A police car was just leaving and we broke all the speed laws and passed all the lights getting to the 125th Street railroad station. Police cars were all around and cops in plain clothes were on the station platform, and the Twentieth Century Limited, which had left Grand Central Station ten minutes before, was just pulling in. While we waited on the platform, detectives went through all the cars. Then



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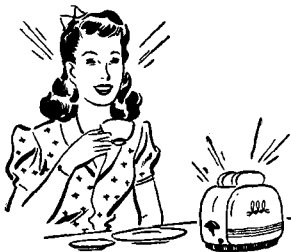


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two of them got out of the club car, bringing Randolph between them.

"Was it Randolph?" I asked O'Malley.

"Right—but that isn't his true name." We went back to headquarters and I waited around to find out the end of it. O'Malley came out to me.

"Here's the business," he told me. "This Randolph's real name is Steeder. The guy comes from Georgia and it turns out he's a black sheep. Last winter him and a couple of friends of his from the same town in Georgia was down in Miami. Well, they went to the races and lost all their money. At the race track they'd met a couple of guys that turned out to be stick-ups. When they all had no money, them two other guys proposed to do a bank holdup. Resort places was booming and they held up a bank and got eighty thousand dollars.

"Right away they split up and Randolph come to New York. He'd never done a crime before and he claims he meant never to do another one. He figured to use his good looks and his dough to get married to a girl who had money. Him and Normel got acquainted in a hotel lobby, and Randolph give Normel a story and Normel introduced him to Miss Redor and Miss Cordy. Well, Miss Redor got in love with him. What made this into murder was he got in love with her, too."

"He couldn't have married that kind of girl," I objected, "without revealing his background."

"He meant to elope with her. Say, Randolph come of good Southern family. He claimed all his people was dead. Miss Cordy was smart and she never liked Randolph. She tried to break up the business. Then they went to that dance. Miss Cordy was dancing with a sailor when Randolph and Miss Redor got there. The sailor's name is George Nodel. He comes from the same town in Georgia that Randolph come from. Well, the sailor seen Randolph. We can't prove just what happened after that, but we'll prove it all later, and we know how it had to be."

"How?"

"Them two heist guys that helped hold up the bank down in Florida had police records, so they got caught. They told how three guys from Georgia had helped in the holdup. Southern cops got two of them Georgia guys; they didn't get Randolph. Just lately the four of 'em got tried down in Florida and they all got convicted. The day of that dance this sailor, George Nodel, bought his home-town newspaper. Because they was home-town boys the paper told about the trial down in Florida—how one guy wasn't caught yet.

"**T**HEN the sailor went to the dance. He seen Randolph come in with Miss Redor and he'd known Randolph since they was kids. A guy doesn't usually talk against someone from his home town, but the sailor said something. I figure he said, 'Tell your friend to stay away from that guy.' Miss Cordy wanted to know more about it. She got away from the dance and met the sailor somewhere. We know now the sailor had to be back at the Navy Yard by midnight and his ship sailed soon after. By that time Miss Cordy had got out of him all she wanted to know."

"I see."

"Sure. Well, Randolph had seen the sailor and knew the guy recognized him. He didn't know what the sailor had told Miss Cordy but he had to find out. When Miss Cordy come home Randolph was hiding in one of them basement entrances. He come out and spoke to her just as she was going into the house. Miss Cordy wasn't afraid of anybody; she came down the steps again to talk with him. She told him she knew all

about him and meant to tell the police. That Randolph has got a quick temper. He was in love with Miss Redor and he had a prison sentence ahead of him and he learned the sailor hadn't said anything to the authorities. Well, he knocked the girl off."

"Remarkable!" I said. "How did you learn this?"

"Why, when the taxi guy picked Miss Cordy up at Times Square she was carrying a newspaper. Among the things the cops had picked up, we had a small piece of newspaper. We know now that Randolph grabbed the paper away from Miss Cordy and a piece got tore off. Newspaper guys told us it wasn't any New York newspaper. There's a place in Times Square where they sell out-of-town newspapers, and Miss Cordy had bought it there. On one side of our piece of newspaper it told about a wedding, and the other side was an ad of a store that sold hardware."

"We wired hardware wholesalers all over the country to find in what town somebody named Netterby had a hardware store. One of 'em wired back a town down in Georgia. Now it begun to mean something that the sailor had a Southern accent. We called up cops in that town and asked if there'd been that wedding. They said there had and sent us a copy of the newspaper."

"**C**LEVER work!" I exclaimed.

"Just routine. They found out for us what guys from that town had gone into the Navy and only one of 'em could have been in New York that night; so that give us the sailor's name. Well, I looked over the newspaper. Four guys down in Florida had been convicted of robbery. Then I thought about Randolph. He come from the South and was kind of like the description of the one guy they hadn't got yet. We could have got cops from the South to see if he was the holdup, but we was looking for a murderer. It couldn't be the sailor; we'd found out he was back on his ship before the taxi driver picked Miss Cordy up at Times Square!"

"So what?"

"Why, you said yourself whoever killed the girl must have been waiting for her to come home. Between when she got out of the cab and got up to her door there couldn't be much time—maybe only a minute. Right there at the Cordy house the street ain't very dark. The killer must have seen the taxi driver and he couldn't be sure the taxi driver hadn't maybe looked back and saw him."

"That's true."

"Sure. Randolph was living at an up-town hotel. A guy that does a first murder is always very nervous after. I got that taxi driver and had him and a couple of cops stand outside the hotel. When Randolph come out, the taxi guy looked at him and nodded his head like he was identifying him. If Randolph wasn't the killer, he wouldn't be bothered; no New York taxi driver could finger him for the Florida holdup."

"Three times I had the taxi guy go there with different cops; then Randolph could stand no more of it. We could have took him at Grand Central when he was starting to get away, but we'd get more reaction if we let him feel safe first; so we took him at 125th Street. When we got him to headquarters, inside was the taxi guy nodding his head toward him. Then Randolph went all to pieces and told us the whole of it."

"You'll get recognition for this, O'Malley."

"Say! I'll make you a bet on it. The sailor that solved this for us is somewhere on the Atlantic and don't even know a murder happened; my bet is he'll get some kind of promotion sooner than I will."

THE END

Detroit Strains at the Federal Leash

Continued from page 16

But governments (federal and local) had been fighting themselves and each other for six months over what and where houses for war production workers should be. In the meantime, there had been race riots, bureaucratic squabbles, demonstrations by outraged property owners who wanted to know who was going to indemnify them for property evaluation losses if their neighborhoods were invaded by assembly-line hands—and particularly Negroes.

There were political jitters and threatened court actions by individuals and groups who feared for America's future if workers were to be colonized in towns of their own with worker governments. But no houses came of it.

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COLLIER'S . . . Springfield, Ohio

Six government agencies have surveyed Detroit with houses for the workers in mind. They are the National Resources Planning Board, the Federal Public Housing Administration, the National Housing Authority, the United States Army, the WPA and the War Production Board. None conferred with the others.

None reported to any central authority. Each assured you that the others were fantastic, impractical, wasteful, uneconomic and, in general, screwy. And to add to the chaos, the city of Detroit's Housing Commission, the Mayor's Advisory Committee of the Homes Registration Bureau and several other local agencies became inextricably snarled up in the thousand and one personal and group interests, all of which arrived inevitably at the ever-present question of prices and profits. And still there were no houses! And every train, bus and jalopy unloaded more migrant workers upon Detroit's streets—looking for jobs (easy) and homes (non-existent.)

So in came the QMC with its plans for houses for its own and their families.

A notably ill-starred housing project known as Herman Gardens had been selected as just the spot for quartermasters. It had been begun long before Pearl Harbor and abandoned beneath the weight of graft, bribery and corruption that made it a political morass. One of the original contractors had committed suicide and two politicians were in jail because of the skulduggery that prevailed in Herman Gardens.

The QMC unrolled its blueprints and laid down its specifications, and all went nicely until the WPB man, shoving them aside, said quietly: "Gentlemen, being soldiers, you doubtless know that there's a war on." They did. "And being quartermasters, you unquestionably have heard of scarce materials—copper for example." They had.

Then the WPB man, who had been at his desk only eighteen of the past twenty-four hours, said: "Well, gentlemen, these specifications call for copper screening throughout these houses, and copper piping and copper gutters. Maybe you can get them but not through this office. Good day, gentlemen."

Bottleneck in Washington

The gentlemen left in less than a good humor. We had to leave Detroit and therefore are unable to tell you how far the QMC houses in Herman Gardens have progressed and whether they are being equipped with copper screening, piping and gutters. As we've said, we offer you the incident merely to show you another of the reasons why Detroit, which is producing war material at the dollar rate of \$13,600,000 a day, is not pleasing Washington where ineptitude, bureaucracy, red tape and politics are making it almost impossible for the converted automotive industry to function to its capacity. Currently the automotive industry in Detroit is producing \$4,956,000,000 in war material in 1942. Mr. Donald M. Nelson said on July 10th that, "When peak rates of production are reached under present plans, this industry will be producing war goods at the rate of approximately twelve billion dollars a year, representing about one sixtieth of the entire war production effort of the United States."

There will have to be several changes in plan and personnel in Washington before Mr. Nelson's prophecy is reality. At a recent meeting of several motor-car company presidents and their production engineers, it was worked out that with Detroit's present equipment and methods the automotive industry was from eleven to thirty per cent shy of its capabilities. When Washington gets that good, Detroit will probably be making Mr. Nelson's figures sound less fantastic. We talked to automotive engineers who had just returned from Washington with tables to show that the capital's war machine was exactly 1.06 per cent efficient and was losing ground rapidly. But we shall not add to the already unprecedented crop of bewilderment and futility by rattling around with man-hour losses, the labor-economist's most tiresome and inconclusive of smug-uglies. Detroit, like Washington, talks of production only in terms of dollars. To speak or write in terms of tanks, aircraft, guns and shells would, they assure you, be revealing valuable military information to the enemy. Even if the enemy does not know how many of these destroyers Detroit is producing he must be pretty well pleased by her labor, racial, housing and production squabbles.

However, let's give the housing situa-

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"The Chief"*



For "the Chief"—be he boss of a business, a production line, or a department—for any man who is a leader, there are Longines watches of competent masculine appearance like that illustrated above, and all contain the Longines "Observatory Movement", world-honored for greater accuracy, long life, and dependability. Photos of watch and movement are greatly enlarged.

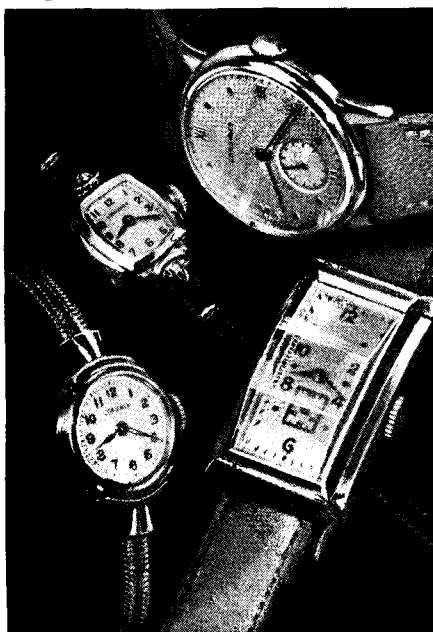
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Longines Watches have won 10 world's fair grand prizes, 28 gold medals

tion a few more paragraphs. Somewhat optimistically the WPB calculates that Detroit will reach the peak of its productivity some time in the spring of 1943. But the WPB calculates that when the peak is reached in the spring, Detroit will be 101,000 workers short of her needs. To meet this requirement the WPB has sent out 650,000 postcards to the women of Michigan, seeking thereby to recruit 80,000 female workers. There is little reason to believe that they won't be recruited although more complications will attend. Male members of the unions regard the woman worker with less than flaming enthusiasm. She is a war emergency worker, not a careerist. She admits that her ambition is still the natural feminine one—marriage. She confesses that she will gladly turn her job over to a man after the war. Therefore, she is not panting for union membership, being more or less satisfied to hold down a temporary job which is paying her more than she ever received before, more than she is likely to see in postwar days. But when she does go in for union membership she is quite likely to become a firebrand, all of her emotions going into the cause.

Invasion of Job Hunters

From the South and agricultural Midwest, job seekers, lured by high wages, are invading Detroit by hundreds daily. Regularly scheduled trains are arriving in two and more sections. Bus lines have every available carrier in operation and are begging the government for more.

At Union Station they'll tell you that incoming passengers are twenty per cent more numerous than they were a month ago. Departures are almost negligible in comparison. It is not too difficult to pick out the arriving job seekers in the railroad stations. Most of them stand around, surrounded by wives and children, until taken in hand by Travelers' Aid workers or steered by railroad officials and other helpful citizens. And they come in trailers. How many arrive daily nobody is at all sure. If the job of placing them in employment were the work of any one agency—says the United States Employment Service—there might be some order established.

If we had the space we'd tell the whole tale, sorry as it is. But belatedly, the government has started to begin to erect 2,500 dwelling units near Ford's colossal Willow Run plant. Therein about 15,000 workers and their families will be sheltered. The United States Employment Service estimates that room will have to be found for 99,000 in the whole Detroit area. But even the Willow Run units will not be ready for occupancy before cold weather. Desperately, Detroit is talking about setting aside its zoning laws, parking workers wherever there are vacant houses even in such better residential districts as Arden Park where numerous houses, built expansively by prosperous executives during the boom of the late 1920s, stand idle, their owners having moved to less expensive quarters.

But until these housing units are completed, until zoning laws are set aside, until existing unoccupied residences are converted into rooming houses and dormitories, the situation is going to continue nasty. In the meantime Detroit is thinking of converting vacant stores, warehouses and even armories into temporary dormitories. Even this expedient will find many workers living in one-room shacks, in trailers, in tents, when winter weather arrives. Health authorities are shaking their heads dolorously. Sanitation experts give you to understand that "the worst" wouldn't surprise them. Many of Detroit's doctors are in uniform. There are settlements in the

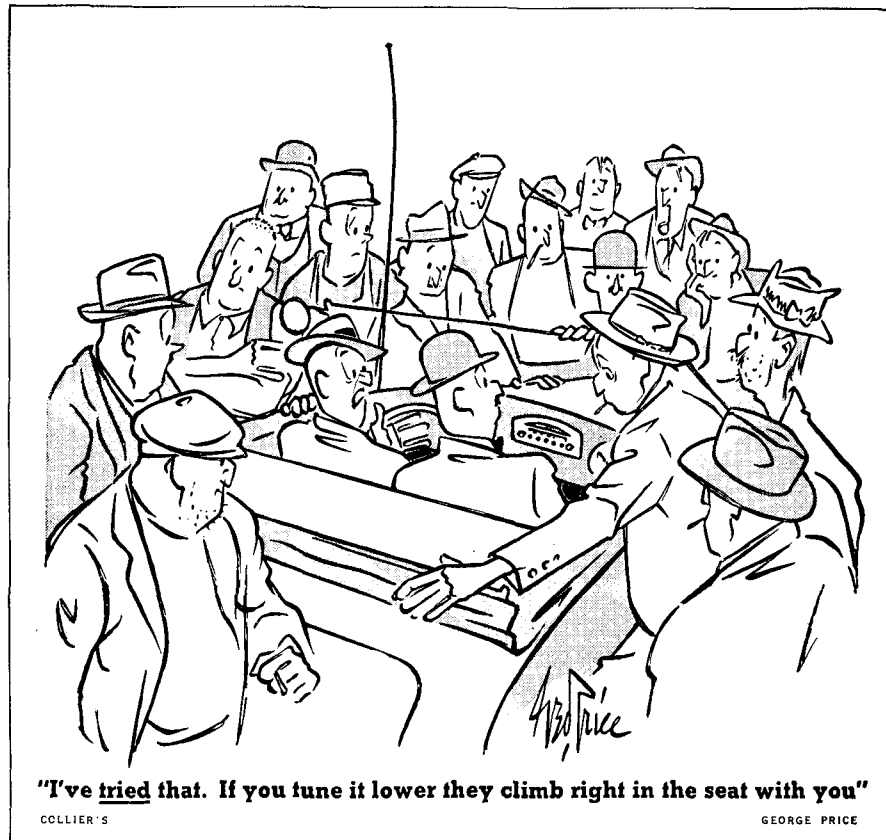
area which are doctorless—or will be if medical men continue to heed the Army's call for more doctors. The immediate outlook could not possibly be called cheerful.

In Detroit, Washington is represented in every war agency except—of all completely necessary agencies—the War Labor Board. It is a baffling mystery why there is not a regional WLB office, manned by tough, experienced arbitrators who (1) aren't politicians or appeasers, (2) haven't got their eyes focused on greater jobs or power, (3) are inflexible in their belief that the aims of labor are as important as the objectives of management—neither more nor less, and (4) haven't any thought short of or further than winning the war. Had there been such a branch of the WLB, equipped with final-word authority, there would not have been seven hundred strikes.

Just a minute. Here's another. In one of the plants a kid making about

forthwith by labor-management groups within the industry. But labor relations between most executive offices and the shops are seldom as cordial and intelligent as they are at, say, the Packard Company. Packard's workers will tell you with considerable pride that there have been almost no strikes or interferences in their plants. Last October two Negro workers were transferred from civilian to war jobs. The white men with whom they were to labor threatened to quit rather than work with them. The transfer was delayed while management, labor and government wrangled. Finally, five months later, it was decided that the Negroes should take the war jobs and that any white worker who didn't like it could get out and stay out. That settled that.

But the fight between management and labor is more or less constant even when there are no strikes. In the UAW-CIO headquarters you talk to presidents of local unions who tell you of hoarded



seventy-five dollars a week bought a fur coat for his girl. Nobody seems to know just what happened but three weeks later his girl got sore at him, threw the coat in his face. He had already paid two hundred dollars on it and took it back to the furrier demanding that his money be refunded, that the furrier take back the coat. The furrier wouldn't. There was a brawl. The furrier's workers got into it, struck. The kid went back to his shop, got bawled out by his foreman to whom the furrier had protested. Another brawl. The kid was fired. Out with him walked fifty fellow workers. And if there is any sense to that incident we haven't been able to locate it.

Workers' Problems Unsolved

The UAW complains bitterly that whereas management can afford the time and expense of taking its problems to Washington where it is at once granted audience with top-drawer officials, the workers cannot. And even if the worker were in a position to run to the WLB in Washington with all his troubles, there is still the War Labor Board's overcrowded docket to consider.

Moreover, the WLB contends with considerable justification that the overwhelming majority of these seven hundred disputes should be settled

materials, of scarce materials used in the manufacture of civilian motorcar parts, of "phony publicity stunts about war production progress which the workers know to be untrue," of unwarranted, punitive layoffs, of "company stool pigeons who are agents provocateurs," of management's insistence that the workers produce faster and faster although the units they are producing are piling up in the yards near by, unmoved by the government. This, the workers say, is pure profit greed on the part of management. For all of Detroit's labor trouble and the failure of the automotive industry to produce war materials to capacity, labor blames management.

In reply management offers you copies of the CIO News wherein workers are warned to resist management's efforts to increase production. One of these is the Lansing Edition for January 16th, and the other the same for January 9th. One motorcar manufacturer blames the UAW as an organization, insisting that it has lost control of its members and that the UAW's officers "having lived by the sword must perish by the sword." Another magnate tells us that the chief trouble is that the worker has yet to realize that this is a war of survival.

"Thus far," said he, "the worker sees in this war nothing but prosperity—profits, high wages."

We told him that workers made the same charge against management.

"The worker is wrong," said he.

One doesn't get far in that direction. It quickly becomes clear that only the government, through courageous men armed with authority, can cope with all this. Yonder a whole shop is idle because six men refused to report for work at seven A. M. A hundred other men, sympathizing with the six, struck when they were fired. Farther upstate, six union committeemen having had an argument with the plant superintendent threw him out of the building. We mean *threw him out*. The superintendent called the police. The whole shop quit work. Some time ago, the management of a steel products plant ordered its men to speed up a nonwar job before the order freezing such products should become operative. The men refused, walking out.

Strike Over Nothing

And there was a twenty-two-day strike growing out of the transfer of five men to a department they didn't want to work in. Once a most important war production plant was idle for a week because a stupid superintendent barked, "Shut up and go back to work" when one of his men stopped to tell him that the government ought to do something about the high cost of living. And once a fading executive who had been getting \$38,000 a year was offered by a generous corporation to the government as a dollar-a-year man. He was quite flattered until he was told that the company would not pay him the difference between his government salary (one dollar) and what he had been getting. Outraged he went down to the workers during their lunch hour and asked them what they thought of such a filthy trick. The workers laughed at first. Then they began to wonder why this particular fat-head should ever have got \$38,000—and struck for a week.

Before regaling you with a few more samples of how not to win wars, we warn you that about three months ago the War Production Board sent a few sincere investigators out from Washington to look into the simple matter of plant labor relations. They "polled" eighty-eight scenes of war production, touring them attended by joint committees of management and labor. They returned to Washington and wrote a report that labor relations in Detroit were quite healthy, in fact, okay. Whether they had heard of the seven hundred strikes, the housing tragedy and the race discrimination we can't say. But somebody was being kidded.

As they prowled the plants, they couldn't have run into screwball incidents like this: A group of welders insisted upon smoking while at work. The shop superintendent explained why he could not grant permission. While at work, the welder wears a mask to protect his face from burns and his eyes from blindness. He also wears gloves to protect his hands. Moreover, it's a job which one must concentrate on, not discharge nonchalantly. And obviously, even a welder could not smoke with a mask and heavy asbestos gloves on. Of course, he could remove them, quit working and smoke. But that wouldn't be conducive to production. So the welders were told that they might not smoke. Whereat a group of the younger welders took off their gear, retired to the yard and lit up. They were fired. Twenty other welders, who hadn't wanted particularly to smoke anyway, removed their gloves and masks and quit in sympathy. That tied up the whole operation for five days before the UAW forced the lads back to their jobs.

And they couldn't have talked to Mr. Walter L. Fry, chief of Fry Products,

Inc. Even then Mr. Fry was warming up to the writing of a burning telegram to President Roosevelt. In thirteen hundred words, Mr. Fry notified Mr. Roosevelt that in his (Mr. Fry's) opinion, labor conditions in Detroit were very, very deplorable. This was his answer to the President's quip at one of his press conferences when asked what was to be done about evil labor-management relations in Detroit. "Why doesn't someone tell me these things?" asked Mr. Roosevelt.

Well, they're all there for anybody to behold. Two women workers on canvas military equipment became painfully embroiled in Mr. Fry's plant. One of the ladies was a member of the union. The other one wasn't. The latter was turning out canvas barracks bags much too fast to suit the former. The union lady bade the nonunion lady to slow down and not "spoil the job." The nonunion lady told the other to mind her own business. Thereupon, the union lady bade the other again to slow down, adding that if she didn't and was looking for trouble, she'd get her head "smashed in."

The committee investigating labor relations missed a lot of bad news. All we've given here is but a hint. We have a whole bagful of dolorous stuff. But we shall quit with two quotations from war workers we talked to. One was a woman.

"I took my husband's job," said she, "when he enlisted in the Marines. The law says that for the same work, women should get the same wage as men. I completed my training three months ago. My foreman has complimented me on my work. But my husband got \$1.25 an hour. I get eighty cents."

The other was a representative of management.

"Sure, relations are lousy. But that's government business. We motorcar manufacturers are out of business."

Remedy for the Government

The cure for all this is simple—provided that common sense is still a simple virtue. The investigator doesn't have to write the prescription. He has merely to put it together ingredient by ingredient as he gets them from all factions. And all factions would gladly gulp it down.

Government must establish in Detroit a small agency of tough, courageous, experienced men who are objective, with no political ambitions and to whom the winning of the war is more important than job holding and personal prestige. They must be clothed with complete authority and be empowered to inflict penalties. They should have jurisdiction over labor disputes, have their own representatives in each plant, stop race discrimination regardless of where it starts—among the workers or in the employment offices.

Government should build or requisition housing for workers, disregarding Detroit's zoning laws, the objections of property owners and the dreams of real-estate developers. Rental supervision should be just, but hard-boiled.

Government should put an end to the parade of investigators, committees of inquiry and individuals trooping out of Washington to Detroit, confusing issues, ignoring existing agencies, exploiting ambitious bureau and department heads.

Government should drastically reduce the number of its employees, civilian and military, already in Detroit, thus reducing confusion and, to a certain extent, the housing shortage.

Labor and management must be made to realize that their personal fears and ambitions are of little consequence as far as winning the war is concerned.

THE END

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A SHORT STORY
COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

In the Balance

By Phyllis Duganne

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

WHEN Joe Porrino discovered that he was booked to play Dawson City, Indiana, he broke out in a cold sweat. It was ten years since he had left Harry and Dolores there, and he had never heard a word of either of them. Not that he had expected to see Harry Clark's name in Variety again, or anywhere else, for that matter, except in an obituary column. Clark and Porrino, after the accident in Dawson City, had become Porrino and Walters; now he had a dope named Russell with him.

There was no reason to be jittery about it, he told himself, as the train rattled westward across Ohio. No one had ever tried to prove that it had not been an accident. No one had even looked suspicious, except possibly Dolores. It had been a strange switch box, and he had pulled the wrong lever, that was all. It was unfortunate that it had happened just when Harry was balanced at the very top of the swaying tower of tables, balanced on a chair with two of its legs thrust into the necks of two bottles and the other two suspended in the air. The orchestra was drumming in that wildly increased tempo of the finale; the light cue was for the blare of illumination in which the breath-taking climax was reached, the moment for which a tense audience had been waiting, twisting their handkerchiefs, gripping their seats, gnawing their lips.

There he goes! Harry should have leaped lightly from the apex, landed like a cat, to take his bows.

There he goes! That time, the audience had not been disappointed. That time, all their expected, deliberately built-up fears and apprehensions had been justified and fulfilled. The moment of complete blackness, the strangled cry from Harry's lips, the crash in which the thud of a human body landing on the stage gave a new, horrible note to the symphony of sounds. . . .

IT HAD never entered Joe Porrino's head that Dolores would leave the show and stay behind in Dawson City with Harry. At best, Harry would be a cripple for the rest of his life. Joe had thought, when his fingers froze on the lever, that everything was settled. Dolores had liked them both. With Harry out of the way, she'd be his girl, in no time. When he saw her face, as they were carrying Harry out, he knew that he had been wrong. He knew, too, that the healthy thing for him to do was to go on with the show as fast as he could. Clark and Porrino. He got Walters away from a rollerskating act, and it was Porrino and Walters.

Now it was simply Porrino. He looked contemptuously at his assistant, riding backward in the train. "Where do we play, tonight?" Russell asked, again.

"Some dump called Dawson City."

He wondered if anyone in the audience tonight would remember. Ten years was a long time. He'd like to know whether Harry was dead or not. Well, there was one thing sure, if Harry had lived and Dolores had stuck with him, they wouldn't be in Dawson City, now. Dolores was not the girl to spend ten years in a one-night stand.

He smiled at the thought, and the dope, Russell, said, "You feel bad?"

"No," said Joe. "What should I feel bad for?"

"Stomach, maybe," said Russell, mildly. "You looked kind of white about the gills, that was all." Joe glared at him. "My stomach's okay."

It was his stomach, though, that showed the first signs of jitters, when he walked through the stage door of the theater. It did a complete flip-flop, because he remembered everything so well. He snapped at Russell, getting the props in order, snapped at the orchestra leader as he explained his score. Finally, he went into his dressing room and lay down on the couch. He didn't want to be disturbed for anything, he gave orders. He didn't want anything to eat. He wanted to be let alone until it was time to go on. Nine-thirty, that was.

When he went on stage, the applause almost deafened him. He smiled and bowed and hoped that the

theater manager was hearing it. The Great Porrino. It was like a shot in the arm, and by the time he raised both hands to stop it, he was feeling wonderful. He nodded to Russell.

It was one of those nights, that was all. They liked everything that he did. They sat with their mouths open, like an aquarium of petrified fish, and the intensity of their suspense could be measured by the vehemence of their response.

"Going over big," Russell said, as he brought out the tables for the last turn, the act which Harry Clark had perfected.

"Not bad," Joe agreed.

He had their attention from his first movement, and as the trembling tower grew taller, as he mounted higher and higher, building as he went, letting the whole perilous edifice sway, pulling it back to stability at will, the theater was completely silent. He sneezed, and the audience held its breath while the frail structure beneath him tipped sidewise. He sneezed again, and drew the piled framework back to safety. The audience breathed audibly; he looked down at them and winked, and he saw Dolores, in the third row.

For a split second, his muscles tensed; then he relaxed. The resemblance was startling, but the young woman in the third row was no vaudeville-hooper. Dolores had been a disturbingly pretty kid, but this one was a lady. Dolores could turn cartwheels until an audience gasped, but this girl, with her dark hair wound in shining braids about her head, and her black velvet dinner gown, had class. Picture Dolores sitting so quietly between that dignified old bozo in evening clothes and the high-hat old dame with the diamonds, thought Joe. He winked straight at her, and her dark eyes did not change their expression. Joe knew the breed. Dawson City's Society, with a capital S.

Russell said, "Hup!" and Joe caught the first bottle. He caught the second one and juggled them, stepping absently backward to the very edge of the topmost table, while the audience sat tense and silent. Russell tossed the fragile gilt chair upward, and Joe leaned over to reach it, the bottles still in the air above his head. Chair, first bottle under his arm, second bottle. He heard the intake of their breaths, as they realized what he was going to do. The orchestra was warming, rolling like the beginning of a tidal wave. Joe set the chair legs in the bottles, sat down in the chair. He glanced toward the left wings where Russell stood before the light board, waiting.

Harry Clark—only of course it could not be Harry Clark—was standing beside him. Joe rubbed his eyes, and the audience quivered at the gesture. Harry—only of course it could not be Harry—was looking up at him, his eyes like a cat's eyes in the reflected glare of the footlights. The bosom of his evening shirt was dazzlingly white. He lifted his hand and a stone flashed from a ring on his finger, a rim of white cuff shone like polished marble. He was reaching past Russell, reaching toward the switchboard. . . .

I've got to jump, now, thought Joe, wildly, but the lights went out before his frozen muscles could respond. He was numb, paralyzed, balanced high in an impenetrable blackness. The orchestra thundered. A woman screamed in the audience, and Joe Porrino felt himself fall, let himself fall, as helpless, as blind as Harry Clark must have been, ten years before.

OUT front, the show was still going on. Backstage, a group of people talked in whispers. The Great Porrino's body had been taken away; Russell stood beside the mayor of Dawson City. A little apart from the others, the president of the Dawson City Bank patted the cold hand of the mayor's wife.

"He must've been feeling sick all day," Russell said. "I thought it was his stomach. He wouldn't eat no dinner. Just lay in his dressing room until time to go on."

The mayor's handsome face was sad. "Poor fellow," he murmured.

"It was just like he went blind, all at once," said Russell. "Like as if the lights went off."

"Perhaps he thought they did," said the mayor's wife, softly.

The mayor looked at her. "Why, Dolores!" he said. "Why do you say that?" He shook his head. "Poor Joe," he added gently.

The orchestra thundered. A woman screamed in the audience, and Joe Porrino felt himself fall

TEAMWORK FOR VICTORY

YOU know how sometimes a team of five men, or nine men, or eleven men, gets inspired—how everything clicks and it can beat any team in the world?

Well, the same thing has happened to a team of more than 700 separate railroads, large and small.

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teamwork among railroads and the shippers and travelers who use them. And now, when the test has come, this railroad team is playing the kind of ball that coaches dream about.

Since long before Pearl Harbor, the railroads have taken on one "impossible" assignment after another as shortages of ships and rubber have placed abnormal loads upon them. And they are keeping all this added traffic moving with the smooth efficiency of an experienced and thoroughly trained team.

Railroads and shippers alike have a right to be proud of the job they have done. It's a great example of unity—of what American industry can accomplish by teamwork for victory.

ASSOCIATION OF
AMERICAN



RAILROADS

WASHINGTON, D. C.



TIME OF CHANGE

By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

Above all things, Turck Howlett did not want his son, Bill, to suffer at a woman's hands what he himself had once suffered

SHE sat with the small crowd on the short row of bleachers built by the American Legion post, looking out upon a playing field which was Donovan's cow pasture during the winter. The power company had donated floodlights which sent a strange glow through summer's twilight and outlined the boys crouched at their positions. One boy's voice came in from the far backfield like a high-thrown ball: "Breeze it by him, Pete!"

She watched Turck Howlett closely, and had been watching him all through the game—Turck who stood on the side lines, his brown jaws lifting and closing on a chew of gum. This had been Turck's town many years before, from which he had departed to become a baseball player and to which he now returned, with a son old enough to be on the high-school team. As soon as he

had returned he had somehow taken on the job of coaching these youngsters. She thought: He's thirty-two and his boy Bill is thirteen. And how well he understood boys; it gave them a tremendous pride to have a professional instructing them.

The batter knocked a flat drive straight into the hands of the hometown shortstop who wheeled and cut off a runner at third, thus ending the game. The crowd applauded and rose. Caroline McCormack left the bleachers, intending to circle them and so reach Water Street; but she stopped, watching Turck move to the pitcher and put an arm on the boy's shoulder. She saw Turck smiling, she saw him talking. Then his son Bill came over from first base and the two of them, father and son, started walking across the field. Caroline drew a sharp breath and sud-

Caroline drew a sharp breath and suddenly moved into the field. She didn't look at Turck. She said to Bill, "That was a nice game, Bill"

denly moved into the field, toward them.

Bill saw her first. Bill grinned and his eyes warmed and he said, "Hello."

She didn't look at Turck. She said to Bill, "That was a nice game, Bill."

He was like his father in the shortness of his talk. He said, "Good game." Turck looked at Caroline. She held his eyes and she observed his sharp, direct interest struggle against his reserve. Then he smiled and the three of them walked to the street and went along it toward the heart of town.

Bill said, "Pete pitched good."

"He pitched good," agreed Turck Howlett. "But pitchin' alone didn't do it."

"What did it, Pop?"

"You were all workin' together smooth," said Turck. He wanted to drive something home, Caroline saw, but he was careful about it. His voice was dry and brisk. "You were all together. That's teamwork." They reached Pennoyer, which was the town's main street, and came abreast the Crystal. Turck said, "You hungry?"

"Sure," said Bill. "A hamburger."

"A glass of milk," said Turck, and grinned. Then he looked at Caroline and a shadow of reserve or of uncertainty came to his eyes. She was about to swing away when he opened the screen door and said, "Maybe we ought to celebrate," and took them inside to a booth. "Two milks—tall ones," he said to the waitress.

"Three tall ones," added Caroline. "I can remember away back," she said to Turck. "You played ball in high school. Where'd you go then?"

"A lot of semipro outfits in the South. Then I was with the Sacramento club. Then went to the Yankees for seven seasons. Then out."

Bill disliked the way it ended, and instantly added, "Pop pitched his arm out."

"We have had a lot of fun, Bill and I," said Turck. "We went into the Everglades one winter for a month. Another fall we packed into the Maine backwoods for moose. Bill can talk fair Spanish. That's from the time we spent in Cuba. We have seen a lot of country."

THEY had their milk. Turck rolled a cigarette and lighted it and Caroline saw that he felt good because of the game and his son's part in the game. He was very close to his son, which was what had freshened her interest in him since his return to this town; for her older recollection of him had been of a silent boy, never joining the high-school crowd. His father, she remembered in a flashback of memory, had been a laborer in her father's mill.

A pair of soldiers came in and sat up to the counter. Turck looked at them, and she noticed his expression of ease smooth out and disappear, and wondered about it. Bill said, "Guys from the air base at Portland."

"How'd you know?" asked Turck.

"That insignia on their shoulders. Wish I could ask them about bombers."

"Soldiers don't talk much about business in these times, chum."

"Awful lot of soldiers around," said Bill. He finished his milk, staring at his glass. Turck's mouth was straight and he looked back to the soldiers with a close, guarded expression in his eyes. He said, "Guess that's all," and rose, and went to the counter to pay his bill. He joined Caroline and Bill on the sidewalk. Caroline looked down at Bill a

(Continued on page 49)



This war year, *YOU'RE* elected!

THIS year, you're elected to pool your car, to double up, to share the family bus with the neighbors.

And this year you're also elected to help guard one of Uncle Sam's biggest assets . . . his 35 million motor cars.

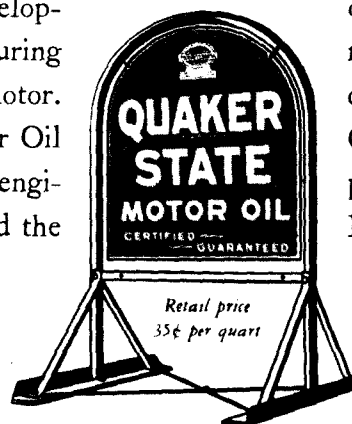
In fact, your government wants you to consider your car as necessary to our total war effort as tanks or assembly lines. A car should be serviced and cared for as carefully as a big bomber, and for the same reasons.

Bumper-to-bumper overhauls will help. Frequent lubrication will help. Regular check-ups and prompt repairs are needed to keep that car of yours in perfect condition.

For more than 25 years, Quaker State has been an active leader in developing greater protection, and insuring greater cleanliness for your motor. Stabilized Quaker State Motor Oil was designed by Quaker State engineers to prevent oxidation, and the

harmful results of oxidation . . . sludge, varnish and corrosion. It gives you the "Pennsylvania Plus" . . . the big margin of superiority Nature gave to Pennsylvania grade crude oil.

In addition, it gives you the added "plus" of Quaker State's own advanced refining methods, Quaker State's own engineering skill. Quaker State Oil Refining Corporation, Oil City, Pennsylvania.



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MOTOR OIL



Yes, SKINLESS frankfurters are in the army now! And the packers who make tender, juicy SKINLESS frankfurters are working their heads off to keep abreast of Uncle Sam's orders.

You'll be happy to know your fighting men get first call. However, there will be SKINLESS frankfurters for everyone. So—if your store is out of them today, chances are a new supply will be on hand tomorrow.

With your kind cooperation, the packers who make SKINLESS frankfurters will fill Uncle Sam's orders, and will then supply the ever increasing demands of home markets. We just thought you'd like to know the facts.

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Year of Wrath

Continued from page 22

"I thought you were in Washington by now," she said.

"Washington finally decided to refuse me a visa," said Sperling. "So I will be stationed in Tokyo."

"That should be interesting," Madame Vooren said mildly. "And Madame Sperling, she is well, I trust?"

"Ah, yes," said Sperling. "We came over here to buy furnishings because everybody knows one is unable to get anything durable in Japan. Everything is *sufu-ersatz*. Also, then I learn that Mr. Cogswell is leaving today, no? Tomorrow? I wished to say how-goes-it? and until-we-meet-again."

Madame Vooren turned to Nick. "Mr. Sperling is also a journalist," she said. She sounded a little uneasy. "He has known Gregory many years."

You could tell that Sperling was no exile, Nick thought; not that that made any difference to him. The last time he had been in Cogswell's apartments, the American vice-consul and Kearsley, the British embassy press attaché, had been there. One more little Nazi more or less just rounded out the picture, and Cogswell wouldn't be where he was if he hadn't an international acquaintance.

Sperling was saying, "You are still at the Grosvenor Gardens? You will allow me to call upon you there, not so?"

"Madame Sperling and you," she answered.

Sperling took off his monocle. As he polished it, he said, "Naturally." He stuck the glass back. "Also, since you feel so kindly toward my wife, perhaps you would guide her in the selection of our furnishings."

"Really," said Madame Vooren. "I think you shouldn't place too much confidence in my taste."

Sperling became animated: "Every time I have seen you, you have worn a different costume and each time you have been more stupendous."

Madame Vooren said: "I was not thinking of my taste in merchandise. I was thinking that you forget my Dutch blood."

"I remember your Indonesian ancestry."

"Quite so, and that deprives me of my Aryan status—" she mimicked his voice—"not so?"

"Manis," he said, "you know how little genuine attention we pay to these useful racist theories." He laughed. "God in Heaven, in the Reich itself the marshal says: 'I decide who is a Jew and who is not.' Now, you do not expect me to believe that the widow of an East Indies Nationalist has any sympathy with the Dutch."

"I do not like any conquerors," she said distinctly; and Nick felt like advising the German: Why don't you give yourself up?

COGSWELL, walking in, bright and fresh in a creamy Saigon linen suit, was gracefully apologetic. He kissed Madame Vooren's hand, promised Sperling no more than ten minutes' more delay, and conducted Nick Griggs out of the room and into his study to consult the typewritten list. He was exactly an hour and a half late for this final conference.

"Is it all right to use your telephone in here?" said Nick.

"Certainly." Cogswell nodded without looking up; he was already making marginal notes on Nick's document.

Nick put through a call to the Metropolitan and waited contentedly while the operator rang the Gaspards' suite on the same floor as his own room. Henri Gas-

pard answered, in his gentle, tired voice.

"What a pity you did not call several minutes earlier," he told Nick. "Betty was here and is gone, to carry out some small commission for Miss Frolov. She asked me to tell you that she would meet you at DD's, upstairs, at seven and a quarter. You understand?"

"I'll be there," said Nick. "We'll see you later."

"That is agreed," said Henri.

AFTER Nick rang off, Henri called the desk to request that no further calls be put through and rang for the room boy to take away the tray on which he had been served the poor collection of foods his diet permitted. Only six months ago he had learned he was a diabetic. He had not reconciled himself to this discovery, which he kept a secret from everyone except Betty and the physician who had made the diagnosis. He was as furtive in the use of his insulin needle as if it had contained morphine.

He now had time for a nap before he must leave for the broadcasting studio. It was still a severe nervous strain for him to make a radio speech, whether it lasted five minutes or fifteen. Until a year ago, he had never made a public address, either before an audience or over the air. At first, anticipation of a speech had exhausted him, its delivery had left him nervous for days. It was slowly becoming less of a hardship, and although his hands no longer perspired as he faced the microphone, he still thought it had been easier to meet machine-gun fire or to dive into a shell hole under artillery bombardment at Verdun in 1916.

His poor health, his fatigue, and his demands on himself made him touchy. He had been born into a vigorous, middle-class family of merchants and professional men who thought themselves liberal when they had merely been easygoing; cultivated because their education was French. Henri had been militant only once before in his life, when he was an infantry lieutenant in World War I. Now he had been called again, but it would have been simpler for him to put on a uniform; easier to hold a trench than to be an unemployed Shanghai banker, at war with lifelong friends. Some of them had even been regimental comrades in that other war.

This afternoon he had spent preparing the text of tonight's broadcast. He had sent it to the studio on Race Course Road so that his associates might make alterations if they thought it necessary; otherwise there would be only a few last-minute news items to be added. He was aware that these news paragraphs, usually devoted to events within France, or to the De Gaullist activities elsewhere in the world, were hungrily absorbed by the news-starved Frenchmen in Indo-China. A secret station in Hanoi regularly reported on reception. Seamen from *Messageries Maritimes* ships told of the little groups that gathered for the broadcasts at the risk of arrest.

He dozed off as he tried to picture the life his Saigon friends must be enduring since Japan had overrun Indo-China in collaboration with the Vichy regime. A sharp ringing woke him; automatically he reached for the alarm clock on the chair beside the couch. The ringing persisted; it was the telephone, and he noted the time. He could not have been asleep more than ten minutes.

Irritated at the violation of his instructions, he seized the receiver. Before he could say a word, the operator said beseechingly: "I told them I must

not disturb you. They insisted. They are two French naval officers—"

A French voice interrupted: "This is Lieutenant Baudoin. Commander Du-four and I must see you at once."

"I am not prepared to receive any one," Henri said stiffly. The names were strange to him and did not coincide with those of the officers of the François Garnier, the gunboat that lay off the French Bund.

"It is urgent that we see you," the lieutenant said.

"Truly?" said Henri. "Could we not make an appointment for tomorrow?"

"I assure you it is too pressing to wait," said the lieutenant. "Allow us to come to your rooms at once."

"In that case—" Henri hesitated. "Come."

He had his tie knotted and his jacket on before the men knocked at the door.

The commander said, "You will pardon us, M. Gaspard. You may be certain we did not wish to intrude upon you, but it was necessary." He was older than Henri, well set up in his white uniform, with a brushlike mustache beneath his veined nose.

The youthful lieutenant said nothing. He looked about the suite as if to assure himself no one else was present.

"I am not accustomed these days to receive visits from officers of the French navy," Henri said formally. "I am at your service."

"We are from the destroyer Bordeaux," the commander said. "I will speak frankly, and I hope, briefly. Your work in opposition to the French government has brought us here. . . ."

"I do not oppose the true government of France," Henri said. "I oppose collaboration with the Nazis."

"You misunderstood me," said the commander. "Your activities are not only widely known, they are admired in quarters you may not have suspected."

The lieutenant nodded.

"They are not admired in the quarters controlled by the directors of the Banque Franco-Chinoise," Henri said bitterly.

The commander said earnestly, "Like yourself, I was a young officer twenty-five years ago, though we of the navy had not the honor to defend Verdun."

"I had not even the honor to serve then," said the lieutenant. "I was only old enough to play at sinking submarines in the surf at Toulon. But last year, I was old enough to suffer as you did."

THE commander said, "You do not know us, M. Gaspard. That is our disadvantage. But in any case, we do not come to you for help for us personally. We come for France. To be short, there are officers in our navy who have become so embittered against the British that they would willingly serve the Germans."

Henri said, "Do not all officers who serve Vichy serve Berlin?"

The lieutenant said, "Some of them, unfortunately, do not see it that clearly."

"The important thing," said the commander, slowly, "is that some officers of the French navy are in full agreement with you. We two are. That is why we have come to you now. You are in a position to give great assistance, if you will."

Henri knocked the ashes from his cigarette. The lieutenant too casually looked out over the neighboring roofs.

"Am I to assume that you have come to discuss our work for a free France?" Henri said. "In that case, I suggest you consult Pierre Delangle. He is the acknowledged head of the Free French here."

"That coal merchant!" the lieutenant said.

Henri said frigidly, "M. Delangle is

General de Gaulle's accredited representative."

"Ah, but you misunderstand," the commander said. "Let me explain. Lieutenant Baudoin and I, we admire M. Delangle. It is some of our fellow officers who are still victims of early prejudices."

The lieutenant opened his mouth and slowly closed it without uttering a word.

The commander said, "This is our mission: There is constant argument among the officers of our ship over the attitude we shall take toward orders from Darlan. We ask you to come to the ship with us—it will take but five minutes from the hotel—to discuss the problem frankly with those who still fail to agree with us."

"Again I must ask why do you not approach M. Delangle with this unusual suggestion?" said Henri.

"Because, in all frankness, he exerts no influence with our fellow officers," the commander said. "Your reputation with them, on the contrary, is of the best. You are one of the true heroes of 1916. How many men are alive today who won the *Medaille Militaire* before Verdun? Certainly I can think of no one but you in the East. The *Croix de Guerre*? Hundreds. The *Legion d'Honneur*? Scores. But to you these are merely supplements to your *Medaille*."

THE lieutenant said, "And M. Delangle lacks these awards."

The commander said, "The sacrifice you have made in adhering to your principles at the cost of your position in the banking world—that too has added to your luster."

Henri was aware that the lieutenant, who had risen and strolled to a window, was nevertheless studying him closely.

"Tonight, I am engaged," he said. "If you wish, you may come again tomorrow—say eleven o'clock tomorrow morning, and I will give you my answer."

The lieutenant quickly returned to his chair.

The commander said, "M. Gaspard, tomorrow will be too late. By eleven tomorrow morning the Bordeaux will be en route to the south. It is my hope that all her officers will leave here determined to resist orders we dread: to turn our ship over to the Boche."

The lieutenant said, "You were our only hope."

The commander said, "Could you not spare us an hour? I give you my pledge to bring you back in an hour."

It was not impossible, Henri thought, that the officers were describing a genuine predicament. Only a routine mind today would reject the improbable as the impossible. In truth, he was not due at the broadcasting station for another hour and one half. He rose. Assume they were cheats; in any case, in this species of covert struggle, one was constantly exposed to men who might betray you.

"It is agreed," he said. "In two minutes I shall be ready to go with you."

"Excellent," the commander exclaimed.

In the bathroom, Henri put his needle in his pocket, together with a small supply of insulin.

Tin Lui Chong, the number one boy—commander of all the room boys in the hotel—came out from behind his desk beside the elevators as the officers and Henri stepped into the lobby. He was a tall Honanese, with an unusually high, beaky nose. On the basis of a few thin clues, Henri suspected Tin of being a Chungking agent. In any case, he trusted him; he was an admirable number one boy. He said to Tin, in a louder voice than he usually employed: "If I have not returned in one hour, telephone my daughter at this number." He

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"I'm a Little Restless Tonight, Son..."

I KNOW you're asleep. . . . And I won't waken you. . . . Just thought I'd slip in and see how you were.

Of course, you don't know it, but I stand here at the foot of your bed lots of nights. Been doing it ever since you were a little tyke—ten years now.

Somehow it seems much longer than that. I suppose it's because I've been planning ahead for you.

You know, a few months ago I got an awful scare. Guess I was almost as scared as I was a few years ago—that time you were so sick that we thought you were going to be taken away from us.

You Can Help Win This "Home Front" Battle Too!

- America depends a great deal on a number of things that cannot be replaced—for the duration. Especially things of rubber, metal or other vital materials. But with a little care and caution, what you already have will see you through.
- Your refrigerator should be oiled regularly according to the maker's directions. Take care to keep it clean—the mechanism—the rubber seal around the door—particularly the finned condenser underneath. At any sign of trouble, call your refrigerator dealer. Early attention may avoid a big repair.

WAR! When its meaning really sank in—in terms of YOU—my blood ran cold for a few minutes.

My first thought was to do something about fighting for you, Son. Figured I'd join up like I did in '17.

For a few moments I forgot about that piece of "souvenir shrapnel" in my left leg. You know—the reason I'm not so "nifty" getting those slow bounders when we play ball.

Yes, I'm "on the shelf" as far as that kind of action is concerned. But I'm *fighting*, Son. Your mother is, too.

We're buying War Bonds. We're buying them up to the limit—even sacrificing to buy *more* and *more* of them. That's why mother and I didn't take that long vacation trip we'd planned. And why we didn't have the spare cash to send you to camp this year.

We're lending our money for planes and guns and ships and tanks. We're buying bonds that will buy the things our fighters need to preserve our right to live as we choose and to plan for the future.

Then, Son, when the future is secure and we want to put some of our plans into *action*—the money we've loaned will come back—ready to make our dreams for *you* come true. And I guess that's pretty important—at least your mother and I think so.

The way I look at it, a lot of fathers and mothers ought to look at this business of buying War Bonds in the same way. If too many of us let the matter slip, I hate to think of what can happen. That's why I'm a little restless tonight, Son.



The joint Army-Navy Production Award, today's most coveted honor, has been conferred upon Stewart-Warner Corporation—and "E" emblems awarded employees—for unusual performance in war production.

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ONE OF THE FIRST—AND PROUD OF IT. Stewart-Warner employees were among the first groups, of over 7500 workers, to allot more than 10% of their total payroll to War Bond purchases—thus surpassing the goal set by victory-minded Americans.

wrote the number of DD's restaurant on a slip of paper and handed it to Tin. "If she is not there, you will find her, I am sure. Tell her I left here with Commander Dufour and Lieutenant Baudoin."

He turned to the commander: "That is correct; in one hour I shall be back?" The commander nodded.

Tin followed the three men out to the curb. And after he closed the door of their automobile, he signaled a coolie and instructed him to trail the car.

The chauffeur drove down Foochow Road and turned right on The Bund. The silence within the car suddenly seemed choking.

The moment the car crossed Avenue Edouard VII into the French Concession, Henri knew he had been ambushed. He looked at his companions, Commander Dufour on his right, Lieutenant Baudoin on his left: the same men with different faces.

He thought of telling them at once that he knew. He thought of protesting. For one foolish second, he thought of shouting. No, remain quiet, he told himself. A month earlier, at the insistence of his associates, he had moved from his comfortable home in the French Concession to the comparative safety of the International Settlement.

He had deliberately discarded that safety, he realized. Even the police parolling the street were paid by Vichy. No, he would not cry out.

THE clock in the customhouse tower struck seven times. That meant it was eight o'clock. The customs clock was always one hour slow.

He had made another blunder, he recognized. Tin would follow his order punctually. He would not notify Betty until the clock was almost ready to strike the hour again.

At precisely eight o'clock each evening, DD's restaurant in the Concession was officially transformed into a night club. Dark curtains were drawn across the windows that, until now, had afforded a view of the green treetops on the Avenue Joffre. The air-cooling system was turned on. The waiters lighted the rosy little lamps on the tables fringing the dance floor and in the booths against the walls. The fiddler stepped off the band stand, waved his bow and the band crashed into Yes, My Darling Daughter.

The White Russian girls who had been sitting at the bar left their leather stools to sit in the dining room with Britishers whose wives had been evacuated to Australia, with Americans whose wives had been sent back to the States, and with Frenchmen whose wives did not understand them. On the floor, the best dancers were slender Chinese youths in white silk suits and their partners: the daughters of wealthy Chinese, with charming faces above their high collars, and charming legs visible through the slit skirts of their narrow dresses.

Betty Gaspard, sitting opposite Nick at a table in one of the booths, said:

"Even in this flattering light, you would look more attractive if you wiped some of the zakuska off your chin."

Nick scrubbed with his napkin. "I guess you just don't understand," he said sadly. "The way I admire Madame Vooren is—well, like admiring a statue. The Venus de Milo, for instance."

"I never admired the Venus de Milo," said Betty. "Too meaty."

Nick sighed. "Honestly, Betty, if you'd been there, you'd believe me. She actually behaved as though she was my mother." He added: "Although I'll bet she's not more than five years older."

"She hopes," said Betty.

Suddenly she gave a sugary smile and held out her hand. Before Nick could grasp it, she was shaking the hand of

a stranger, who, in Nick's opinion, had practically crept like a thief to their table. The stranger's name was Dixon. He had an English Public School accent, a Public School tie, and such a disarming manner that Nick himself invited him to sit down.

Dixon said, "I'm no end pleased to see you, Betty, before I take off."

"Another holiday," said Betty. "I think you're a fraud. I think you just pretend to be in the grain business."

"No, no. I'm leaving. I've turned over everything in my godowns to my compradore. Bales of sesame seeds and white peas and walnut wheat flour—everything, you know. Let him stew around with these infernal Japs."

Betty turned to Nick. "His com-

"They're already taking over all the valuables in it," Dixon said. "They pretend they've traced the ownership of everything they want to Chungking. It's the end."

Betty said, "Why, I can't understand you. We've had these scares since I don't know when and, my God, we know it's going to happen sometime. All the same, why are you suddenly convinced it's now?"

DIXON crushed out his cigarette. "Who is to stop Japan? Ask Kearsley, you know, the British attaché—" he looked over his shoulder—"over there at my table. You just ask him why the British garrison was withdrawn. You're an American, I take it. You'll be standing



"As soon as she's convinced I've really gone hunting, she always finds her way back to civilization!"

COLLIER'S

FRANK OWEN

pradore's his Chinese partner. His godowns are bursting warehouses. I can't make any sense out of the rest of what he's saying because Mr. Dixon is the man who's said firmly, every time we had a scare: 'There'll always be a Shanghai.'

HANGED if I didn't," said Dixon. "And hanged if I haven't changed my mind. I talk piffle sometimes, Betty. Not now. I'm going down to Singapore and see what they think I'm not too old for. I was a very ordinarily good soldier in the last war, you know. I should still be good for some tiresome desk job in the army, or wherever they'll have me."

"Oh, but you're going to join up, that's different," Betty said.

"Rot!" he said. "There's nothing else for me to do. I'm not going to sham about it. The Japs are going to take over everything in all our godowns. You see the idea. They'll get no end of oil and gold and cotton and rice. My little bags of cereals won't count that much." He measured off a chunky finger tip.

"Well, then you think they'll take over the Settlement?" Nick said.

on The Bund, waving goodbye to your Marines any day now, I dare say."

"I don't know," said Nick. "But say, who else could give me some facts and figures on all this? Just what the Japs are doing? The value of the goods they could seize?"

"Hanged if I know," said Dixon. "I'll tell you, though, drop into my office tomorrow and I'll try to use my bean in the meantime." He fiddled in his wallet for a card. He brushed his mustache against Betty's forehead. "Cheerio," he said, and rejoined the press attaché.

"Worried?" Nick asked Betty.

"Of course not. Why I don't even quite believe him!"

"You don't?" Nick said. "He sounded pretty convincing to me. He's giving up his business. I guess it wouldn't hurt me to dig up a really good story on this whole situation to send to Cogswell during my first couple of weeks here."

"Tell me," said Betty. "If there's any truth to all this, why wouldn't Cogswell already know about it?" She paused. "Another thing, suppose he does and suppose that isn't the kind of a story he wants to send out."

Nick said, "Betty, I love you, admire you and respect you. All right, I admire and respect you. Only you really are loopy about Cogswell. You don't like him so you don't trust him so you don't like him. Give me one logical reason."

"I can't. I admit there's no logic in it. All the same, I do not like him and I do not trust him."

"A woman's intuition," Nick said sorrowfully. "It's a good thing you never applied for night rewrite and tried to work with intuition instead of facts. Look at me. Maybe Dixon has something. I don't accept his mere statement. I'm going to check and recheck it and I won't type the first 'I' until I've got the facts."

"The day will arrive," she said serenely, "when you'll see my intuition is right."

"And wave goodbye to the Marines at the same time," he said, exasperated.

The Number One waiter bent over Betty, whispering; and then she said: "Oh, excuse me, Nick. Someone wants me on the phone."

While no one was looking, he thrust a menu in his pocket, to add to his collection. Then he looked at his watch, and called for the check. The band was playing Yes, My Darling Daughter for the third time.

He did not see Kearsley, the British press attaché, making his way to the booth until he was standing beside him.

Kearsley said, in an agitated voice, "Didn't I just see Betty Gaspard here with you?"

"Sit down," said Nick. "She'll be back. Just called to the telephone."

The attaché kept one hand thrust into his trousers pocket and through the thin cloth you could see his fingers moving, as though he were jiggling coins. "I just had a telephone call from my office," he said. He sat down and began to play nervously with the stem of the water goblet before him. "You don't happen to know if Betty's been in touch with her father in the past half-hour?" he asked.

"No, she wasn't. Maybe that's him on the phone now."

KEARSELEY rose. Betty was coming toward the table, stumbling a little and looking sick. Nick moved out to meet her. He took both her wrists in his hands and held her steady.

"We must go at once," she said. "We must go to the broadcasting station right away. It was Tin, from the hotel, you know. He said Father went out an hour ago with two French naval officers. He said Father told him to notify me if he had not come back in one hour. Tin said one of his boys from the hotel saw Father taken aboard the destroyer Bordeaux." Her chin began to tremble. "We must go."

Nick said, "Sure. Let's be on our way. We'll probably find him at the station."

"I'll go along," said the attaché. He followed them down the stairs. At the doorway, he cleared his throat: "If your father does not appear at the station, Betty, keep your chin up," he said.

Betty stood still.

She said, almost angrily, "Why did you suddenly decide to come with us? What is it you know that you are not telling me?"

The attaché said, "My office told me just now that a civilian answering your father's description was taken on board the destroyer Bordeaux shortly after eight o'clock this evening." He hesitated. "The destroyer suddenly weighed anchor at 8:25. That was more than half an hour ago. She must be well on the way to sea by now."

Nick said, "And the civilian did not return?"

The attaché shook his head. "No," he said.

(To be continued next week)

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of sunshine is crystallized in Dextrose sugar.*



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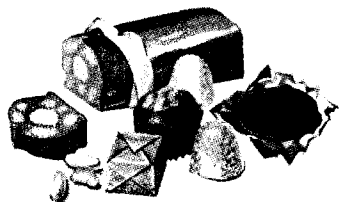
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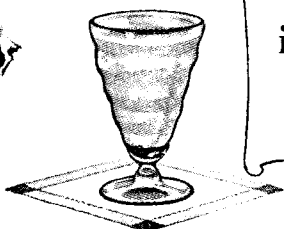
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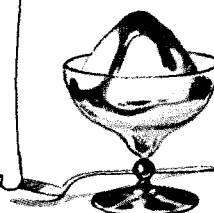


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Dextrose protects the flavor and texture of canned fruits.



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Better sweet buns and rolls are made with Dextrose.

Time of Change

Continued from page 42

moment. She said, "It was a nice game, Bill. Tomorrow night I'm having a party for some folks your age. Supper's at six-thirty. I wish you could come."

Bill looked at his father, and Caroline knew that Turck wanted to refuse it. But he looked at Bill. "Sound like a good idea?"

"Yes," said Bill.

"Tell the lady, then."

"I'll come," said Bill. "Thank you very much."

Caroline turned away.

Turck Howlett rolled a fresh cigarette, half faced toward her as she went down Pennoyer toward the bridge that led over the creek to the big white house which had been the town's only mansion for forty years. He lighted the cigarette and drew a heavy breath of smoke, watching her go; and turned back to Bill. The two of them walked up Pennoyer.

Caroline found her father in the living room playing solitaire. He said, "Where you been?"

"Watching the ball game."

"Watching a ball game alone is no fun," he said, and looked at her hopelessly.

She came before him, smiling down; she ran a hand lightly across his head. "No man along," she said, and moved over the room. McCormack leaned back from his game, studying her with affection, with criticism and doubt. She was twenty-nine and there hadn't been a man since Charley Boice, five years back; that had soured her and sometimes he thought she hated men.

"Turck Howlett," she said, "must have made money when he was with the Yankees. Yet here he is firing in the mill. What did he do with all of his money?"

"Live high—spend high. Probably loafed through the winters. Hunting, hotel bills, traveling. Women."

"Probably no women. He had his experience with one of them. He hates them, I think."

"You ought to get together and swap stories."

The quick, black flare of her momentary reaction made him extremely uncomfortable. He said, "Who was the woman?"

"You knew her. He married Iris Dawson—both very young. They went away from here, remember? She left him a long time ago."

"Nice boy he's got."

"Yes," said Caroline. "He's giving Bill a wonderful training, except in one thing. Bill will grow up knowing nothing of women, because Turck wants it that way, so Bill won't be hurt as he was hurt. But that's not the way to keep from being hurt."

"What's the way?" said her father. "You tell me."

"To know them so well that when they hurt you, you can hurt them worse."

"Get out of here," said her father. "I can smell sulphur all over the place."

TURCK lighted the lamp and freshened the fire in the kitchen stove, which he had left burning for hot water. He said, "Shower for you, chum."

Bill took the shower; and later in the bedroom he gave Bill a quick massage on his throwing arm and put him in bed. He sat a moment on the bed, smoking a cigarette. "Good game," he said. "You covered first base well."

"Pop," said Bill, "you in the draft?"

"Yeah. But that's all right. I don't go because I've got a dependent. You're the dependent."

"If you went would you be an officer?"

"Folks start at the bottom unless they've got training. So I'd start at the bottom. That's the way it goes in everything."

"You ought to be a captain—if you went."

"We're talking the same way a dog chases its tail. Just for nothing." He hit Bill softly on the chest and took the lamp out of the bedroom into the kitchen. He poured some water and coffee into the pot and set it on the stove and he idled into the front room. Bill's

gun and his gun stood together in a rack by the door and a pair of light fish rods were racked above them. He picked Bill's mitt from the floor and laid it on the table; he stood a moment before the snowshoes he and Bill had used in Maine. Looking back, it had been a lot of fun; when Bill was a man he could remember everything, and some day would think of his father who had tried to make boyhood right for him. That was the only kind of memory that lasted.

He went on out to the porch and sat on the steps, facing a soft summer wind that blew fragrance out of the foothills and out of the high Cascades beyond. Lights sparkled through windows along the street and farther away, across the town, auto headlights played around the bend of Monitor grade. He searched for his pipe and for his tobacco and then he thought of Bill's talk about the Army and he stopped the motion of his arms and was wholly still, seeking the real meaning in his son's mind. Maybe Bill was worried about it; maybe Bill had seen the wish on his face when the two soldiers had come into the Crystal.

Everything had been fine until the war began, but now the unrest was on him—although he really had not known why until those two soldiers showed up. Then he recognized the feeling in him. It was a kind of an ache, the same kind of ache he sometimes had when he thought of no longer being with the team back east.

He had got letters lately from some of the crowd, and he had read about others in the paper. Bookie was taking Navy air training at Pensacola, George Melotte had gone with the Coast Guard, Heinie Ulrich was a corporal at Fort Benning. Old Ben McGuffrie, a reserve officer, now carried a captain's bars and was stationed somewhere beyond the Atlantic.

Turck recalled a dozen or more of them, all good tough men who had joined another team for the duration. They understood how it was, and so did he; for it was something he had been telling Bill ever since the boy was big enough to listen: No man was born to stand aside and play a lone part, and no man was meant to refuse his obligations.

But he had Bill and he couldn't go. He sat still, his big hands clamped together, taking a beating from his conscience and from his loyalty. He said to himself, "I'll have to keep from letting Bill see how I feel."

HE ROSE at six and cooked breakfast for himself and Bill; he packed himself a lunch and swept the floor while Bill did the dishes. This was summertime but Bill was a little weak in mathematics, so Turck said, "Better put in a couple hours on that algebra. Then you've got the whole day free. Ought to be some fish under the White Bridge. Give it a whirl."

He was at the mill by a quarter of seven, replacing the night fireman, and worked through the day with his mind slowly turning from one thought to another. He ate his lunch and he blew the one-o'clock whistle. He checked the stokers and the gauges and he made his rounds with the oil can and the grease bucket; but all this time one thought kept sliding into his head, which was the thought of Caroline McCormack. Maybe it wasn't a thought so much as a feeling—a feeling that caught him by surprise because of a goodness it left behind, breaking him out of his set habits, leaving him with a hope that he would see her again and hear her again; and then



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all this led to the memory of Bill's mother who had left them, just laughing her way scornfully out of something she never had cared for and disappearing forever. When he remembered her everything else went bad and the thought of Caroline McCormack lost its goodness.

He was on the catwalk above the boilers when Bill came in near quitting time. Bill had a scratch on his cheek and his hat was pushed back on his head and he had his hands in his pockets. Turck looked down—feeling funny about Bill and mighty glad to see him, as he always was. Bill caught sight of him and lifted four fingers and made a gesture indicating the size of the fish; and pretty soon Turck came down and, when the swing shift fireman came in, he started home with Bill.

"Four cutthroat," said Bill.

"We'll have 'em for supper."

Bill walked a dozen yards in silence before saying, "There's that party."

"Hell," said Turck, "I forgot." They went all the way to the house before he spoke again. He stopped on the porch, looking at the sky, watching the way the clouds drifted. "Good weather tomorrow. We'll hike into the hills." Then he said, "You want to go to the party?"

"Sure," said Bill, looking away.

"I'll light the stove," said Turck. "You need a shower. Your good suit pressed? Better shine up your shoes. You can use my red-gray tie."

He stood on the porch, smoking his pipe and waiting. When Bill came out he took a good look at the boy. He said, "Not a bad job," and was pleased. Bill was five feet four and lanky from growing and would be better than a six-footer. Health showed in him like a glow. His eyes were dark gray and Turck knew that he was excited about the party; the pains he had taken with his clothes was the giveaway. They went down the street together, feeling the last burning flash of sundown against them.

"Wish you could go along," said Bill.

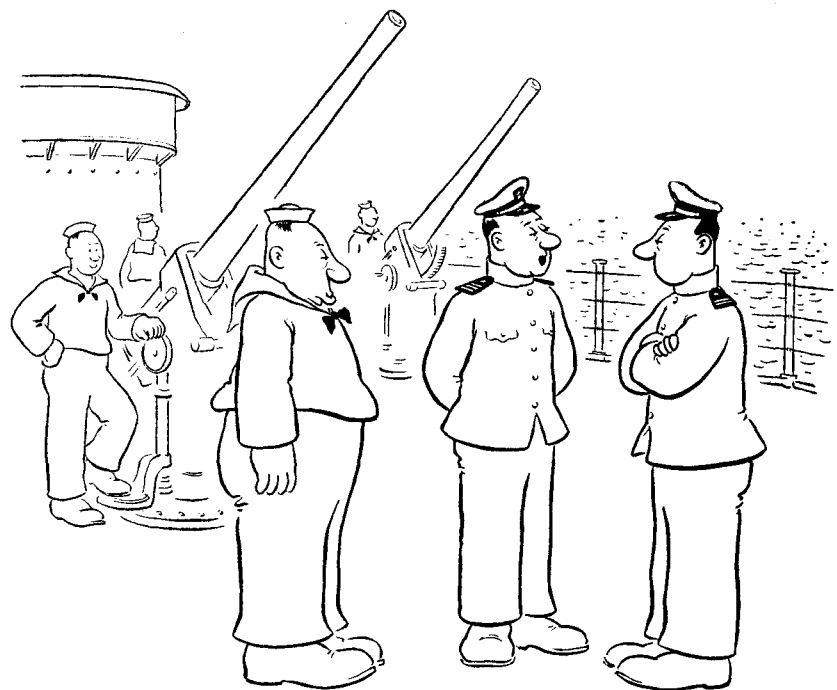
"Think I'll drop in at Bradford's and play rummy. Ain't done it for a long time."

When they got to Bradford's he paused, then said, "I'll just walk across the bridge with you." When they got to the little bridge he stopped again. "I'll probably drift back this way around nine or so and walk home with you. Go on. It's six-thirty and a man shouldn't be late."

He watched Bill's face. Bill was still excited and he went toward the McCormack house at a walk faster than his usual walk, as though he liked what he was doing. Turck thought: He's got a walk like mine. But he had one hard jolt of fear as he saw Bill go, and one dark flash of insight upon that day when Bill, a grown man, would walk away for good. He turned back across the bridge and strolled down the street toward Bradford's. The sun had dropped and the air was clear and warm and rich with the smell of summer.

HE WENT into Bradford's and sat up to the counter for a meal. He was a careful man these days with his money, saving it for a stake that would enable him to take Bill to some other part of the country they'd never seen. Maybe this time it would be Alaska. But this was a night out and so he ate and didn't begrudge the cost, and he moved over to a table and got in a game of rummy with four loggers in from Camp Six; and around eight o'clock he had a bottle of beer and a Swiss cheese sandwich, and kept on playing.

He was a man who liked to be with other men and it had been a long time since he'd done this; even so the evening presently got long on him and he began looking at his watch, waiting for



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COLLIER'S

F. HUMFREVILLE

nine o'clock to come. He sat back in his chair, losing interest in the game; and he began to think again of Bill walking away from him. Bill was thirteen now. In three or four years more he would be on his way to college somewhere—and that was really the end of it. That's all he had left, these three or four years. He finished his hand and got up and left Bradford's.

THE party was all over and everybody had gone home except Bill and Myra LeTuck who was in his room at school, and Caroline McCormack. Bill remembered what Pop had said about being useful and took some of the punch glasses into the kitchen, and found Caroline McCormack coming behind him. "Bill," she said, "maybe you'd like to take Myra home."

"Pop figured to come and meet me." "Take Myra and come back," she said, and watched his eyes show change. He liked the idea, but he was thinking of his father.

"All right," he said. "Tell Pop to wait for me." He looked at her. "A man like Pop needs somebody to talk to."

"He's got you, Bill."

"Maybe," said Bill carefully, "he ought to have somebody around his own age. He wants to join the Army, but there's me, and so he can't go."

"Did he say so?"

"No," said Bill, "Pop doesn't say much."

"Bill," she said, "would you want him to go?"

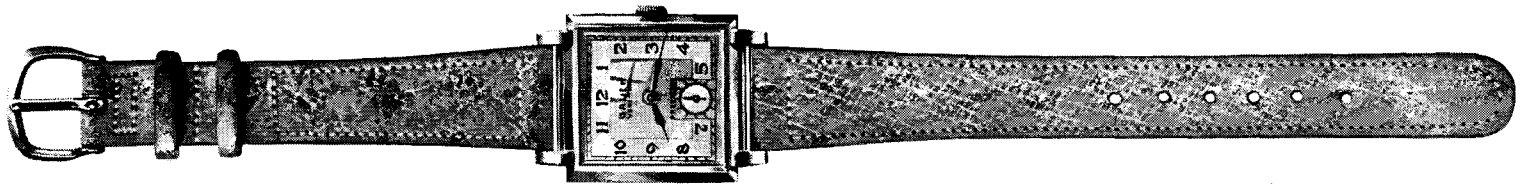
He looked away from her and she saw the trouble in his own mind—his loyalty struggling with the pride he had



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COLLIER'S

DAVE GERARD



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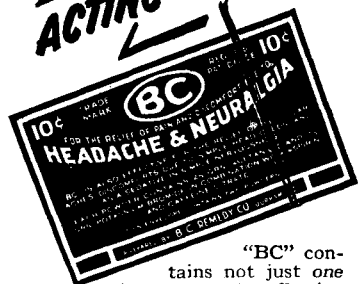


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in his father; the need of his father against his little-boy wish to have his father always playing the right part. "He'd be a swell soldier," said Bill. "He wouldn't be a private very long."

"Take Myra home, Bill."

She followed those two out of the door and stood on the porch, watching them move along the little lane climbing the ridge west of town; there was someone else coming up from the bridge and in a moment Turck came before the porch steps, standing in the doorway's thrown-out beam of light. He dropped his cigarette and she saw how anger turned his face cold and pushed his lips together; this was the way, she imagined, he faced another man in a fight—all the kindness gone out of him. He said, "What the hell did you do that for?"

"Why, Turck," she murmured, "you're jealous."

"Maybe," he said very slowly. "Or maybe I don't want him to start with women until he's older. That misery comes soon enough."

"But it will come. Some day he'll marry—and then he's gone from you, and what's left for you then?"

"There'll be plenty to remember," he said. "I can live on that. That I had a boy and watched him grow up." He came to the porch and he stood before her and above her, rolling a cigarette to have something for his hands to do. "I won't hold him when it is time for him to go, but until then let him grow up boy style with no girls burning out his soul."

"I've never seen a father and a son closer than you two, Turck."

"My desire," he said, "is to let him have the fun of being young, which I never had. This world is changin' and no man knows what it will be like ahead of us, nor knows how to prepare himself for it. So the best that can be done is to show Bill how to do things with his hands, to figure things out, to be reliant wherever he may be, to land on his feet anywhere, whether the world turns into a howling wilderness or stays as it is. Just the common things that make a man steady and not afraid—which is what the schools forgot to teach a long time ago."

"You're bitter about women and therefore you don't want him to know about them. That is the wrong way, Turck. The more he knows about them, the less they'll hurt him. That's why I wanted him to walk home with Myra. I was only supplying the same kind of practical information you want him to have."

"Maybe," he said. But he stood disbelieving before her and she knew he judged her and all other women by the one woman who had cut his feelings into ribbons and had left him.

"TURCK," she said, "you are making two mistakes. You have put all your life in Bill and when he goes away you'll have no life left. And you are bitter about women. That's bad for you. You can't forever live alone."

"I'm sorry," he said, "but when you mix into my business you've got to expect to get hurt. Where's Charley Boice now? Did he walk out, or did you walk out?" He threw away his cigarette and looked keenly at her. "This is what you deserve for interfering." He reached forward and seized her by the arms, not knowing how the bite of his big hands pained her; he stepped against her and his kiss hit her like a blow, full on the lips, and stayed until she pulled herself free.

He said in a different voice, "I figured it was something you had decided you'd never let a man do to you again. So I did it, to show you. Still, I'm sorry."

"Bill's coming," she said in a short, breathless voice.

Bill came up the walk, whistling and

dragging his feet. He stood at the bottom of the steps, watching these two. He murmured, "Hello, Pop. Been waiting long?"

"Not long," said Turck and left the porch. He walked beside Bill, his hands coming to his cigarette pack merely as a habit. He heard Bill call back as an afterthought, "Nice party and thank you." They crossed the bridge and walked through town and down Mill Row.

"Nice party," said Bill.

"Fine," said Turck. "Better turn in. We'll hike up the Camp Two road tomorrow."

He sat on the steps after Bill had gone to bed, and he thought of Caroline McCormack and there was a nettling sharpness all through him, so that the exact memory of the kiss came back, and the shaped hardness and softness of her body against him; and he recalled how long it had been since he had permitted himself to think of a woman in that way—the fragrance and the grace and the goodness of a woman. It was like wind rushing into places long damp and dark.

THEY hiked through the morning's gold-warm sunlight, the odor of trampled-down fern springing around them. Far away and higher the Cascade slopes showed the sharp spires of fir against the sky's blue; and the creek ran with them as they climbed. They tried their luck from pool to pool and at noon they had four small ones. Bill rustled up a fire while Turck cleaned the trout and laid them in the pan; he took some sliced bacon out of his haversack and laid it with the fish, and diced an onion over the bacon. He let Bill do the frying; he sat back, watching how Bill did it, not saying anything, but pleased that the boy had learned so well.

He ate his part of the luncheon and washed the tin plates and the pan and stowed them away. He lay on the grass and his mind marched toward one thing that had been a shadow, an impulse, a half-decision for six hours. "Bill," he said, "you like Caroline McCormack?"

"Nice," said Bill. He sat cross-legged, looking across the creek, looking upward at the sky. He had his eyes nearly closed and he was going away from Turck into an unreachable boy's dreaming. He said in an idle afterthought, "That Myra's all right, too," and suddenly looked at his father, as though

he might have said something wrong. "Fine," said Turck.

They crossed a hogback ridge and came slowly homeward through stump land and blackberry patches, down old skid roads and through the mottle shade of locust and fir and oak. They reached home and Turck started up the stove. But he was feeling odd and he had no liking for the house; so he said, "Let's go to the Crystal," and they strolled to town and ate, and came back through the sundown hour. Bill got out the ball and they stood on Mill Lane and played catch until darkness came in; and after that, they sat on the porch. Bill had his arms drooped over his legs and he was once again moving out and away, beyond Turck's reach; and it seemed to Turck, who knew Bill so well, that his son was lonely. It was a thing he had never thought of before.

"Bill," said Turck, "we have had a lot of fun."

"Yeah," said Bill.

"Can't always be fun. Time comes when things get tougher. Or change. Sometimes a man gets on the short end of the score."

"What's up, Pop?"

Turck rose from the steps. "I'm going to take a walk. Be back soon."

He walked idly on, but he knew then where he was going. He turned into Pennoyer and moved through town. When he crossed the bridge he paused a moment, facing the McCormack house. Somebody sat on the porch, deep in the shadows, and as he stood still he was aware of his own life changing, and he recognized the ending of one golden time for himself and for Bill. He had thought perhaps that all this could go on forever; but in that he had been mistaken.

When he got to the porch he saw Caroline; and he came up the steps and watched her rise.

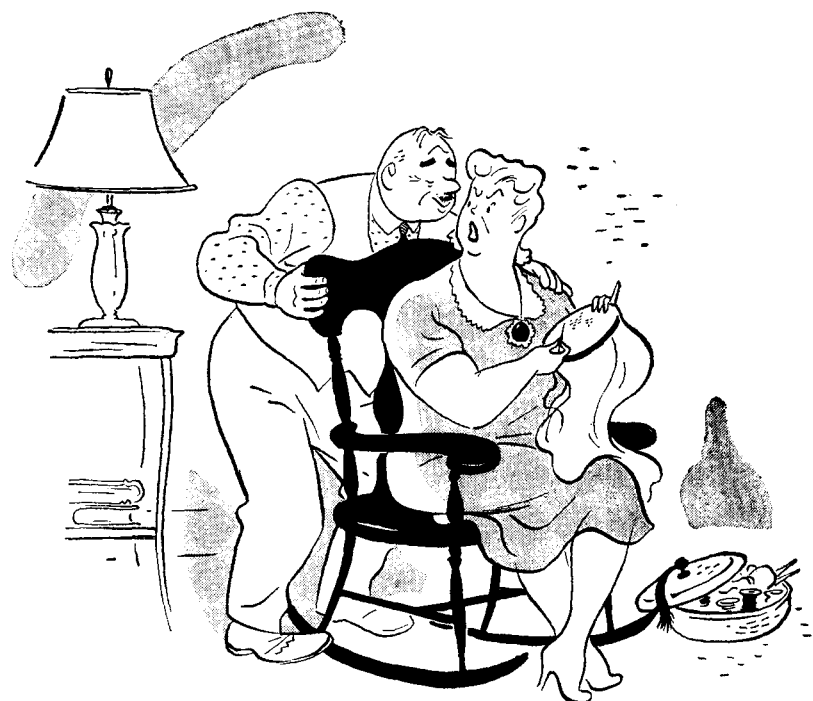
"Caroline," he said, "last night you came over the field just as we did. Why did you do that?"

"I wanted you to see me."

"You know," he said, "I think Bill's lonely."

"We're all lonely, aren't we?"

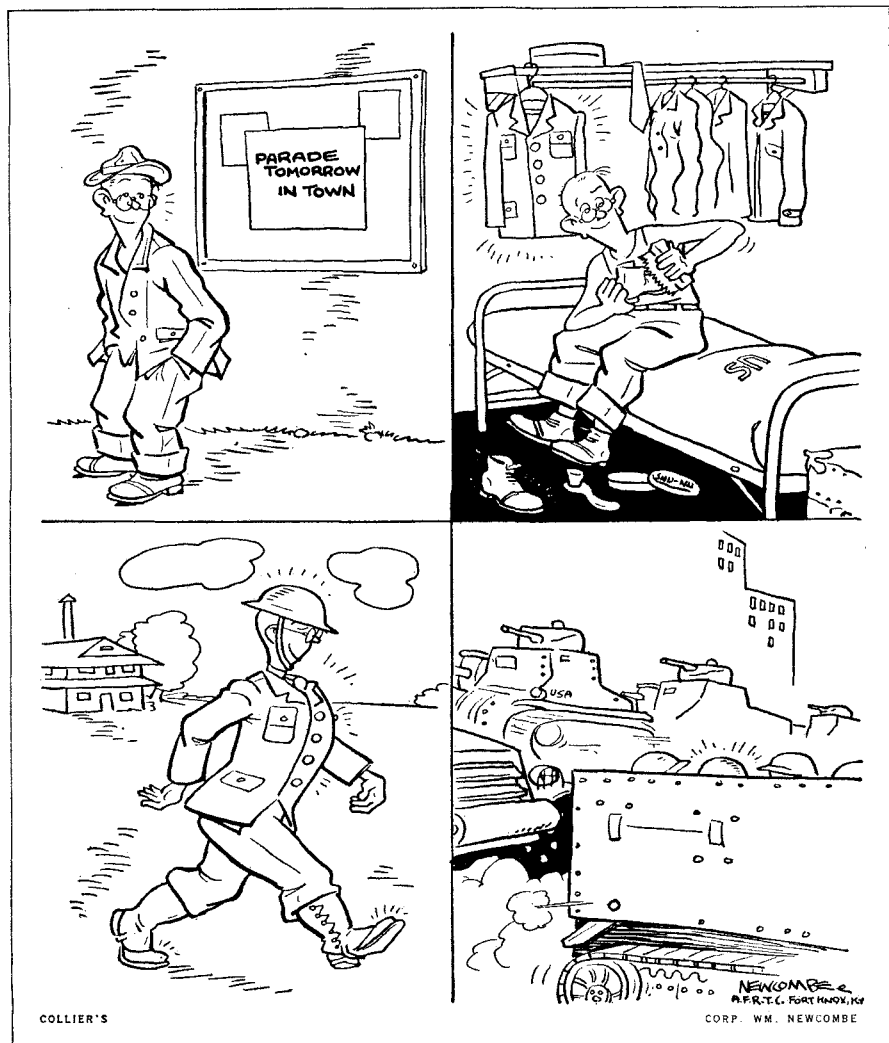
"Yes," he said, "I guess that's part of it." He came directly before her and looked down. "I think I know you, and I think you know me. I hope I'm not wrong." He was very slow with his motions; her own arms came up to prompt him and when he kissed her he knew he



"Stop, John! Why can't you fall for your secretary like other husbands do?"

COLLIER'S

GEORGE WOLFE



hadn't been wrong. It was as he had thought it would be when he had noticed her come across the field. She had moved directly, deliberately; and so now had he.

She stepped back, laughing gently, hurriedly, but holding to him. She watched him with a strange shape to her lips, as though half ready to cry even in her laughter. "Turck," she said, "I'll watch Bill while you're gone. That's what you want, isn't it?"

"Yes," he said. "I've got to go. You see how it is, don't you?"

"I know," she said. But she was watching him with a shadowed expression, with depth and wonder and longing, so that he knew what was in her heart.

He said, "I wouldn't have come here just for that, Caroline. I wouldn't have come at all if I could have stayed away."

He saw her smile come on, full and shining. She said, "Let's go tell Bill."

HE HELD his answer quite a while. Then he said, "There's just been the two of us for thirteen years. If you don't mind a whole lot I'd like to go back alone and tell him. That's the last time we'll leave you out of anything."

She nodded and came to the edge of the steps with him. When he had gotten halfway to the street she called after him, soft and quick—with something in her voice needing him: "After you've told him, come back."

When he got to the end of Mill Lane he stopped and had a moment of hardness, trying to find a way of putting it to Bill. He went into the house, through the darkness; he lighted a lamp and found Bill in bed, still awake. Turck sat on the edge of the bed.

"Bill," he said, "you mind if I marry Caroline?"

He watched Bill's eyes go full open and then half close; he watched a funny grin come over Bill's face. "That's all right, Pop."

"Be a change, like I said."

"Gives a fellow a funny feeling," said

Bill. "Kind of make things better."

Turck said, "She'll take care of you, Bill. I've got to join the Army. I've got to take my turn at pitchin'."

"Yeah," said Bill, "I know. You'll be a captain pretty quick, Pop."

Why, thought Turck, he thinks that's where I ought to be, and the strangeness of it made him cool and sad. But then he saw why it was: He meant a sort of thing to Bill, and he had to keep on being that sort of thing.

"Then it's settled," he said. "I think I'll walk back there for a little while."

"Sure," said Bill, and reached out and took his father's hand. Bill's face was brown from summer and his hair stuck up on his head and his hand was warm and moist; he had a lot in him but he was still a boy dreaming, feeling more than he understood. Turck stood up and for a moment he faced the one brutal fear of all this; the old days were done. When he came back, in a year or two years, the last of that boyhood would have passed by. It was more than that: Maybe he wouldn't come back—a man had to look at that, too. Maybe this was the end of it all, this very moment when Bill and he looked at each other and smiled.

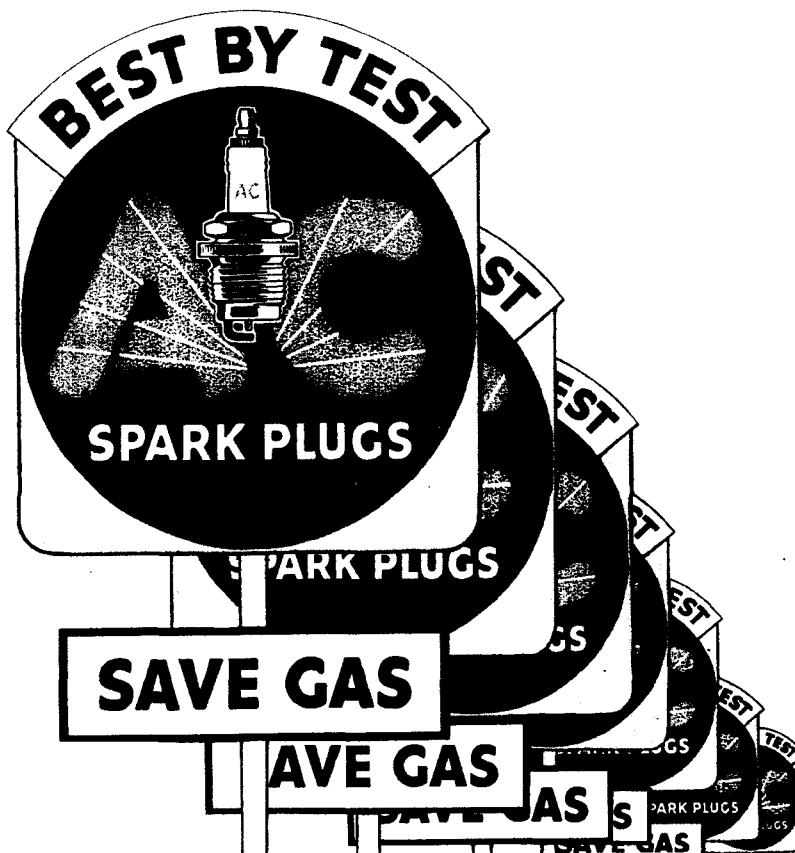
He watched Bill and he brought all the power of his mind into the full seeing of the picture his son made, wanting it bitten into him so that it would never go. It brought its terrible sadness, and its hard wonder; and then Turck thought: That's the way it's always got to be. Growing up and growing old. We've had the best of it and he'll remember me for what I meant to him, and that's a fine thing, and I can remember, too.

"Be back in a little while, Son," Turck said.

"That's all right, Pop. Tomorrow maybe we better fix up the front room. She won't like the way it is now."

"Sure," said Turck, and left the house, going down toward Pennoyer. He found himself walking rapidly, begrudging the time lost.

THE END



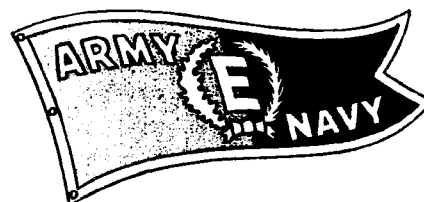
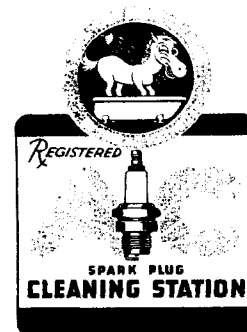
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"Can the Russians ever forget the ruins of Kiev, the burning of Smolensk, the disfigurement of Novgorod?"

ILLUSTRATED BY HANDE GRAMATKY

I HEARD RUSSIA SIGHING

By Irina Skariatina

RADIOED FROM MOSCOW

A famous Russian novelist returns to her country as a correspondent for Collier's. Everywhere the people wonder longingly about the second front. But it doesn't take their minds off their main purpose . . . destroying the enemy

IT MUST be half past two in the morning. There is a pounding on the door, and a familiar unwelcome voice shouts something about a plane.

"All right, all right! I suppose it is not leaving again. Please go away," I cry indignantly, pulling the blanket over by head and muttering into my pillow.

For five nights, this same exasperating procedure has been going on with no variations. Regularly at half past two, long before the crack of dawn, Hassan, the night man of my Teheran hotel, pounds on my door and duly informs me that: No, I am not to get up, as my plane is not leaving this morning at four but the day after—perhaps. No persuasive words on my part to let me sleep quietly through the night, or little gifts of local currency known as *rials* and *tomans* have the slightest effect on his stern routine.

But this time, for a change, I hear something different: Yes, I am to get up immediately, as fast as I can. My plane is leaving in half an hour.

Wildly I dash out of bed and sprinkle over myself a few drops of the cold water that trickles slowly out of an ancient faucet, throw on some clothes, grab suitcases and rush downstairs to the waiting car.

"You are late! You will never make it!" the driver says severely. "It is

nearly four now, and the plane leaves at half past. It won't wait for you."

"Nearly four!" I gasp.

I gaze reproachfully at the retreating back of Hassan as he nimbly vanishes into the hotel. For once, he forgot to wake me up at the prescribed hour, on the one and only morning when the plane suddenly decided to leave.

Off we go at breakneck speed through the streets of Teheran, that are completely deserted save for occasional groups of little gray donkeys heavily burdened with their usual load of vegetables and fruit.

The Vastness of Russia

At the airport, in the dark, I can barely discern the outline of the plane I am to travel on. But despite all the rush and hurry, time passes, and when dawn breaks we finally take off.

Leaving Teheran, one of the few open doors into the Soviet Union, and flying at high altitude over the mountains to the Caspian Sea, one soon enters an entirely new world—a world of great open spaces, of deserts and steppes that stretch seemingly without end toward the dim line of the horizon.

It is here that one begins to realize the immensity of Russia. Over the golden sands of Baku, over the blue waters of the Caspian Sea and the Bay of Karabugaz, over the steppes and plains, one flies for hours, now and then catching a fleeting glimpse of the Volga or the Ural River, of Kirghiz encampments and occasional strips of cultivated land.

"Just look at the vastness of your

land!" exclaims a foreigner seated next to a young Red Army officer, both facing me. "Why, with all this territory back of the Volga to the Ural Mountains and Siberia, which is a continent in itself, you would still be one of the largest countries in the world."

"What do you mean by that?" demands the Russian, flushing angrily. "Do you imagine for one instant that we ever admit the possibility of parting with one strip of European Russia for any length of time? Don't worry. We'll soon stamp out and destroy Hitler and his hordes even without any help from the outside if necessary."

"To be sure we will," agrees an older man, also a Russian, sitting next to me. "But right now, assistance from our allies would be most timely and welcome. After all, we are bearing the brunt of an intolerable burden on our shoulders, for not only Germany but all of occupied Europe is fighting us. Our native land is torn and trampled and wounded in many places, and the blood is flowing, flowing. Now if only the second front were to start!"

He breaks off, sighs deeply and silence falls once more. I stare out of the little window at the world below me and think that never, never will any foe be able to capture for long and hold those endless miles of Russian soil. I get up and join the Iranian ambassador and his daughter, who are sitting in the front seats.

But at last we reach Kuibyshev, the Samara of prerevolutionary days. I had seen it many times, as a girl, when

(Continued on page 61)



"Hate the enemy and love Russia with all your heart and soul." The army and navy, civilians, even children, all feel and speak alike

The Black Market

By Marjorie Worthington

ILLUSTRATED BY GEOFFREY BIGGS

They were hungry and frightened, these people of Toulon, but still shrewd and firm, outwitting the enemy with a ruthlessness and cruel cunning that surpassed his own

MADAME NIPPERTE now ran the bar alone; the bar-tabac on the Quai Cronstadt where a side street cuts in. It was a modest bar of the people, not elegant like the big Café de la Rade, and yet it had tables outside on the terrace and as good a view of the port as anybody could wish. She ran it alone now, because her husband, the tall handsome ex-prizefighter, was a prisoner somewhere up north. She hadn't heard from him since the day he left with a contingent from Toulon, for what they then called "the front." A returning buddy gave her the news that he had been captured and was now in a concentration camp.

"He was always one for getting himself in trouble!" Madame Nipperte grumbled. "However, he is probably enjoying himself on the fat of the land, while I have to do all the work here for a few years, perhaps, and starve in the bargain. But he will return. Mark my words. When he is tired of it up north, he will be back here demanding bouillabaisse and rum."

She kept talking this way for several months and then she ceased even to mention her husband's name. She acted as if he had deserted her for some wench up north. He had always threatened it, and now she seemed to believe he had carried out his threat. When someone suggested that the barbed wire of a concentration camp was what was holding him, she snorted. Did he not come from Marseille originally? He would have a knife on him somewhere . . . and he would nip any wires as fast as they put him behind them. He stayed away because he was tired of her, and of the little bar-tabac where he had to do some work occasionally behind the counter.

No one took her seriously. She was a grumbler, but a smart woman and a hard worker, and she loved her husband. It was obvious she was ashamed to show how she really felt. She didn't want anyone to think she was soft, like the women she knew in the street behind the café—the crooked, winding, incredibly filthy street where decent and God-respecting Toulonese lived with their families, ate, fought, slept, loved, washed and said prayers before plaster saints.

Those women, whom she sometimes visited, wept and sniffled and were ashamed to show themselves because their eyes were swollen. Some of them had sons in the navy, some of them had husbands "up north," too. They were not sure exactly what had happened to their pleasant, sunny world, but they could recognize disaster when it overtook them. There was very little food to be bought or stolen in the fish market, or in the stalls on the Cours Lafayette. There was no butter or fat or oil of any kind; the coffee did not even color the water in the pot; and as for the bread that used to come out of the bakers' ovens hot and long and crisp—one might as well pick up the refuse in the running gutters and eat it, the taste and quality was like that.

What had happened was not only to be seen in the pinched faces of the dirty little children on the street; even the birds in the dark windows looked thin. Some of them disappeared from the cages and no neighbors were indelicate enough to ask questions.

Madame Nipperte rose early mornings, from habit. At six o'clock she was stirring behind the curtained-off partition that was the kitchen and entrance to her living quarters. At a quarter past the hour she was in the tiled-floor café, her eyes puffy with sleep, her wide, high-cheekboned face with the small pudgy nose, the broad mouth, the shrewd dark eyes, set in a sullen expression.

Once upon a time, Madame Nipperte had been a young woman, a typical Toulonaise, with small waist,

Mimi sat down beside the German and accepted a cigarette from him. The Greek was back in his corner with a morning newspaper shielding his face



swaying hips, thick heavy mane of hair, and a manner at the same time arrogant and yielding. But that was before she married the ex-prizefighter from Marseille and purchased, with her dot and his savings, the little café on the Quai Cronstadt. Since then she had coarsened and thickened, and she was no longer anybody's beauty.

Now, as she faced the day, mop in hand, to clean up from the business of the night before, there was discouragement in the slope of her shoulders. No one was around to see her and she could drop theatrics. She was a worried woman—a tired, disappointed person, shocked to her soul by the turn of events.

Swoosh . . . she bent over and squeezed the mop and then she flung it in a corner. Someone was approaching the café along the quai. The footsteps were familiar.

"Tiens!" she muttered, "it is you. The coffee is about ready."

A flashy little man in a black derby, a brown suit and pointed, buttoned shoes, came between the tables of the terrace. His skin was swarthy, his nose broken, and over his caked lips he flaunted a magnificent long black mustache with turned-up ends. He was Tony Papalous, owner of a once-busy little coral fleet with crews of divers. He was known to the Nippertes and their other clients as the Dirty Greek. This was meant as no disparagement . . . it was more like a joke. He was Madame Nipperte's most intimate friend and when she called him the Dirty Greek he always grinned and seemed to like it.

COFFEE was steaming in a big metal contraption behind the bar. Madame turned off a cock and ignored it. After an interval she dove behind the curtains and came back with a small brown porcelain drip pot. She poured from this into a thick glass on the counter. She hesitated, and poured another glassful for herself. Then, reaching under the bar, she brought up a bottle of rum. It was almost empty. She gazed at it sadly, shrugged her shoulders, and poured a little into the Greek's glass, then she put the bottle back. She put three lumps of sugar in her own glass and drank it scalding hot.

Then she folded her plump arms and said, "What have you brought me?"

He grinned, showing a gold tooth. Then slowly he opened his jacket. From under an armpit he withdrew a package, compressed and not so small as it first seemed.

"A fine piece of beefsteak, for your dinner," he said.

Her eyes brightened for a second as she took it and weighed it in her hands. But she merely grunted her thanks and looked expectant.

The Greek frowned. "It is growing harder and harder," he said. "But this afternoon Marie Jesus will bring you a case of cigarettes, and also some Corsican wine—a barrel of the white."

"Merci!" Madame Nipperte looked cheered. "That is something. I can do business with those. More coffee?"

The Greek accepted and reached in a basket for a soft crescent roll. He chewed silently, and then picked his teeth with a flourish. "I don't know," he said, "whether I can make many more voyages. It is getting very hard. There is only one boat left I can use—there is no fuel for the others. And three of my men have deserted. They have children and can't take the risk."

Madame Nipperte frowned. "And you . . . what will you do then?"

"One always finds a way to get along. And I am very smart." He flashed his gold tooth. But she noticed that already he looked a little seedy. A Greek like that had to be prosperous, she thought . . . or else . . .

There was a thin shadow in the doorway and a young man came in.

The Greek sat down in a corner and picked up last night's newspaper, while Madame Nipperte disappeared behind the curtain with the young man. There was the sound of a bottle knocking against a glass, then they reappeared.

"Bon jour, Toto," the Greek said.

"'Jour." The young man, in a sleeveless sweater and a pair of trousers too tight for him, saluted and then slumped down in a chair at the Greek's table.

Madame Nipperte shuffled over with a cup of coffee-and-milk and put it before the young man.

"How was it in Marseille?" the Greek asked.

The young man looked over his shoulder. Then he said, "What do you expect? All that comes in goes north as fast as possible, to Germany. Everything—not a banana escapes. There is nothing doing there . . ."

"It is only you who are doing nothing."

began arranging chairs around the marble-topped tables.

There was sunlight on Toulon harbor now. It was shining on the gray battle-ships of the French navy. Up above Madame Nipperte's café and all along the quai it made the windows glisten. It even made the tired caryatids on the Hôtel de Ville look whitewashed and fresh. None of the awnings were down yet. Everything was open-faced. And still, to Madame Nipperte, there was something sinister even in the white, sunny stillness. It was not as it had been, not as she had known the old quai. As she shaded her eyes, she saw only a sad-looking gendarme, and two men whom she recognized as members of the German secret police. She spat at their backs and returned to the zinc bar and picked up her knitting.

There were few customers. Toto and the Greek were playing a game of cards. The morning hours passed slowly. At eleven o'clock the girl Mimi drifted in

hotly. "It isn't his fault he is German and sent here among us. He is no different underneath from us . . . except that his manners are better . . . and he is educated . . ."

Madame Nipperte went behind the curtain for a few minutes. When she returned she was carrying a sack made of black oilcloth, the kind used by the women for marketing. "You two—" she called to the Greek and the girl, "watch the place for me. I won't be long. If anybody wants to talk to me, tell them to wait. And don't sell any rum. There is only white wine and beer for sale. But there will be no customers. Business is gone for good. I only keep open to accommodate my friends." With this thrust, she scuffed out of the café.

The flower vender before the church at the entrance to the market place held out a bouquet of carnations to her as she passed, but she ignored them. She bought a few leeks and some other greens for soup. She gossiped without much spirit, and then departed, her sack swinging limply against her hips.

Before returning to her café, however, she passed into the dirty street that ran crazily behind it and entered one of the narrow houses. At the third floor rear she knocked and pushed open a door.

IN THE littered, overcrowded room, a woman was sewing at a machine. She looked up and smiled with pleasure. In a corner was a wheel chair in which sat an old woman whose hand made a futile effort to raise itself at Madame Nipperte's entrance.

"Hello," Madame said to the sewing machine and the wheel chair. "How goes it?"

"Not bad." The woman at the sewing machine rose. "Sit down," she said.

"I only dropped by," Madame Nipperte said. "How is the youngster this morning?"

The woman walked to a curtain and parted it. A little boy lay in bed, sleeping. "I don't know," the woman said, frowning. "He seems to have no strength at all."

Madame Nipperte stared at the child coldly. Then she walked back to the littered room. "Here," she said, taking a package from her oilcloth sack. "A piece of good beefsteak. Cook it for the gosse. He needs red blood."

The dressmaker stammered her thanks. Then she said, "Have you heard anything?"

"No."

The other's voice lowered in tone: "They say there are over thirty thousand men in Marseille ready to take the port if only the English come with help. They say . . ."

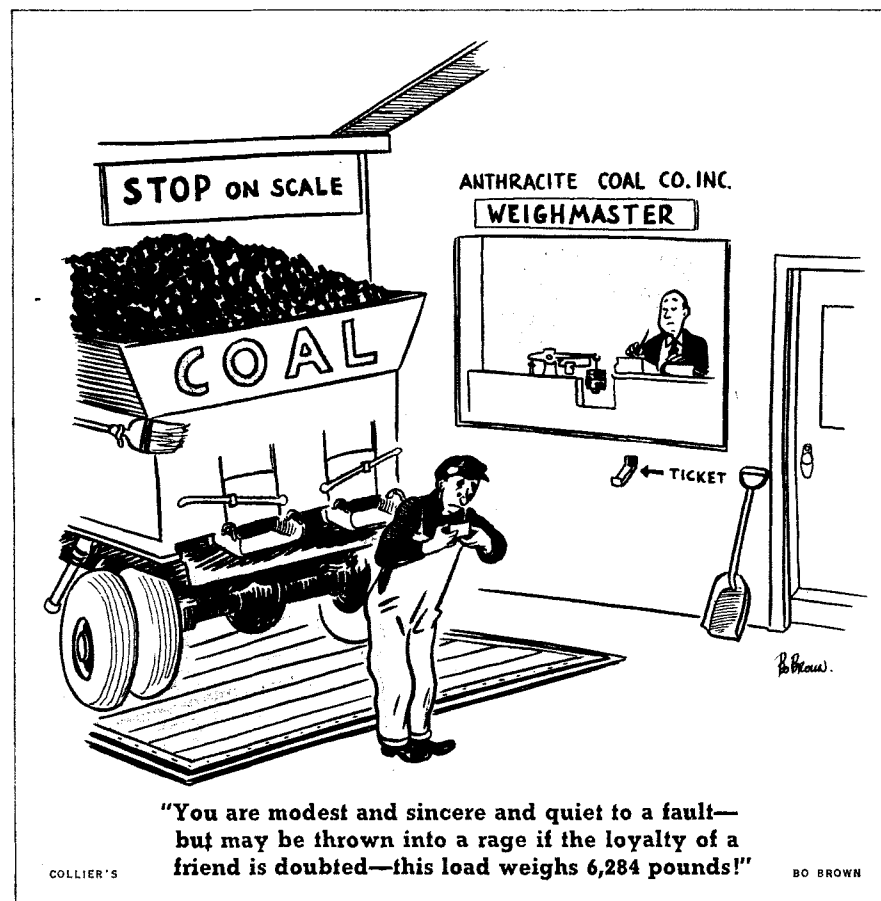
The old woman in the wheel chair murmured suddenly, "They will be punished. . . ."

"She means the Germans," the dressmaker explained. "She is sure God will punish Hitler for his crimes."

"They will be punished . . ." the old voice repeated.

"Tell her to hold her tongue," Madame Nipperte said, roughly, and then she left.

SHE was a little flustered with mixed emotions when she reached her bartabac; that is how she explained to herself the fact that the newcomer, seated at the table farthest from the Greek, looked so much to her like a certain Leon Juhamel. He was an anemic type, dressed in a suit of proletarian blue overalls. He was clean-shaven, and Juhamel, leader of the party for which she and her husband had voted these many years, had had a beard. And yet she had the queer feeling she knew the stranger. In the back room there had hung a poster for a while, and then, around election times there had been pictures in the newspapers. But Ju-



ing," Madame Nipperte put in. "My brother-in-law's cousin has made a fortune already in the black market. But he is smart, that one."

The young man ignored her remarks. "Have you seen Mimi this morning?" he asked.

"That slut!" Madame Nipperte shook with scorn. "She is upstairs in her flat, sleeping still, I suppose. The German was with her again last night."

TOTO'S chair scraped the floor, his fingers wound around the thick cup as if he would crush it. Madame Nipperte leaned over his shoulder. "He is good to her," she said. "He gives her things. What do you expect of a girl like that? She was used to the American before he went away. He spoiled her for such good-for-nothings as you who could only make a girl miserable. You can't even carry out an errand for me . . ."

Toto looked at her with hatred. "You and your errands that would send a man to prison or to his death, for your ten francs."

"And a drink of alcohol," Madame said quickly. "Where else would you be paid so well for your worthless time? You are a young man—you did not even fight. Now you complain!" She left them and went out on the terrace and

for coffee and a crescent. Her shoulder-length dark hair was tousled, last night's make-up was still on her face—the long beaded eyelashes, the lipstick that made a gash in the pale olive of her skin. She had reason to be proud of her figure, slender, small-waisted, high-breasted. She wore a brief, tight black skirt and a pink silk blouse with a deep opening in front. She was stockingless and her high-heeled slippers were open-toed.

As she entered, the young man, Toto, threw down his cards, muttered something to the Greek, and went out. Mimi, hands on her hips, watched him leave. Then she shrugged her shoulders and sat down at Papalous' table. Madame Nipperte came with a cup brimful of chicory and hot milk. Some of it slopped on the table top.

"Well, wench?" she said.

Mimi put her hand down her blouse and drew out a five-franc note which she threw on the table. "Take out for my coffee," she said, proudly.

Madame Nipperte picked the note up, grunted and stuck it in the pocket of her black apron. "I will credit this to your account," she said. "He's not very generous, is he, your Gestapo?"

The girl brushed her long hair back over her ears with both hands. "Why do you pick on me?" she demanded

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CARTER'S INK

hamel had had a beard . . . and Juhamel was now . . .

As she made her entrance Mimi was standing behind the bar talking to two sailors. Madame tossed her sack into the kitchen and pushed Mimi away from the bar. She picked up two glasses and began to wash them. "Have you money to pay?" she asked.

The two sailors began searching their pockets. "Never mind," Madame Nipperte said. "I know you will find nothing." Next time patronize the German bar on the Boulevard Strasbourg. They will make you drunk gladly, I suppose, for nothing."

When the sailors had left she turned and said, in a civil conversational tone to Mimi, "When is he coming here, your German?"

"He promised to join me for an *apéritif* around noon. He is treating me to lunch, then we are to spend the day together—a sort of holiday. . . ."

Mimi seemed pleased that Madame had spoken to her as if she were a person, for a change. Her conscience was troubled because of the German and because she had treated Toto badly. But he was making no money and only ran errands for Madame Nipperte and others. He could find no steady job.

When the German tourists began coming, they needed girls to show them around . . . and they were generous, and polite, and not at all the beasts they were supposed to be. At least, no more than most men were to girls like herself. Still . . . she knew Madame had a right to treat her as if she were dirt. Oh, if only there were some way of getting away from Toulon. It was so dreary now, and bitter . . .

Madame Nipperte sat talking to the stranger in his corner, and now they got up and went behind the curtain and began talking in low voices. Mimi decided to go upstairs and freshen her appearance. Today at least she could look forward to a little pleasure. . . .

Behind the curtain Madame Nipperte and the stranger ate from bowls of soup that had been simmering on the back of the stove. There was bread, too, and some goat's cheese.

WHEN he had finished eating, the stranger wiped his mouth with the gesture of a man used to a mustache.

"Well?" Madame Nipperte asked.

He drew from a pocket a soiled card. She took it. It was one of the commercial cards her husband had had made when they opened the café, fifteen years ago. "He gave this to you?"

The stranger nodded.

"Where is he?"

The stranger looked away. "He should have been here with me. We got away together. But they caught him. He insisted on stopping in a public square as soon as we hit the first town in Provence . . . to play a game of *boules*! He was picked up."

"The fool," Madame said. She put the soup bowls in the sink. Her eyes were moist. "And you?" she asked.

"I must get to Marseille," he said.

"You must be anxious for Dachau," Madame Nipperte said.

"I have come this far without being recognized."

"But only this far. I recognized you at once, even without the beard. The Dirty Greek knew you, too. He had an appointment in Sanary, but you see he is still out there. He is curious."

"Is he to be trusted?"

"Yes. He is our friend. He owns boats . . . coral boats with a crew of divers. He used to be busy mending docks and things as well as searching for coral. He was once very rich. But now, of course, everyone is poor. Oh . . . I see what you are thinking. Perhaps. I may ask him, but it is crazy."

She parted the curtain and beckoned

to Tony Papalous. As he came forward eagerly, she felt sorry for him. This was something one couldn't refuse. Juhamel was important. There was no profit in it, and probably death or a concentration camp if one were caught. Well, Marius had been caught. Why should others be free?

She went to serve some customers who were standing at the bar, and let the Greek and the stranger talk it over together in the alcove. She kept an eye on the door to the quai. What if the German should come early for his rendezvous with Mimi?

Toto came in and she sent him, too, behind the curtain. She stuck her head in for a second and gave a quick instruction. Toto would take the stranger to her friend, the dressmaker, in the street behind . . . and he was to remain there for the time being . . . until something could be arranged. She returned to her position at the bar.

TOTO and the stranger came out together and had started toward the door, and Madame was smiling . . . but the smile froze on her face.

In the doorway they were blocked by someone. Mimi's German, of course, twenty minutes early for his rendezvous. He was tall and broad and blond and immaculately dressed in white-flannel trousers and a blue jacket, a ridiculously small beret on his large head. He stepped aside, as if contact with the two who were leaving would soil his spotless sports costume. But as Toto and the stranger went out, the expression on his usually bland face became peculiar. He frowned and stood watching them in the doorway, until they had turned the corner.

Then he entered, said good morning, and sat down at a table. Madame Nipperte brought him a glass of beer, without sweetening it. He lit a pipe and sat smoking it, thoughtfully.

The café began to fill slowly . . . a few sailors, some shopkeepers on their way home to lunch, a couple of bus drivers. They drank their sour white wine, but there was not much of the usual badinage.

Soon Mimi drifted in, her hair combed, and new make-up on. She slid into the seat beside the German. She accepted a cigarette from him. They didn't say much to each other. The Greek was back in his corner with a morning newspaper shielding his face. By twelve-thirty the sailors and the rest had gone.

"Well," Madame Nipperte said, resting her elbows on the counter, and exhibiting a rare tendency to make conversation. "It is a beautiful day." Nobody agreed or disagreed with her.

"A fine day for a promenade," she insisted, looking directly at Mimi. Then she sighed. "I wish I could get away. Some people have all the luck."

"Where would you go?" Mimi asked. "I have never known you to leave the quai even when you had the chance."

"Just the same," Madame said, slowly, "Tony Papalous is taking a stranger over to the Isles of Porquerolles this afternoon. . . . I haven't been there for years. It would make a beautiful excursion."

The Greek lowered his newspaper.

"The Isles of Porquerolles?" the German asked. "And, please, what are they?"

"What!" Madame thundered. "You have been in Toulon several weeks, and you have not heard of the Golden Isles? They are little gems of beauty . . . they are the jewels of our coast . . . they . . . they are very picturesque." She reached under the counter and arranged the poor little stock of Maryland cigarettes. When she came up, her face was red from the exertion. She said, innocently, "Perhaps if you have made no other plans for this afternoon the Greek

would be glad to let you go along. You could make magnificent photographs with your camera, Monsieur Franz."

The Greek let his newspaper drop. He was staring at Madame Nipperte, his mouth open.

The German said something to Mimi, who seemed at first reluctant, then apparently she agreed, because the German said, "What time is the expedition to start?"

"Two o'clock, I believe. Is that right, Tony?"

"Very well." The German rose and Mimi followed him. "We will have some lunch and return at two."

When they had gone, the Greek approached the counter, gesticulating wildly. Madame stopped him. "You will do as I tell you," she insisted. "You will hurry now and get Toto and the stranger and set out with them in your boat. When Mimi and her friend come back I will tell them you couldn't wait, but that you will pick them up at Cap Brun, which they can reach by train. And then . . . listen closely . . . do you want me to shout?" She leaned over the counter and whispered in the Greek's ear. He shook his head several

BOMB STEER

WITH no navigator to guide him on this particular night flight, a student bombardier from Midland Field, Texas, recently and conscientiously scared the day-lights—and literally the night lights—out of the residents of a small town near the Gulf Coast Air Force Training Center.

Ground targets are customarily in the form of a huge cross, and this bombardier, peering down through the dark, saw a cross all right, and let go. The center of the cross in this case was the exact intersection of two main streets and the practice bomb (five pounds of powder, 95 pounds of sand) crashed very accurately into the macadam near a corner filling station. No damage was done, but the town blacked out immediately—and has been blacked out ever since.

times, but she placed her hand firmly on his shoulder.

"We are not playing *boules* these days," Madame Nipperte said. "The German recognized Juhamel. He will not let him get away. Do you want our friend to be caught and sent to Dachau to be executed in their pretty manner? He is one of our hopes, maybe what we are waiting for, those of us in Marseille. You are afraid of your dirty hide, are you? Since when have we been afraid of a little trick or two? Go get them and do as I said."

BY MIDNIGHT, the harbor front of Toulon was dark and deserted. Madame Nipperte had drawn her steel shutters, and not a gleam passed from the bar-tabac. She was seated at the counter behind the cashbox, a ledger open before her and a pen and ink close at hand. Suddenly she heard a noise and looked up. There were steps outside on the terrace. She rose swiftly, listened for a moment, and then opened the door. She locked it again behind the two who came in.

"Well?" she demanded.

Toto was supporting the girl who was wrapped in a seaman's jacket. She was shivering. Her long hair was dank and moist on her pale cheeks. She sank into a chair and kept on shivering.

Madame went behind the bar and got out the bottle of rum. She poured out

what was left of it, with a regretful sigh, and carried the glass to the girl who drank it at one swallow. Madame Nipperte and Toto exchanged glances. He nodded his head solemnly.

The young man began talking, but Mimi on whom the straight rum took quick effect, interrupted him.

"You spoiled our holiday," she sobbed. "It was to have been a beautiful day. He was going to buy me a bracelet and a new coat. You . . . and your promenade to Porquerolles!" She glared at Madame Nipperte, and then, as Toto put out his hand to soothe her, she shrank away from him.

"I should have known when the Dirty Greek didn't wait for us and we had to meet him at Cap Brun. Why couldn't he wait, when he said two o'clock? We were here on time. And then when we got to Cap Brun we had to wait for him. I could see the coral boat at anchor off shore. And it was a long time before two little rowboats came from it to us . . . Toto and the Greek in one—the one they insisted Franz be taken off in. I went alone in the other with Tony's diver. And then, when we were half over, Toto called out that they were going to show Franz the grottoes under the sea . . . so he could take photographs. I waited for them on the coral boat a long time.

"And then they came back . . . Toto and the Greek . . . and they told me Franz had changed his mind and had gone back to Toulon by tram. Why did they expect me to believe such a lie?"

BEFORE they could speak, she went on, hysterically:

"When the stranger came out of the hold and I saw he had been hidden there all the time, I suspected things, I tell you. I demanded to be taken ashore so I could find Franz. But they turned the boat around and set off straight for Marseille. It was rough and cold all the way. And when they left with the stranger, they made me stay on board, with nothing to eat—not even a hot drink. And when they returned without the stranger, we started off again . . . on the long cold ride back here . . . and I was wet and cold . . . and not even a hot supper for me. . . ." She was crying now with self-pity. Then suddenly she stopped crying.

With her characteristic gesture, she brushed the hair back over her ears. "You killed him . . . in the grottoes under Cap Brun . . . where he will be caught in the rocks under the sea. My nice kind friend . . . you did that to him. I hate you all for it . . . I will betray you . . ."

Toto raised his hand and slapped the girl's face. She drew back, frightened and surprised, and stared at him.

"Have you forgotten," Madame Nipperte spoke at last, "the corpse that was found in the canal last month, with the note attached to the dagger . . . 'This way traitors die!'"

The girl grew suddenly limp and Toto put his arm around her.

"And the Greek?" Madame asked.

Toto answered, "He dropped us at the canal. Then he turned around and went away. He says he will be back in a month or two . . . perhaps."

Madame sighed. "Well," she said, "it is getting late."

She gave Toto a drink of cheap brandy, and said to the girl, roughly but not unkindly, "It is better to forget things easily. Good night."

When they were gone, she washed up the glasses and mopped the table.

"Just the same," she said to herself, "they might have brought me back some lard or butter from Marseille, while they were there."

She turned out the light in the bar-tabac.

THE END



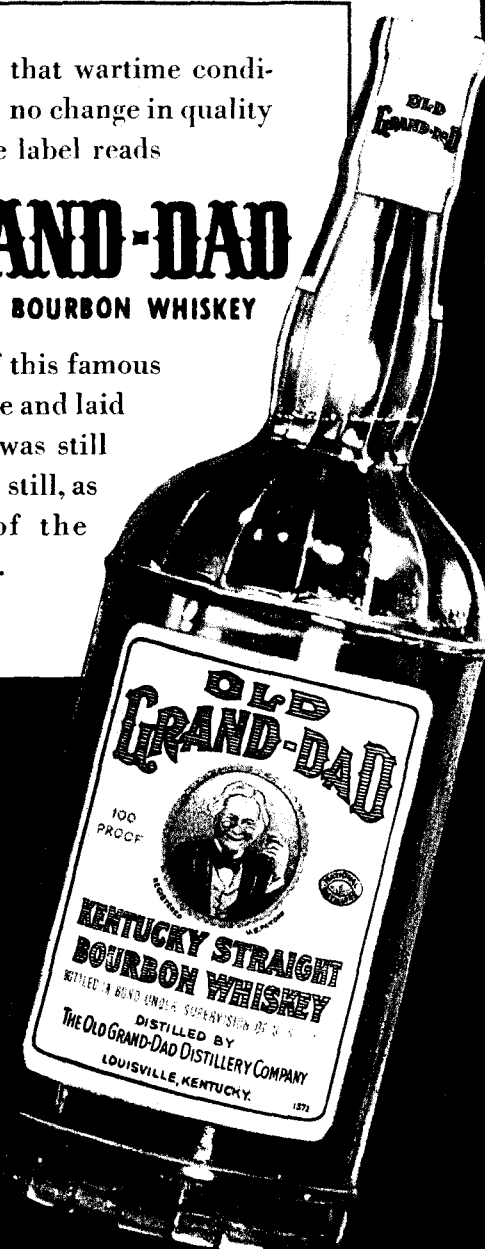
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Convoy to Murmansk

Continued from page 13



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Cystex

"Yeah," he said. "There's a flight of planes."

They appeared out of the clouds, about fifteen Stukas in V formation. I made a dive for the general alarm signal in the wheelhouse to get the crew to battle stations, but too late. Three planes attacked us simultaneously, one aft, one starboard and one astern, and all missed us.

You can see those bomb bays open. You can figure how and where the bombs are going to fall, just like a fly ball on a baseball diamond. Then a stick of bombs exploded right against the starboard side below the water line. We were heeled over by a geyser of water and shaken violently, breaking the dishes in the crew's messroom.

Anchorage at Murmansk

The captain had reached the bridge by that time. He decided to beach the ship to save the cargo. We changed our course for the nearest shore line, but shortly afterward the engineer reported to the 'ridge that the worst of the holes had been plugged and the pumps were holding the water down. So we rejoined the convoy and continued to Murmansk.

It is about nine miles from the sea-coast up the inlet to Murmansk and, to make bombing less effective, the ships are staggered singly up both sides of the waterway while awaiting space at the docks for discharging. Our anchorage turned out to be about four miles from the city.

The pilot told us that there were no successful air raids on Murmansk, due to the fact that the city was surrounded by airfields, and at the approach of enemy planes from any direction Russian fighters would get in the air and drive them off. That was good news. We were pretty sick of the treatment we had been receiving and badly in need of rest. But the very next day we were bombed by a lone Heinie right within sight of one of the Russian airfields, and during the twenty days we lay at the docks in Murmansk the city underwent 87 air raids, and the docks were bombed time and time again.

After we had been at the dock about six days, I had a chance to go ashore. For money I took along a carton of cigarettes, which I later traded at the rate of 40 rubles (or \$8) for each package.

The Russians have a little coarse tobacco which they roll either in toilet paper or newspaper to make cigarettes. Pipes cannot be bought. Toilet articles and cosmetics were nonexistent. No soap, no yeast, nor supplies of any kind could be obtained for the ship except small quantities of local salted fish.

The streets were overrun with ragged urchins who all possessed enormous rolls of bills and lay in wait for the seamen, buying their cigarettes and reselling them at a profit. The authorities knew about it, but, having no cigarettes and willing to use any source of supply, they winked at the practice and we used the money to buy souvenirs.

Everyone lives in community houses and eats in community kitchens in Murmansk.

There are no night clubs. The two or three picture shows were terrible. Aside from a seamen's club, there was no entertainment of any kind that we could see. Here there were a few Russian girls to dance with the soldiers and sailors, but the officials do not encourage the girls to mingle freely, and discourage them from making outside social contacts. There was no attempt at

friendliness on the part of the Russian people. Their attitude toward us was simply one of tolerance.

Murmansk had been bombed a number of times, and everywhere there were ruined buildings and homes, bomb craters in the streets and along the railroad right of way.

I had just reached the center of the city, which lay about two and a half miles from the docks, when the air-raid signals sounded in a loud, frightening, high-pitched scream, and I made my way to a shelter in the cellar of an unfinished brick building. There were forty or fifty people huddled in the shelter, waiting quietly for the all-clear.

After about an hour, during which there was no activity in the air, I concluded that the Heinies had been intercepted and driven off, so, though the all-clear had not sounded, I left the shelter and proceeded to the Artica Hotel.

Heavy plate-glass windows reaching from the floor to the ceiling extended across the rear end of the hotel veranda. The sun was streaming in and people lounged about enjoying the beautiful day. We had made ourselves solidly comfortable when suddenly the anti-aircraft batteries started firing, and we could tell by the burst of shells that the activity was right overhead.

Our first thought was to get to a shelter, but before we could move, a bomb exploded at the rear of the hotel, making a direct hit on the air-raid shelter which housed employees, killing everyone in it.

One wing of the hotel was hit, caving in part of it. A bomb landed in front of the hotel, killing many people, who evidently were headed for the shelter. The community kitchen across the street suffered a direct hit, and bodies were still being carried out the next day.

We decided to leave the hotel immediately and return to the comparative safety of the ship. However, soldiers were in the streets by this time and, as the all-clear had not sounded, would let no one move about. We passed by to the veranda, and as the civilian corps and Red Cross workers were already carrying the injured from the damaged wing we helped clear up as well as we could.

About half an hour later several flights of German bombers again came over, dropping about 15,000 incendiaries over the city. The wooden structures instantly became a raging inferno. During the ensuing confusion we got back to the ship as fast as we could and found it alongside the dock, undamaged. On board we found the officers playing poker below deck. They had watched the bombing from their battle stations.

Outside of Murmansk a group of survivors from various convoys were quartered in an abandoned soldiers' camp. The barracks were infested with vermin and extremely filthy, and not even the most crude sanitary facilities were available. Any personal cleanliness had to be attempted in the creek which ran near by.

The men were fed very poorly, their food consisting of meager rations of black bread, cabbage soup, mush, very poor coffee and some tea. Supplies were requisitioned from the ships in considerable quantities for the survivors. Yet the survivors we embarked on leaving Murmansk some three weeks later claimed they had not received any of the supplies and were a decidedly hungry lot when they came aboard. They practically ate us out of provisions by the time we got to a North Atlantic port, where we reprovisioned.

After having the dock to which we were moored knocked down, a ship astern of us sunk by bombing, and a Russian mine sweeper adjacent to us annihilated when bombs hit her depth-charge rack, we finally got rid of our cargo, took on sand ballast and were again sent to anchor in the inlet.

We finally sailed under convoy orders, and as the weather was mostly overcast we had only one minor air attack, which did no apparent damage. Due to weather conditions we were running on dead reckoning, as observations of celestial bodies had been few and far between. The night before we were to make a landfall, the general alarm sounded at 9:05 P. M. I made for the bridge to get my orders, and the sight that confronted me I will never forget.

Ships were going down all around us. There was a high wind and a heavy sea running. The temperature of the sea water was about 35 degrees, in which a man could expect to live only about thirty minutes. Visibility was terrible, about five hundred yards. Terrific concussions shook our ship from stem to stern. Ships were being blown clear out of the water by the explosions, often breaking into two or three pieces. Vessels were traveling in all directions in order to avoid collision with the stricken ships. Oil from the shattered tanks of vessels covered the water in every direction. Men were swimming, covered with oil, frantically crying for help which no one could give them.

There was a violent explosion under our stern. Our submarine gun, which was loaded and ready to fire, went off with the force of the explosion and was irreparably damaged. The gun crew were all thrown off the gun platform in a heap, some of them injured. We got ready to abandon ship.

The ensign standing next to me turned and remarked quietly, "It's awfully nice to have gone down with you!"

Port Without Further Incident

After sounding the bilges we found that, while we were taking water, we were not in a desperate condition. We put on full steam and got clear away from the remainder of the ships, and for seven hours we proceeded in the fog by soundings only. Finally we caught occasional glimpses of the coast and landed without further incident.

On arrival we found that several vessels had gone down in about ten minutes during the last action. In addition, two other ships limped in beside us, seriously damaged. I do not know to this day what it was we ran into that time. Personally, I think it was a mine field laid by German submarines preceding us, or it may have been a wolf pack of submarines.

After taking on oil, it was up to us to bring the ship home for repairs. We realized that if we got caught in a healthy North Atlantic blow we probably would lose her, but that was a chance we had to take. The next day we joined a large convoy of merchant ships and escort vessels, one of which sank a sub the second day out.

Finally we reached our home port without further incident, with the exception that, while waiting there at Quarantine, we were struck by lightning, which tore the jack staff down and damaged the windlass.

We're home again, experienced convoy seamen this time, but we don't want to stick around. It was a great fight and we're ready and anxious to go out again.

THE END

I Heard Russia Sighing

Continued from page 54

my parents would take me down the Volga on one of those famous cruises from Gorki (Nizhni Novgorod, then) to Astrakhan and back.

The Iranian ambassador kindly offers me the use of a second car that had come to meet him at the airport, and in it I arrive in state at the American embassy.

Outwardly, Kuibyshev has not changed much since those days when we would get off the steamer and drive around town in a droshky for a couple of hours on a sight-seeing tour, rattling over the cobblestones, bumping into holes and ruts, swallowing clouds of dust, making fun of everything and joyfully returning to the boat that seemed a haven of comfort after the discomfort of the town.

The same old Grand Hotel is open for business, the same old cobblestones pave the side streets, and the same familiar sight of dray horses pulling their loads meets the eye. But the main streets have been repaved and several new apartment houses have been

wistful words, "If only they'd open the second front!" It is like a sad theme song that one hears everywhere in Kuibyshev, on the train, in Moscow.

The old man at the hotel desk on my floor who has charge of the keys keeps a daily record of the bombings of Germany and the occupied countries. He listens to the news as it comes over the radio back of his desk and, carefully adjusting his glasses, jots down on a slip of paper the number of bombings of Berlin, Stuttgart and Bucharest. At my request, slowly and impressively he reads me the glad news as though he had taken part in the bombings himself. But when he has finished, invariably he sighs, pushes back his spectacles and says, half to himself, "Oh, if only there was a second front now! How quickly we would beat them!"

He does not ask me any more if there will be a second front; he merely wishes it were there. And as I talk to people in all walks of life, I realize from what they tell me that a great change has come over them. At first, they believed

The well-known writer Ilya Ehrenburg said recently in one of his flamingly patriotic articles: "When one is in a deep shaft, one realizes the value of air. When one's mother is ill, one feels acutely the strength of one's love for her. So it is in these grim days when the enemy threatens Russia. We have only one thought—the defense of our country. We love her loudly and triumphantly as a great nation, and we love her simply with all our souls as we love our family, our home. We love her virtues and her defects, her glory and her sufferings."

Thus Ehrenburg sums up the feeling of all Russians today. An ardent patriot, he is in close contact with the army constantly at the front, receiving hundreds of letters from soldiers who admire him for his burning speeches and articles written with a pen dipped now in bitter hatred for the enemy, now in boundless love for his native land.

"Can we ever forget the ruins of Kiev, the burning of Smolensk, the disfigurement of Novgorod?" he cries. "And now our hatred is again at white heat. If you have been fighting for your golden harvests and for the orchards where the trees are heavy with fruit, and if you pause for a minute to listen, you will hear how fast beats the heart of angered Russia."

Hatred for the Germans

A young woman in the khaki uniform of a *partizanka* (guerrilla fighter) tells me fiercely, "I hate the Germans with every breath of my body. They have taken my husband from me, broken up my life, destroyed my home. What have I to live for except my hatred of those who have made me suffer so? I live for revenge. That's why I am a *partizanka*. At least I can do something to help destroy the enemy and be of some use to my country!"

At these last words, her bright, hard eyes soften. Everything has been taken away from her but she still has that brave look that has sprung to life everywhere. Frail old women who have lost sons and grandsons at the front offer their services to "help win the war." Everywhere women are volunteering and, though not allowed to join the ranks of the Red Army, they work in other capacities as guerrilla fighters, engineers, drivers of locomotives, parachutists, telephone operators in the field, as range finders, doctors, nurses, as well as in factories and on farms.

"Hate the enemy and love Russia with all your heart and soul! Protect her, shield her, fight for her, work for her, give your life for her!"

That is what I hear. The army and navy, the civilian population—even children—all think and feel and speak alike. And it is not by any means a standardized expression of regimented thought; nothing could be farther from the truth. It is real. It is genuine. It lives. It is the very essence of their existence. Patriotism burns like a flaming torch over Russia.

The church is with the nation in this titanic fight. From pulpits I have heard thundering words of condemnation against the enemy, and ardent, loving prayers for the safety and victory of the motherland.

Hatred and love—those are the two elemental forces in Russia today, the forces that will eventually defeat the enemy and win the war and unite the whole nation in an ensuing period of reconstruction and peace.

THE END



erected, as well as an immense theater where nowadays the beautiful incomparable Moscow Ballet dances.

"If only there had not been this terrible war, you never would have recognized Kuibyshev," one of its inhabitants remarks mournfully. "According to the plans, the old town would have been rebuilt entirely on modern lines. Besides, as an electric power center it would have rivaled Dnepetrovsk."

Down by the River

To a Russian heart, there is nothing dearer than the sight of the Volga and, as soon as I could, I hurried to the water front. A large steamer was passing, maybe the same one I had traveled on long ago, though now, instead of being snow white, it was painted, like everything else, khaki color. Tugs chugged along, followed by caravans of barges laden with sweet-smelling wood from the great northern forests. Full passenger boats crossed from one shore to the other, and little fishing smacks dotted the gray-blue water.

Day after day, I'd return to the same spot and sit on a bench gazing out at the Volga. Often some passer-by would join me and presently we would be deep in conversation. But no matter what we started talking about, we invariably ended up with the war, and always I heard that same sigh, followed by the

ardently that any day the second front would start.

"Every morning I'd wake up thinking: Well, surely it has begun," says an elderly woman with several sons in the war. "Then I'd hear the radio, and my heart would sink. No second front today."

Some speak about it wistfully, some timidly, some sorrowfully, some impatiently and angrily. Yes, at first they believed it would be there any day. Then they began to wonder about it, then disappointment set in, then doubt and even disbelief. Now they shrug their shoulders and hope it will materialize after all. In that question of all-importance to them, they have run the gamut of emotion and those two words "second front" will undoubtedly live in their minds forever.

Russia in wartime is not like any of the Russias I have previously known so well: Prerevolutionary, revolutionary and of the periods of the first and second five-year plans. This is a new Russia, again fiercely patriotic, bending every effort to destroy the enemy and united in an overpowering hatred of Hitler and all that he stands for. But side by side with that fierce hatred of those who have invaded the land and defiled and besmirched it and made its enslaved people suffer untold misery from the Baltic to the Black Sea—side by side with that hatred, there lives a boundless love for Russia.

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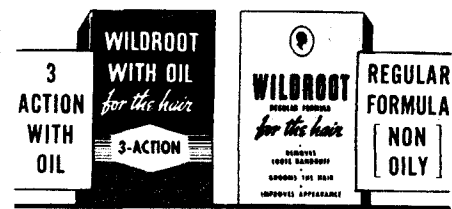


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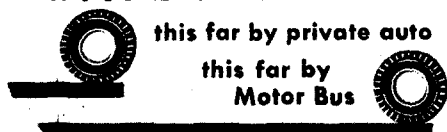
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ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY

I've heard women scream but I never heard such eerie shrieks as Bessie let out at the sight of Laura

Ring Twice for Laura

By Vera Caspary

III

The Story Thus Far:

LAURA HUNT and Shelby Carpenter—who are engaged—meet for a cocktail. They have a drink and a brief talk; after which, they part—it being Laura's intention (so she says) to dine with Waldo Lydecker, a noted newspaper columnist.

The following morning, Bessie Clark, Laura's maid, finds her in her apartment—dead. Someone had killed her with a shotgun. . . . Questioned, the taxi driver who had driven her away from Carpenter testifies that, as soon as he had turned a corner, the girl told him to take her to the Grand Central Station!

It is Lydecker who tells the story, which he knows better than any of the other principals. . . . Mark McPherson, a well-known official of the New York Police Department, is assigned to the job of finding the murderer. Working quietly, he learns that the victim had no known enemies; he learns that neither Lydecker nor Carpenter (both possible suspects) has a good alibi. He learns, furthermore, that Carpenter is the beneficiary of a twenty-five-thousand-dollar clause in an annuity that the unfortunate girl had carried!

Laura is cremated. A short time later, Mark pays a visit to Laura's apartment. There, he encounters a girl—a beautiful girl with dark skin and dark hair: *Laura Hunt!*

In a daze, Mark tells her that she is supposed to be dead. Then he gets her story—she says that she had gone to Connecticut; that she had read no newspapers while there; that her radio had been out of order.

And the victim? According to Laura, that girl was Diane Redfern, an attractive model, to whom she had loaned her apartment.

With the visit to Laura's apartment the narrative has been turned over to Mark. He now goes on with the story. . . .

LISTEN!" Laura said. We heard the sound of rain and the crackling of wood in the fireplace and foghorns on the East River.

"We're in the midst of Manhattan and this is our private world," she said.

I liked it. I didn't want the rain to stop or the sun to rise. For once in my life I had quit being restless.

It was hard for me to start asking her questions. She seemed tired.

"Did Shelby Carpenter know this girl?" I said.

She answered instantly: "Why, yes, of course. She modeled for several of the accounts in our office. All of us knew Diane."

She yawned. "You're tired, aren't you?"

"Would you mind very much if I tried to get some sleep? In the morning . . . later, I mean, I'll answer all the questions you want to ask."

I phoned the office and told them to send a man to watch her front door.

"Is that necessary?" she said.

"Someone tried to murder you before. I'm not going to take any chances."

"How thoughtful of you! Detectives are all right, I suppose, when they're on your side."

"Look here, Miss Hunt, will you promise me something?"

"You know me much too well to call me Miss Hunt, Mark."

My heart beat like the drum in a Harlem dance band.

"Laura," I said; she smiled at me. "You'll promise, Laura, not to leave this house until I give you permission. Or answer the phone."

"Who'd ring if everybody thinks I'm dead?"

"Promise me, just in case."

She sighed. "All right," she said. "I won't answer. And can't I phone anyone either?"

"No," I said.

"But people would be glad to know I'm alive. There are people I ought to tell right away."

"Look here, you're the one living person who can help solve this crime. Laura Hunt must find the person who tried to murder Laura Hunt. Are you game?"

She offered her hand. The sucker took it and believed her.

IT WAS almost six when I checked in at the club. I decided that I'd need a clear head for the day's work and left a call for eight.

When the desk clerk called, I jumped as if a bomb had gone off under my bed. Exhausted, my head aching, I bathed,

dressed, went down to the office, wrote out my report on the typewriter, sealed and filed all copies. Then I went in to see Deputy Commissioner Preble.

Every morning I had gone into his office to report on the Laura Hunt case and every day he had said the same thing.

"Stick to the case a little longer, my boy, and maybe you'll find that murderer's big enough for your talents."

His cheeks were like purple plums. I wanted to squash them with my fists. We represented opposing interests, I being one of the commissioner's inside men, and more active than anyone in the department on the progressive angle. Deputy Commissioner Preble was his party's front. Now that they were out of power, his was strictly an appeasement job.

As I walked into his office, he gave me the usual razzberry. Before I could say a word he started: "Do you know what this case is costing the department? I've had a memo sent to your office. You'd better step on it or I'll have to assign someone to the case who knows how to handle homicide."

"You might have thought of that in the beginning," I said, because I wasn't going to let him know that I hadn't been on to his tactics. He had been

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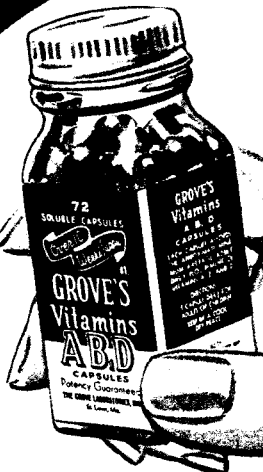
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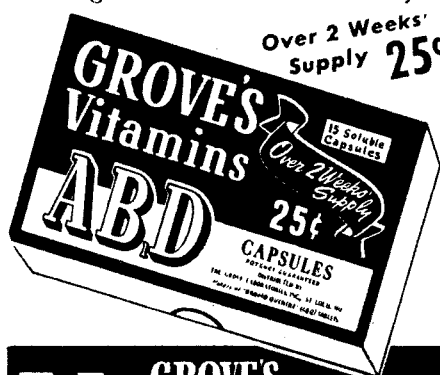
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waiting all along to show me up by letting me work until I'd hit a dead end and then handing the case to one of his favorites.

"What have you to say? Another of those minute-and-a-half reports, huh?"

"You needn't worry about our not getting Laura Hunt's murderer," I said. "That part of the case is completed."

"What do you mean? You've got him?"

He looked disappointed.

"Laura Hunt isn't dead."

His eyes popped like golf balls.

"She's in her apartment now. I had Ryan on guard until eight this morning, then Behrens came on. No one knows of this yet."

He pointed to his head. "Perhaps I ought to get in touch with Bellevue, McPherson. Psychopathic Ward."

I told him briefly what had happened. Although the heat wave was over and there was a chill in the air, he fanned himself with both hands.

"Who murdered the other girl?"

"I don't know yet."

"What does Miss Hunt say about it?"

"I've reported everything that she told me."

"Do you think she knows anything she hasn't told you?"

I said, "Miss Hunt was suffering from shock after she heard that her friend had been killed. She wasn't able to talk a lot."

He snorted. "Is she pretty, McPherson?"

I said, "I'm going to question her this morning. I also intend to surprise several people who think she is dead. It would be better if this were kept out of the newspapers until I've had time to work out my plans."

It was strictly front-page even for the Times, and a coast-to-coast hook-up on the news broadcasts. I could tell by his face that he was working out an angle that would immortalize the name of Preble.

He said, "This changes the case, you know. There is no *corpus delicti*. We'll have to investigate the death of the other girl. I'm wondering, McPherson..."

"I wondered, too," I said. "You'll find it all in my report. A sealed copy has been sent to the commissioner's office and you'll find yours on your secretary's desk. And I don't want to be relieved. You assigned me to the case in the beginning and I'm sticking until it's finished." I shouted and pounded on the desk, knowing that a man is most easily intimidated by his own methods. "And if one word of this gets into the papers before I've given the green light, there'll be hell to pay around here on Monday when the commissioner gets back."

I TOLD only one other person about Laura's return. That was Jake Mooney. Jake is a tall, sad-faced Yankee from Providence, known among the boys as the Rhode Island Clam. Once a reporter wrote, "Mooney maintained a clamlike silence," and it got Jake so angry that he's lived up to the name ever since. By the time I came out of Preble's office, Jake had got a list of the photographers for whom Diane Redfern posed.

"Go and see these fellows," I said. "Get what you can on her. Look over her room. Don't tell anyone she's dead."

He nodded.

"I want all the papers and letters you find in her room. And be sure to ask the landlady what kind of men she knew. She might have picked up some boy friends who played with sawed-off shotguns."

The telephone rang. It was Mrs. Treadwell. She wanted me to come to her house right away.

"There's something I ought to tell

you, Mr. McPherson. I'd intended going back to the country today, there was nothing more I could do for poor Laura, was there? My lawyers are going to take care of her things. But now something has happened..."

"All right, I'll be there, Mrs. Treadwell," I said.

As I drove up Park Avenue, I decided to keep Mrs. Treadwell waiting while I saw Laura. She had promised to stay in the apartment and keep away from the telephone, and I knew there was no fresh food in the house. I drove around to Third Avenue, bought milk, cream, butter, eggs and bread.

Behrens was on guard at the door. His eyes bulged at the sight of the groceries, but he evidently thought I'd set up housekeeping.

I had the key in my pocket. But before I entered, I called a warning.

She came out of the kitchen. "I'm glad you didn't ring the bell," she said. "Since you told me about the murder..." she shuddered and looked at the spot where the body had fallen. "I'm afraid of every stray sound."

"I'm sure you're the only detective in the world who'd think of that," she said when I gave her the groceries. "Have you eaten breakfast?"

"Now that you've reminded me, no," I said.

It seemed natural for me to be carrying in the groceries and lounging in the kitchen while she cooked. I had thought of that kind of girl, with all those swell clothes and a servant to wait on her, as holding herself above housework. But not Laura.

"Should we be elegant and carry it to the other room or folksy and eat in the kitchen?"

"Until I was a grown man, I never ate in anything but a kitchen."

"Then it's the kitchen," she said. "There's no place like home."

While we were eating I told her that I had informed the deputy commissioner of her return.

"Was he startled?"

"He threatened to commit me to the Psychopathic Ward. And then," I looked straight into her eyes, "he asked if I thought you knew anything about that other girl's death."

"And what did you say?"

"Listen," I said, "there are going to be a lot of questions asked and you'll probably have to tell a lot more than you'd like about your private life. The more honest you are, the easier it will be for you in the end. I hope you don't mind my telling you this."

"Don't you trust me?"

I said, "It's my job to suspect everyone."

SHE looked at me over her coffee cup. "Just what do you suspect me of?" she asked.

I tried to be impersonal: "Why did you lie to Shelby about going to Waldo Lydecker's for dinner on Friday night?"

"So that's what's bothering you?"

"You lied, Miss Hunt."

"Oh, I'm Miss Hunt to you now, Mister McPherson."

"Quit sparring," I said. "Why did you lie?"

"I'm afraid if I told you the truth, you might not understand."

"Okay," I said. "I'm dumb. I'm a detective. I don't speak English."

"I'm sorry if I've hurt your feelings, but..." she drew the knife along the checks in the red and white tablecloth, "it's hardly the sort of thing that one finds on a police blotter. Blotter, isn't that what you call it?"

"Go on," I said.

"You see," she said, "I've been a single woman for such a long time."

"It's as clear as mud," I said.

"Men have bachelor dinners," she said. "They get drunk. They go out for a last binge with chorus girls. That, I guess, is what freedom means to them. So they've got to make a splurge before they get married."

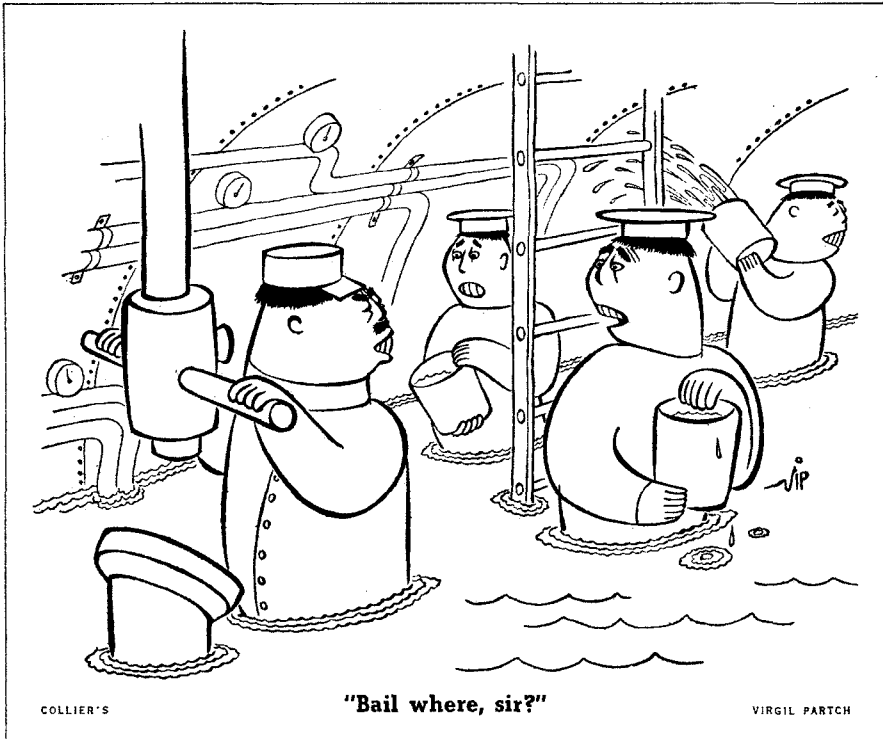
I laughed. "Poor Waldo. I bet



"This green is somewhat different. The object is to stay out of the holes"

COLLIER'S

LOUIS JAMME



wouldn't care very much to be compared with a chorus girl."

She shook her head. "Freedom meant something quite different to me, Mark. Maybe you'll understand. It meant owning myself, possessing all my silly and useless routines, being the sole mistress of my habits. Do I make sense?"

"Is that why you kept putting off the wedding?"

She said, "Get me a cigarette, will you? They're in the living room."

I got her the cigarettes and lit my pipe.

She went on talking: "Freedom meant my privacy. It's not that I want to lead any sort of double life, it's simply that I resent intrusion. Perhaps because Mamma always used to ask where I was going and what time I'd be home and always made me feel guilty if I changed my mind. I love doing things impulsively and I resent it to a point where my spine stiffens and I get goose-flesh if people ask where and what and why." She was like a child, crying to be understood.

"On Friday I had a date with Waldo for a sort of bachelor dinner before I left for Wilton. It was to be my last night in town before my wedding. . . ."

"Didn't Shelby resent it?"

"Naturally. Wouldn't you?" She laughed and showed the tip of her tongue between her lips. "Waldo resented Shelby. But I couldn't help it. I never flirted or urged them on. And I'm fond of Waldo, he's a fussy old maid but he's been kind to me, very kind. Besides, we've been friends for years. Shelby just had to make the best of it. We're civilized people, we don't try to change each other."

"And Shelby, I suppose, had habits that weren't hundred per cent with you?"

She ignored the question. "On Friday I fully intended to dine with Waldo and take the ten o'clock train. But in the afternoon I changed my mind."

"Why?"

"Why?" she mocked. "That's precisely why I didn't tell him. Because he'd ask why."

I got angry. "You can have your prejudices if you like and I don't care if you want to make your habits sacred, but this is a murder case. Please tell me exactly why you changed your mind about having dinner at Waldo's."

"I had a headache."

"I know. That's what you told him."

She walked over to the couch and sat down. I followed. Suddenly she

touched my arm with her hand and looked up into my eyes so sweetly that I smiled. We both laughed and the trifles became less important.

She said, "So help me, Mark, I've told you the truth. I felt so wretched after lunch on Friday, I just couldn't face Waldo's chatter, and I couldn't sit through dinner with Shelby either because he'd have been too pleased at my breaking the date with Waldo. I just had to get away from everybody."

"Why?"

"What a persistent man you are."

She shivered. The day was cold. Rain beat against the window. The sky was the color of lead.

"Should I make you a fire?"

"Don't bother." Her voice was cold too.

I got logs out of the cabinet under the bookshelves and built her a fire. She sat at the end of the couch, her knees tucked up, her arms hugging her body. She seemed defenseless.

"There," I said. "You'll be warm soon."

"Please, please, Mark, believe me. There was no more to it than that. You're not just a detective who sees nothing but surface actions. You're a sensitive man, you react to nuances. So please try to understand, please."

THE attack was well-aimed. A man is no stronger than his vanity. If I doubted her, I'd show myself to be nothing more than a crude detective.

"All right," I said, "we'll skip it now. Maybe you saw a ghost at lunch. Maybe your girl friend said something that reminded you of something else. Everybody gets temperamental once in a while."

She slipped off the couch and ran toward me, her hands extended. "You're a darling, really. I knew last night that I'd never have to be afraid of you."

I took her hands. They were soft to touch, but strong underneath. Sucker, I said to myself and decided to do something about it then and there. My self-respect was involved. I was a detective, a servant of the people, a representative of law and order.

I went to the liquor cabinet. "Ever seen this before?"

It was the bottle with the Three Horses on the label.

She answered without the slightest hesitation, "Of course; it's been in the house for weeks."

"This isn't the brand you usually buy, is it? Did you get this from Mosconi's, too?"

She answered in one long unpunctuated sentence: "No no I picked it up one night we were out of Bourbon I had company for dinner and stopped on the way home from the office it was on Lexington or maybe Third Avenue I don't remember."

She lied like a goon. I had checked with Mosconi and discovered that on Friday night, between seven and eight, Shelby Carpenter had stopped at the store, bought the bottle of Three Horses, and, instead of charging it to Miss Hunt's account, had paid cash.

"**W**HAT took you so long, Mr. McPherson? You should have come earlier. Maybe it's too late now, maybe he's gone forever."

In a pink bed, wearing a pink jacket with fur on the sleeves, lay Mrs. Susan Treadwell. I sat like the doctor on a straight chair.

"Shelby?"

She nodded. Her pink massaged skin looked dry and old, her eyes were swollen and the black stuff had matted under her lashes. The Pomeranian dog lay on the pink silk comfort, whimpering.

"He's gone?" I asked. "Where?"

"How do I know?" She looked at a diamond wrist watch. "He's been gone since six-thirty this morning."

I was not upset. One of our men had been following Shelby since I'd checked with Mosconi on the Bourbon bottle.

"You were awake when he left? You heard him go? Did he sneak out?"

"I loaned him my car," she sniffled.

"Do you think he was trying to escape the law, Mrs. Treadwell?"

She blew her nose and dabbled at her eyes again. "Oh, I knew it was weak of me, Mr. McPherson. But you know Shelby, he has a way with him. He asks you for something and you can't resist him; and then you hate yourself for giving in. He said it was a matter of life and death, and if I ever discovered the reason, I'd always be grateful."

I let her cry for a few minutes before I asked, "Do you believe that he committed the murder . . . the murder of your niece, Mrs. Treadwell?"

"No! No! I don't, Mr. McPherson. He just hasn't got the stomach. Criminals go after what they want, but Shelby's just a big kid. He's always being sorry for something. My poor, poor Laura."

I said nothing about Laura's return. "You don't like Shelby very much, do you, Mrs. Treadwell?"

"He's a darling boy," she said, "but not for Laura. Laura couldn't afford him."

"Oh," I said.

She was afraid I had got the wrong impression and added quickly, "Not that he's a gigolo. Shelby comes from a wonderful family. But in some ways a gigolo's cheaper. You know where you are. With a man like Shelby you can't slip the money under the table."

I decided that it was lucky that most of my cases had not involved women. Their logic confused me.

"She was always doing the most absurd things about his pride. Like the cigarette case. That was typical. And then he had to go and lose it."

By this time I'd lost the scent.

"She couldn't afford it, of course, she had to charge it on my account and pay me back by the month. A solid gold cigarette case, he had to have it, she said, so he'd feel equal to the men he lunched with at the club and the clients in their business. Does it make sense to you, Mr. McPherson?"

"No," I said honestly, "it doesn't."

"But it's just like Laura."

I could have agreed to that, too, but I controlled myself.

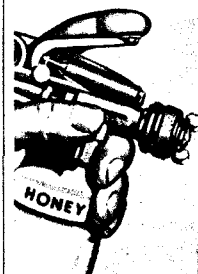
"And he lost it?" I asked, leading her back to the trail.

"Um-hum. In April, before she'd

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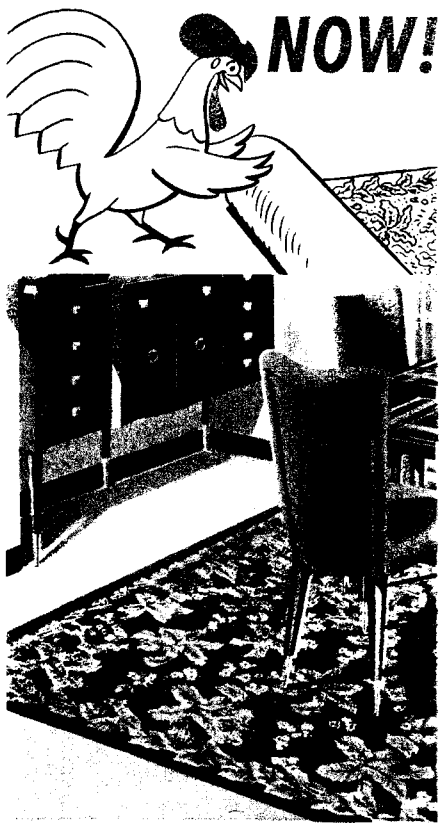


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even finished paying for it. Can you imagine?" Suddenly, for no reason that I could understand, she took an atomizer from the bed table and sprayed herself with perfume. Then she made up her lips and combed her hair. "I thought of the cigarette case as soon as he'd gone off with the keys to my car. Did I feel like a sucker?"

"I understand that," I said.

Her smile was a clue to the business with the perfume and lipstick. I was a man; she had to get around me.

"You're not going to blame me for giving him the car? Really, I didn't think of it at the time. He has a way with him, you know."

"You shouldn't have given it to him if you felt that way," said the stern detective.

She fell for it.

"It was weak, Mr. McPherson. I know how weak I was to have done it. I should have been more suspicious, I know I should, especially after that phone call."

"What phone call, Mrs. Treadwell?"

It was only by careful questioning that I got the story straight. If I told it her way, there would be no end to this chapter. The phone had awakened her at half past five that morning. She lifted the receiver in time to hear Shelby, on the upstairs extension, talking to the night clerk at the Hotel Framingham. The clerk apologized for disturbing him at this hour but said that someone wanted to get in touch with him on a life and death matter. That person was waiting on another wire. Should the clerk give that party Mr. Carpenter's number?

"I'll call back in ten minutes," Shelby had said. "Tell them to call you again."

He had dressed and tiptoed down the stairs.

"He was going out to phone," Mrs. Treadwell said. "He was afraid I'd listen on the extension."

AT TWENTY minutes past six she had heard him coming up the stairs. He had knocked at her bedroom door, apologized for waking her and asked for the use of the car.

"Does that make me an accessory or something, Mr. McPherson?" Tears rolled down her cheeks.

I phoned the office and asked if there had been any reports from the man who had been following Shelby Carpenter. Nothing had been heard since he went on duty at midnight, and the man who was to have relieved him at eight in the morning was still waiting.

As I put down the phone, the dog began to bark. Shelby walked in.

"Good morning," he went straight to the bed. "I'm glad you rested, darling. It was cruel of me to disturb you at that mad hour. But you don't show it at all. You're divine this morning." He kissed her forehead and then turned to welcome me.

"Where've you been?" she asked.

"Can't you guess, darling?"

He petted the dog. I sat back and watched. There was something familiar and unreal about Shelby. I was always uncomfortable when he was in the room, and always struggling to remember where I had seen him. The memory was like a dream, unsubstantial and baffling.

"I can't imagine where anyone would go at that wild hour, darling. You had me quite alarmed."

If Shelby guessed that the lady's alarm had caused her to summon the police, he was too tactful to mention it.

"I went up to Laura's place," he said. "I made a sentimental journey. This was to have been our wedding day, you know."

"Oh, I'd forgotten," Mrs. Treadwell caught his hand. He was sitting on the edge of the bed, comfortable and sure of himself.

"I couldn't sleep. And when that absurd phone call woke us, Auntie Sue, I was too upset to stay in my room. I felt such a longing for Laura, I wanted to be close to something she had loved. There was the garden. She'd cared for it herself, Mr. McPherson, with her own hands. It was lovely in the gray morning light."

"I don't know whether I quite believe you," Mrs. Treadwell said. "What's your opinion, Mr. McPherson?"

"You're embarrassing him, darling. Remember, he's a detective," Shelby said as if she had been talking about leprosy in front of a leper.

"Why couldn't you take that telephone call in the house?" asked Mrs. Treadwell. "Did you think I'd stoop so low as to listen on the extension?"

"If you hadn't been listening on the extension, you'd not have known that I had to go out to a phone booth," he said, laughing.

"Why were you afraid to have me hear?"

Shelby offered me a cigarette. He carried the pack in his pocket without a case.

"Was it a girl?" asked Mrs. Treadwell.

"I don't know. He . . . she . . . whoever it was . . . refused to leave a number. I called the Framingham three times but they hadn't called back." He blew smoke rings toward the ceiling. Then, smiling at me, he said, "A yellow cab followed me all the way to the cottage and back. On these country roads at that hour your man couldn't very well hide himself. Don't be angry with the poor chap because I spotted him."

"He kept you covered. That was all he was told to do. Whether you knew or not makes no difference." I got up. "I'm going to be up at Miss Hunt's apartment at three o'clock. I want you to meet me there, Carpenter."

"Is it necessary? I rather dislike going up there today of all days. You know, we were to have been married . . ."

"Consider it a sentimental journey," I said.

Mrs. Treadwell barely noticed when I left. She was busy with her face.

At the office I learned that Shelby's sentimental journey had added a three-hour taxi bill to the cost of the Laura Hunt case. Nothing had been discov-

ered. Shelby had not even entered the house but had stood in the garden in the rain and blown his nose vigorously. He might also, it was hinted, have been crying.

MOONEY was waiting in my office with his report on Diane Redfern.

She had not been seen since Friday. The landlady remembered because Diane had paid her room rent that day. She had come from work at five o'clock, stopped in the landlady's basement flat to hand her the money, gone to her room on the fourth floor, bathed, changed her clothes and gone out again. The landlady had seen her hail a cab at the corner of Seventh Avenue and Christopher Street. She remembered because she considered taxis a sinful extravagance for girls like Diane.

The girl might have come in late on Friday night and gone out again on Saturday morning, but the landlady had not seen her. There were still boarders to be questioned, but the landlady had not known where they worked, and Mooney would have to go back at six o'clock to check with them.

"Did the landlady seem surprised that Diane hadn't been seen since Friday?"

"She says it don't matter to her whether the boarders use their rooms or not as long as they pay the rent. The girls that stay in places like that are often out all night."

"But it's five days," I said. "Was there nobody to bother about her disappearance?"

"You know how it is with those kind of girls, Mac. Here today, gone tomorrow. Who cares?"

"Hasn't she any friends? Didn't anyone come to see her or telephone?"

"There were some phone calls. Tuesday and Wednesday. I checked. Photographers calling her to come and work."

"Nothing personal?"

"There might have been a couple of other calls, but no messages. The landlady don't remember what she didn't write down on the pad."

I had known girls like that around New York. No home, no friends, not much money. Diane had been a beauty, but beauties are a dime a dozen on both sides of Fifth Avenue between Eighth Street and Ninety-sixth. Mooney's re-



"I always keep cotton stuffed in my ears in case one explodes"

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port gave facts and figures, showed an estimate of Diane's earnings according to figures provided by the Models' Guild. She could have supported a husband and kids on the money she earned when she worked, but the work was unsteady. And according to Mooney's rough estimate, the clothes in her closet had cost plenty. Twenty pairs of shoes. There were no bills as there had been in Laura's desk, for Diane came from the lower classes—she paid cash.

The sum of it all was a shabby and shiftless life. Fancy perfume bottles, Kewpie dolls and toy animals were all she brought home from expensive dinners and suppers in night spots. The letters from her family, plain working people who lived in Paterson, New Jersey, were written in night-school English and told about layoffs and money troubles.

Her name had been Jennie Swobodo. Mooney had taken nothing from the room but the letters. He'd had a special lock put on the door and threatened the landlady with the clink if she opened her face.

He gave me a duplicate key. "You might want to look in yourself. I'll be back there at six to talk to the other tenants."

I had no time then to look into the life of Jennie Swobodo, alias Diane Redfern. But when I got up to Laura's apartment, I asked if there hadn't been any pocketbooks or clothes left there by the murdered model.

Laura said, "Yes, if Bessie had examined the clothes in the closet, she'd have found Diane's dress. And her purse was in my dresser drawer. She had put everything away neatly."

There was a dresser drawer filled with purses. Among them was the black silk bag that Diane had carried. There was eighteen dollars in it, the key to her room, lipstick, eyeshadow, powder, a little phial of perfume and a straw cigarette case with a broken clasp.

Laura watched quietly while I examined Diane's belongings. When I went back to the living room, she followed me like a child. She had changed into a tan dress and brown, high-heeled slippers that set off her wonderful ankles. Her earrings were little gold bells.

"I've sent for Bessie."

"How thoughtful you are."

I FELT like a hypocrite. My reason for sending for Bessie had been purely selfish. I wanted to observe her reaction to Laura's return.

When I explained, Laura said, "But you don't suspect poor old Bessie?"

"I just want to see how a non-suspect takes it."

"As a basis for comparison?"

"Maybe."

"Then there's someone you do suspect?"

I said, "There are several lies which will have to be explained."

When she moved, the gold bells tinkled. Her face was like a mask.

"Mind a pipe?"

The bells tinkled again. I struck a match. It scraped like an emery wheel. I thought of Laura's lie and hated her because she was making a fool of herself for Shelby Carpenter. And trying to make a fool of me. I was glad when the doorbell rang. I told Laura to wait in the bedroom for my signal.

Bessie knew at once that something had happened. She looked around the room, she stared at the place where the body had fallen, she studied each ornament and every piece of furniture. I saw it with a housekeeper's eyes then, noticed that the newspaper had been folded carelessly and left on the big table, that Laura's lunch tray with an empty plate and coffee cup remained on the coffee table beside the couch, that a book lay open, that the fire burned be-

hind the screen, and red-tipped cigarette stubs filled the ashtrays.

"Sit down," I told her. "Something's happened."

"What?"

"Sit down."

"I can take it standing."

"Someone has come to stay here," I said, and went to the bedroom door.

Laura came out.

I've heard women scream when their husbands beat them and mothers sobbing over dead and injured children, but I never heard such eerie shrieks as Bessie let out at the sight of Laura. She dropped her pocketbook. She crossed herself. Then, very slowly, she backed toward a chair and sat down.

"Do you see what I see, Mr. McPherson?"

"It's all right, Bessie. She's alive."

Bessie called upon her patron saint Elizabeth to witness the miracle.

"Bessie, calm yourself. I'm all right; I just went to the country. Someone else was murdered."

IT WAS easier to believe in miracles.

Bessie insisted upon telling Laura that she had herself found the body, that she had identified it as Laura Hunt's, that it had worn Laura's best negligee and silver mules. And she was just as positive about her uncle's sister-in-law's cousin who had met her dead sweetheart in an orchard in County Galway.

None of our arguments convinced her until Laura said, "Well, what are we going to have for dinner, Bessie?"

"Goodness, I never thought I'd be hearing you ask that no more, Miss Laura."

"I'm asking, Bessie. How about a steak and French fries and apple pie, Bessie?"

Bessie brightened. "Would a ghost be asking for French fries and apple pie? Who was it got murdered, Miss Laura?"

"Miss Redfern, you remember . . . the girl who . . ."

"It's no more than she deserved," said Bessie and went into the kitchen to change into her work clothes.

I told her to shop for dinner in stores where they did not know her as the servant of a murder victim, and warned her against mentioning the miracle of Laura's return.

"Evidently Bessie disapproved of Diane. Why?" I asked Laura when we were alone again.

"Bessie's opinionated," she said. "There was no particular reason."

"No?"

"No," said Laura firmly.

The doorbell rang again.

"Stay here this time," I whispered. "We'll try another kind of surprise."

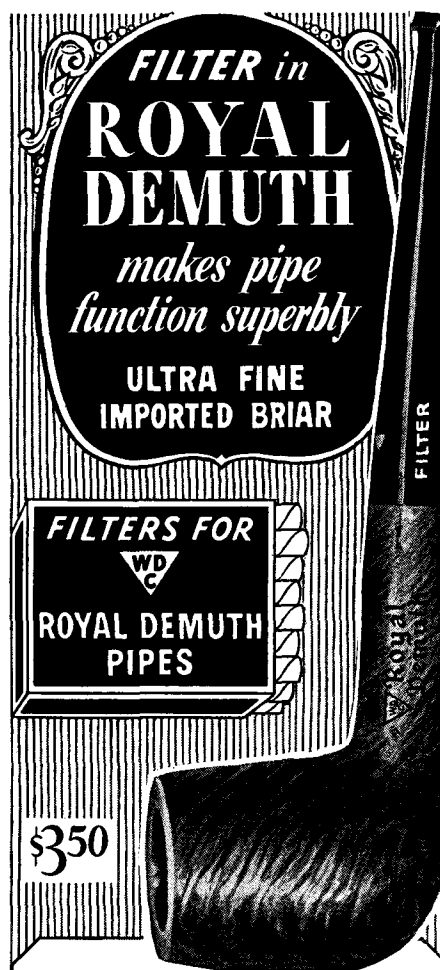
She waited, sitting stiffly at the edge of the couch. I opened the door. I had expected to see Shelby but it was Waldo Lydecker who walked in.

Self-centered people see only what they want to see. Astigmatism might have been his excuse for his failure to notice her at first, but I think it was covetousness. His gaze was so concentrated upon the antique glass vase that the rest of the room might have been sky or desert.

"Your office told me I'd find you here, McPherson. I've talked to my lawyer and he advises me to take my vase and let the woman sue."

He had to pass the sofa on the way to the mantel. Laura turned her head, the gold bells tinkled. Waldo paused as if he had heard some ghostly warning. Then, like a man afraid of his imagination and determined to show himself above fear, he stretched his hands toward the shining globe. Laura turned to see how I was taking it. Her gold bells struck such a sharp note that Waldo whirled on his heels and faced her.

(To be continued next week)



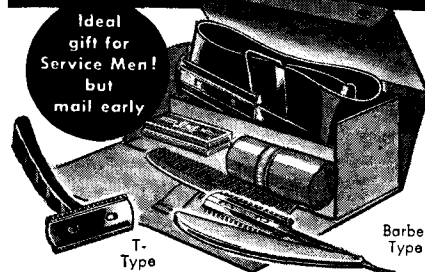
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Blond Blitz

Continued from page 14



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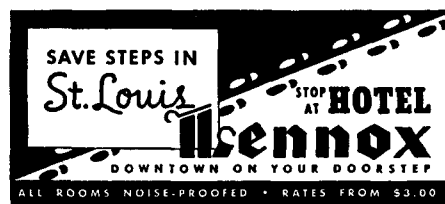
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the depths and conquered. The depths in this case was Detroit, where the family landed after Betty was born in Battle Creek. There was the usual separation in the family, and the mother was left with the two girls, Mabel and Betty. Six months in the year, Mother worked in a motor factory, putting tacks in upholstery. Betty started making money when she was five.

"We'd go around to beer joints, sing a few songs and take up a collection," says Betty. "I was the cute one. I'd rub the domes of the baldheaded dopes hoping they'd come across with a buck."

By the time she was ten she was singing with bands and evading the law. Since most of the dates were one-nighters in little towns outside of Detroit, she managed to get away with it.

She was trying to go to school at the same time and did manage to get as far as the first year of high school, but it soon got too much for her. Singing with bands at night (five bucks a throw when the local manager didn't gyp you out of it) and going to school next day was too much, so she gave up school. That was a wrench, because she was basketball crazy and had captained the best team in school. It was an outfit of runts, and everybody wondered how they could beat bigger teams.

"I got 'em in the dressing room and told 'em I'd bat their ears down if we lost," says Betty.

She was getting something of a reputation with the bands despite the fact that she was one of the homeliest dames in the Middle West. She had a scar on her face a quarter of an inch wide from the nose to the chin, the result of a swimming accident.

"A kid pushed me off a pier and I hung up on a nail instead of hitting the water. You can still see it a little bit when the lights hit me. It cured itself."

About this time she and three fellows from a band decided to conquer New York. They started out in a car with a bag of sandwiches, a vacuum bottle full of coffee and a lot of ambition. After three months they were on the rocks. They hadn't got near a job and their money was gone. Betty went into a music publishing firm as a last resort.

"Kid," said the manager, "you can't sing; you look like hell; why don't you go home?"

"I'm so hungry I could hardly get up these stairs," cried Betty tearfully. "How'm I going to walk to Detroit?"

Back Home and Broke

The manager gave her bus fare, put her on the bus and said goodbye and no questions asked. Betty came home licked. A boy friend took her out New Year's Eve to a dive in Detroit and she was sitting there hating the world when the master of ceremonies, an old friend, said, "We got a great little singer here, Betty Hutton. Come up, Betty. Give her a great big hand, folks," and Betty came up, raging.

"I was so mad at everything, I just grabbed the microphone and yanked it around and bellowed into it. I wanted to yank it out and throw it at somebody."

Well, after getting her brains beat out in New York, the turning point came right in Detroit because Vincent Lopez was there and liked the act and hired her. She was fifteen at the time, and on the way back to New York he was asking her what she thought of his orchestra.

"From top to bottom," said Betty, "corn!"

"You mean it's no good?" cried Lopez, hurt.

"If you made it up into a cheese, your own mother wouldn't let it in the house," said Betty.

They started revamping the band and reports have it that the girl did practically all the selecting of new men. When it opened at Billy Rose's Casa Mañana, old Lopez fans didn't recognize the band, but the jitterbugs did. Although they couldn't afford to eat the strange and expensive Rose meals, they paid a buck ten to sit in the balcony and whistle. Betty was a sensation. For the finale of the act, she hefted Lou Holtz onto her shoulders and toted him off. For the encore she swung on the giant stage curtain and sailed off to the wings.

She knocked herself out three times a night and got up at seven in the morning to dash over to Astoria, Long Island, to make movie shorts. When there was a minute to spare, Lopez, who was also her manager, booked her for club dates.

"I'm getting \$65 a week for everything," says Betty. "I'm living with

orchestra kept vamping the entrance music, the ballet wandered around in a daze. Betty caught on first.

"The guy's ripped his pants!" she cried, and then went on herself and did the solo dance. It wasn't much of a dance and her movements didn't end with the music, but it kept the show alive.

All this time she was keeping her mother and sister, fighting agents and lawyers, and working with the zeal of an escaped turbine. She finally changed her sister's name to Marian Hutton, taught her the original Hutton routines and got her a job singing with Glenn Miller, where she still is. Betty appeared with bands, got stage engagements, went on one-nighters.

A Worth-while Gamble

She decided that Hollywood was her real chance and plunged on it. She bought a slick-looking roadster, dolled up in expensive clothes and played the game. She was in hock up to her ears but is getting out of it and thinks the gamble was worth while. Her mother has married again and Betty has bought a house in Hollywood for them. When her sister Marian had her baby, Betty looked after them all. She will give her right leg to anybody who is loyal to her and will cut the right leg off anybody who isn't. Her blond hair is generally in ringlets and is a platinum job, which she swears is real. To anybody who doubts that, she says merely:

"All right, get fresh; maybe it's your hair."

She can't cook; she can't sew; and she never intends to learn. Up till the present time her life has been all career. She still isn't too sure she's made the grade, but she hopes she has. She's sick of the struggle. When she got run

down lately and the doctors began to work on her, they came up with a tremendous discovery; they found she had never had a childhood.

"Pretty soon they'll discover I'm white," says Betty, "and then what a celebration!"

She talks in shouts and exclamations; her vocabulary is not always of the purest. When she was playing basketball, her teacher would listen to her exhorting her lagging teammates and scream: "Betty Thornburg, you come right here!" This is our way of saying that her real name is Thornburg.

She is one of the best-liked girls in show business. She helps her pals; takes kicks at her enemies; and can answer truthfully to the description Blond Blitz. Paramount considers her a great find and plans are being made for her. Lately when she was in New York appearing with the stage show that surrounded the opening night for Holiday Inn, it was suggested that she might like to stop for a personal appearance in Detroit on her way back to the coast.

"Not that town," she said quickly. "They know me out there. The last time I was home I went out to the Bowery night club in Hamtramck and am there minding my own business when this Charley Carlisle, the m. c. yells, 'Why, there's our own Betty Hutton. Come up here, Betty, and let the folks see you.' I went up and there were a couple of old high-school friends of mine sitting at the ringside tables and they looked up at me sourly and said, 'Hello, punk.'"

THE END

Any Week

Continued from page 4

The Binder, the fifth as The Clincher. Then they order "One for the road" and oddly enough the grimness of the news from the South Pacific, from Russia, from the Near, Middle and Far East fades and both parties feel like a newspaper headline writer who is about to make a major United Nations victory of the sinking of a small Japanese transport.

YOU may be suspecting that we've been poking about in Washington for a few days. While we were there we met a friend who has been there about two months on a nice interesting war job which he is expected to discharge according to the rules and regulations of the War, Navy and State departments, all of which are quite different, and with due consideration for the political preferences of important senators and representatives. Thus he has plenty of time to loaf in, knowing by this time that if he pleases any one of these influences all the others will get sore and write him indignant letters in official double-talk. But he has an idea. He suggests that somebody employ a few skywriters to fill the skies above the capital with: "Remember—we're fighting in Europe, Asia, Africa and Australia too."

AND Miss Jeanne T. Flannery, one of the four secretaries to one of the twenty-one bosses of one of our now countless war agencies in Washington, notified her particular boss that the government had towed an excursion boat up from Fort Lauderdale, Florida, had anchored it at the foot of Main Avenue in the Potomac River, and had converted it into seventy-five offices for the OPA. "That's progress," replied he. "At last we're throwing those guys into the river."

OUR latest intelligences from Pendroy, Montana, are reassuring. Mr. David Patterson reports that "out here on the Montana plains, fifty miles from the nearest metropolis, one hears the

women telling one another that they're glad we now have an air base in Great Falls to give us ranchers some protection from air raids." All that Montana needs now is someone with wings enough to bomb it. And very distantly related to that is the thought that popped up in the mind of a brand-new Army lieutenant who was at the moment experiencing his first visit to Washington, D. C. In his presence, there had been considerable discussion of where our Armed Forces should launch their first grand offensive with a resulting maximum of discomfort to the enemy. "Nobody's asked me," said the lieutenant. "But if anybody wants to know, I'd say we ought to start right here."

IN OUR own foggy way, we've frequently thought that it would be just dandy if we, who wear civilian clothes, were as devout in what we like to call our war effort as our Armed Forces are. We got that way after reading a letter from a friend who, although a capable bombardier, eager to be up and at the enemy, is one of the 2,800 Air Forces officers who are doing clerical work in Dayton, Ohio. It is the sort of work which thousands of capable clerks would be glad to take \$2,500 a year for doing. The vast majority of the Air Forces officers now doing it could be used in combat duty. Why they aren't is so simple that even we understand. Civilian clerks are under Civil Service. Civil Service clerks quit clerking at four-thirty in the afternoon. This means that if Civil Service clerks were employed at the Dayton base, which supplies most of, if not all the equipment for the Air Forces, and does virtually all the buying, and is overwhelmed by the task of pushing plane production and dispatching planes, the work would never get done. So our friend, good bombardier, is clerking twelve, fourteen and sometimes eighteen hours out of twenty-four. He's a trifle fed up. Anybody blaming him will please raise his hand. . . . W. D.

Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

extra power will permit additional carrying tonnage, which means more money.

Although they have been laid aside to make way for war orders, plans for such craft are in the vaults at several of the aircraft manufacturing plants. About all that can be said about them is that the ships will take the general trend of low-wing monoplanes, similar to the Douglas airliner. Their interiors will be chiefly designed to accommodate freight cargoes, although there will be several seats for passenger accommodations.

For several years, trimotored Fords and Fokkers have been flying regular schedules in Central and South America, carrying heavy loads in and out of small jungle fields.

MAJOR GENERAL GEORGE C. KENNEY, one-time chief of the Army's Wright Field and one of the Air Forces' authorities on new U. S. aircraft and production systems, offers this philosophy on when the war will end. "When the day comes," he says, "that we can stick five planes up there to replace every one that our enemies knock down—we will win."

HIGH above the mountainous terrain of Colorado, a big four-engined bomber roared through the starless skies. Its pilot was H. F. (Hal) Blackburn, former stratoliner captain. A student copilot, navigator and radio operator comprised its crew. This was a check flight to see how well the new men could work as a team. Blackburn was the instructor.

"Okay, fellows, here's your problem," he said into the mike of the interphone system. "Altitude is 29,600 feet somewhere over Colorado. What's our exact position?"

Radio operator and navigator, earphones clamped to their heads, exchanged a few quick glances and settled down in earnest over their respective tables to get the solution. Seconds later, they were all smiles.

Blackburn was pleased. Smart students he had. He snapped on the mike to compliment them. There was some interference but he thought he could make it out quite clearly—Brooklyn and the Cards were battling it out in a night game at St. Louis.

"Cut it, you buzzards!" he yelled. "Get to work!" . . . D. J. I.



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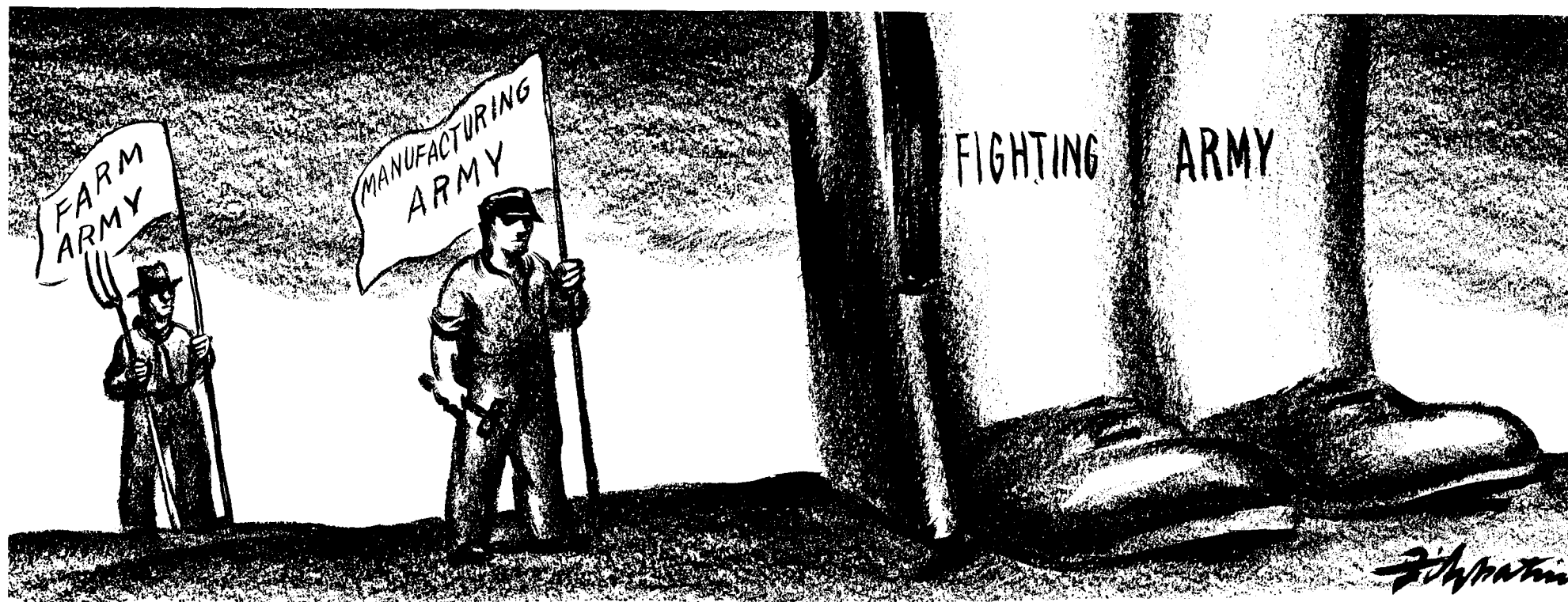
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DO WE NEED 10,000,000 FIGHTERS NOW?

THE Army," an observant soldier friend of ours proudly said the other day, "is always totalitarian. It always wants to take everything in sight, simply to be on the safe side."

It begins to look as if the Army has been getting too much—not of everything, but of our available manpower—for us to stay on the safe side as regards winning the war with reasonable speed and efficiency.

There is no argument about the proposition that we ought to arm and train as many men as will be necessary to lick what somebody called our two and one-half enemies—Germany, Japan and Italy—and that we should not waste time about it.

But how fast do we have to build up the Army of 10,000,000 to 13,000,000 men of which General Lewis B. Hershey of Selective Service talks so copiously? Even more to the point: How fast can we build up this Army and keep our war plants producing the necessary war materials and our farms producing the necessary food for the Army and the rest of us?

We now have an Army of 4,000,000-plus, and a Navy and Air Forces which are growing fast in both personnel and matériel. The draft is hauling men into the Army at a terrific clip, with little regard for the war plants' imperative needs of skilled supervisors and trained work-

ers, or for the farmers' needs of farm labor.

As one result, food rationing is coming on us apace; has already begun with various meats.

As another, more and more war-plant managements are complaining that they cannot keep skilled workers and supervisors because of the draft boards' indiscriminate and, in some cases, arrogant demands.

"Recently, for instance," says President Harvey N. Davis of the Stevens Institute of Technology, "a small company working overtime on parts and accessories for fighting airplanes lost its assistant production manager to the draft. When last heard from, he was a private building barracks at a cantonment."

Plainly, the only winners in this transaction were Hirohito, Hitler and Mussolini.

In our anxiety to build up a huge fighting force almost overnight, we seem to be losing sight of the fact that this force must be backed by millions of producers of fighting gear of all kinds, and by millions of farmers capable of feeding the fighters and the civilian population, plus the beneficiaries of our Lend-Lease food shipments to other lands.

Lopsided development of this three-ply war machine is bound to have dangerous effects. Keep it up long enough and let it go far enough, and those effects can be fatal to our hopes of

winning the war. Britain found that out earlier in the war. Britain drafted more men than the home front, with the best will in the world, could equip or feed. Presently, Britain found itself forced to return a lot of soldiers to industry and the farms.

At this writing, we are on the way toward finding ourselves some day with a gigantic Army that (1) has no place to go, (2) has not enough ships to go in, (3) is short on vital war supplies and equipment, and (4) is getting hungry while civilians get hungrier.

Chairman Paul V. McNutt of the Manpower Allocation Board had better be given more power; the draft boards' indiscriminate zeal had better be curbed somehow; and both of these things had better be done in a hurry. As things look to us, there is no time to lose in putting into practice the principle recently laid down by Secretary of War Stimson himself:

The Army is greatly in need of men of specialized training, particularly in physics, chemistry, engineering and medicine. We are equally interested in having adequate numbers of men of such training available to war-production industries and civilian-research agencies of the government.

In short, the home front needs help, and the home front can't wait much longer for that help.

BLUENOSES IN WARTIME

THE dries are trying to lure us or trick us back into federal prohibition, using the war as an argument; and we get considerable kick out of remembering just what it is that they want to sell us once more.

They want to sell us a general contempt for all laws, good or bad. They want to bring back the bootlegger—who was often a fine and accommodating fellow personally, but who operated against a background of such crime and violence, such robbery, mayhem and murder, as have never cursed this country before or since our thirteen years of federal prohibition. The bootlegger is already doing pretty well again,

because of soaring liquor taxes, but his criminal background is not nearly what it used to be. Give him time!

The dries want to sell us another consignment of hypocrisy in Congress and on the federal bench; of corruption of state and city officials; of dry agents of such slimy character as to make Doctor Paul Josef Goebbels look like a gentleman by comparison; of drinking by children; of uninspected, untaxed, unbonded and frequently poisonous liquor.

This dry resurgence was to be expected, of course. Bluenoses always bloom in wartime. Probably that is because a lot of people who

are not profiting from the customary war boom get frightened and yearn blindly for some sort of reform, even as savages make sacrifices to assorted gods of storm, flood, pestilence, and so on. Some of those who are profiting from the war boom, of course, want to go to the other extreme. So whenever we are at war, we have these agitations for impossible reforms—even reforms which, like prohibition, have already been proved impossible.

It's to be hoped that the American people will carefully preserve, for the duration, their present amused scorn for the dries' efforts to sell them that old bill of goods all over again.

Du Pont suggests **SIX SENSIBLE STEPS BEFORE YOU PUT IN ANTI-FREEZE**

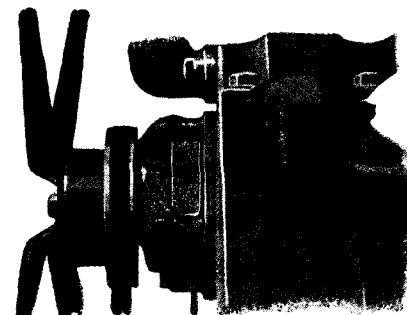
Your car must last! It can't, if you let the cooling system go bad!



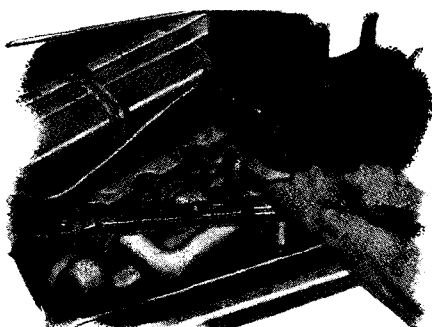
1. CLEAN THE RADIATOR. Radiators that contain rust, scale and dirt will overheat because of poor circulation. Anti-freeze is lost, and the engine may be damaged. Have your dealer use Du Pont Cooling System Cleanser, and check the radiator for leaks at this time.



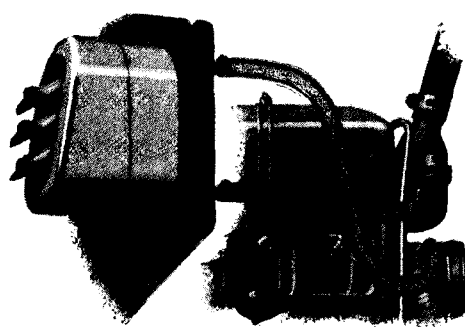
2. CHECK THE HOSE CONNECTIONS. Be sure all cooling system hose is tight, to prevent anti-freeze leakage. Your dealer should replace rotted hose, if possible, so worn particles won't clog radiator or thermostat. Make sure that the thermostat is in good working order.



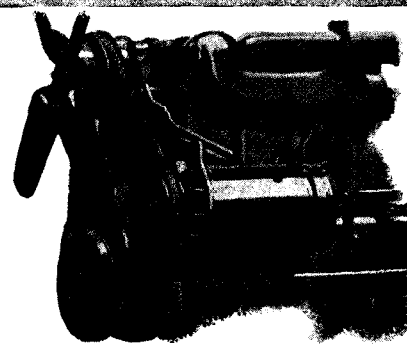
3. EXAMINE THE WATER PUMP. Water pumps should be tight to prevent leakage of anti-freeze solution and air suction. Leaks in the pump most frequently develop along the propeller shaft. Have your dealer check the pump and repair any worn or faulty parts.



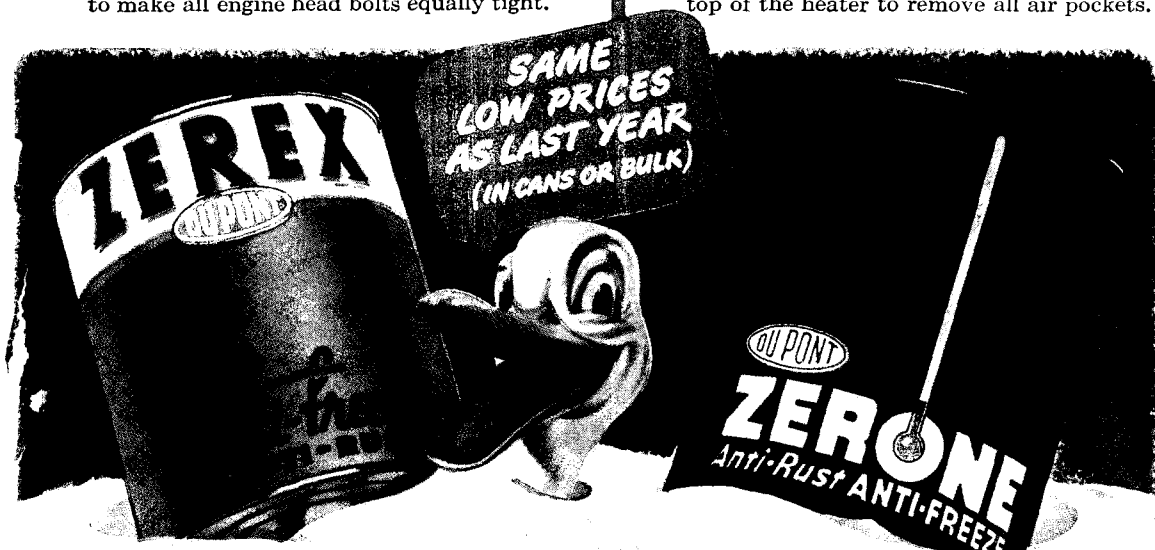
4. TIGHTEN THE CYLINDER BOLTS. Looseness of the head bolts and expansion plugs on the cylinder block often causes anti-freeze leakage. Your dealer should use a tension wrench to make all engine head bolts equally tight.



5. CHECK THE HEATER. The feed lines should drain without any high points to trap air. When the cooling system has been refilled, start the engine and open the valve at the top of the heater to remove all air pockets.



6. SEE THAT THE FAN and belt work properly. If the fan belt is worn or slipping, it should be taken up. If it's too badly worn, get a new one, if possible. Also, make sure there are no loose, bent or broken blades on the fan.



Finally — pick a *Du Pont* anti-freeze for your car.

"Zerone" and "Zerex" do more than prevent freezing. Each of these anti-freeze products prevents rusting, corrosion and deterioration of all parts of the cooling system — parts which today are hard to replace.

Even if you're laying up your car, don't drain it. That invites rust. Add anti-freeze for protection against unexpected freezing and rust.

Do your part to conserve anti-freeze so there will be enough to go round. Don't buy or use more than you need. For safety's sake, you'd better order your "Zerone" or "Zerex" now. Available in cans or bulk — at the same low prices as last year.

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HE'S A BOMBARDIER. He's the *business* man of this B-17E bomber crew. His *office* is the "greenhouse" of transparent plastic in the nose of the ship. And he works there on split-second time. But when those "office hours" are over—well, just look below and watch him enjoying a Camel—the favorite cigarette on land, sea, and in the air.

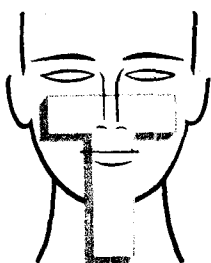
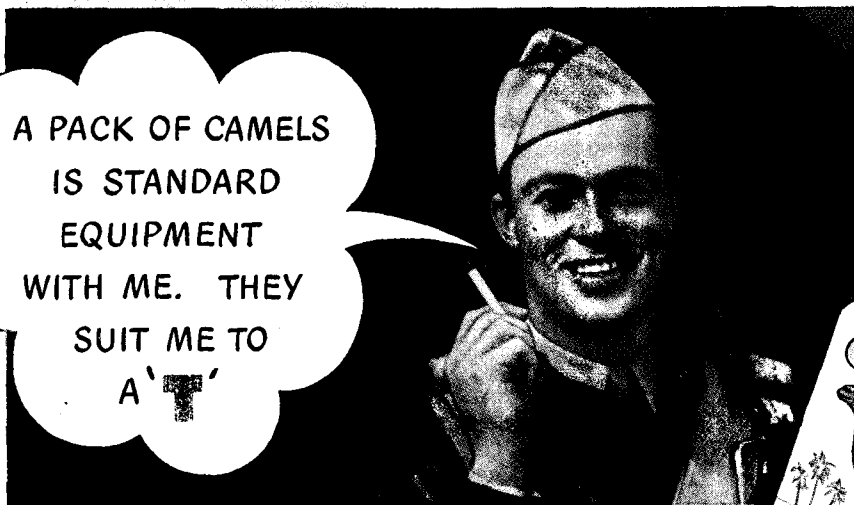
ALL America's living at split-second time today... from the bombardier at his bombsight to the men who make the bombs like Jerry Lorigan below. You...and you...and everybody!

So it's only natural that most everybody's smoking more these days. Only natural, too, that taste and throat—the "T-Zone"—are more important than ever to cigarette smokers now.

But...take no one's word for it when it comes to your own smoking. Make the "T-Zone" test described at the left, below. And let your taste and your throat decide for themselves.

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The "T-ZONE"—Taste and Throat—is the proving ground for cigarettes. Only your taste and throat can decide which cigarette tastes best to you...and how it affects your throat. For your taste and throat are individual to you. Based on the experience of millions of smokers, we believe Camels will suit your "T-ZONE" to a "T." Prove it for yourself!



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FOR MY **T**HROAT,
CAMELS
ARE **T**OPS



JERRY LORIGAN, who forges bombs on a split-second schedule, is just as partial to Camels as the man who lays those bombs on the target. "I've smoked Camels for years," says Jerry. "They don't get my throat, and they don't tire my taste. They're tops!"

CAMEL

FIRST IN THE SERVICE

The favorite cigarette with men in the Army, Navy, Marines, and Coast Guard is Camel. (Based on actual sales records in Post Exchanges, Sales Commissaries, Ship's Service Stores, Ship's Stores, and Canteens.)